THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 2, 1905

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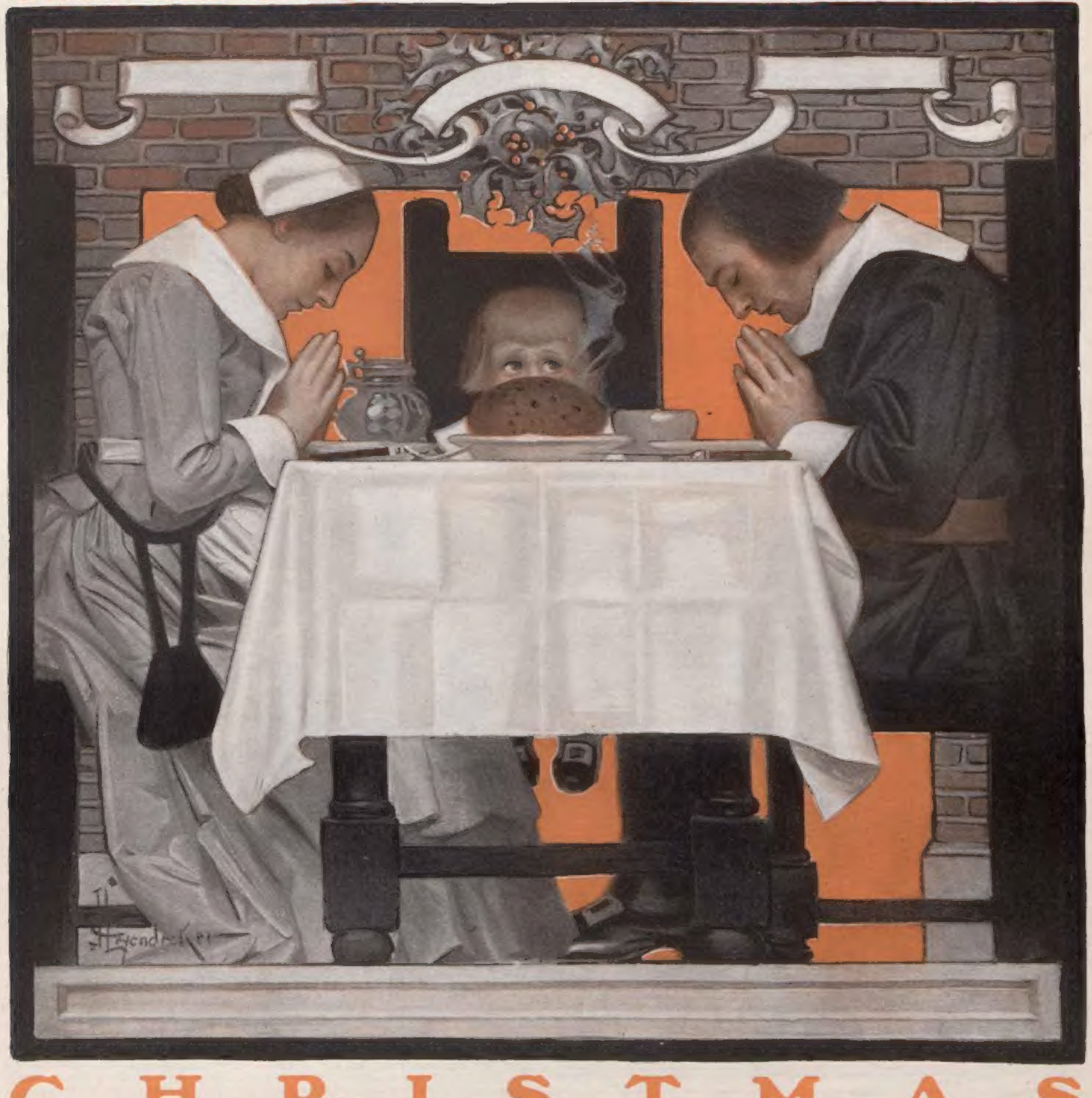
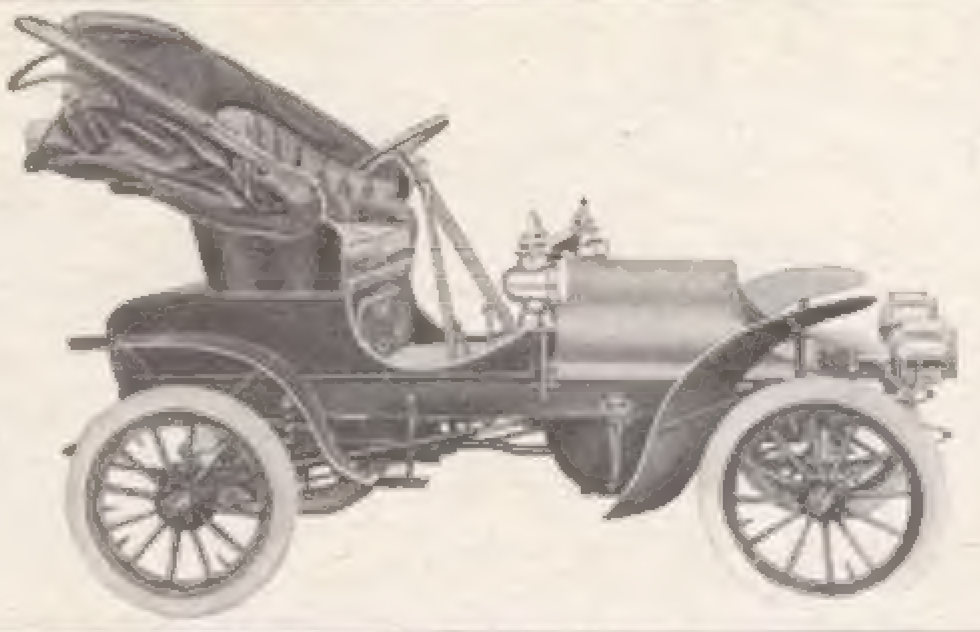

JCLeyendecker

CHRISTMAS



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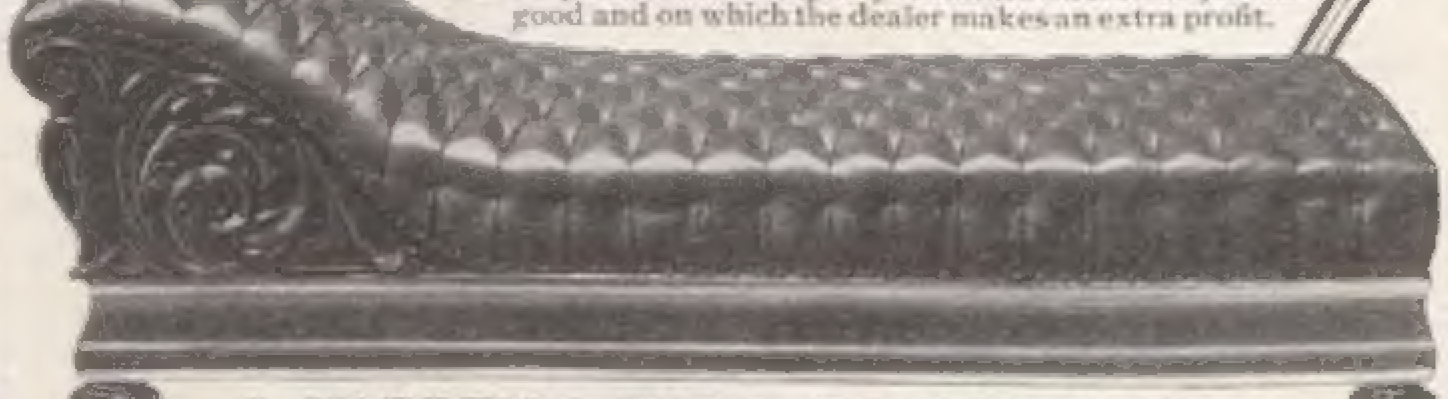

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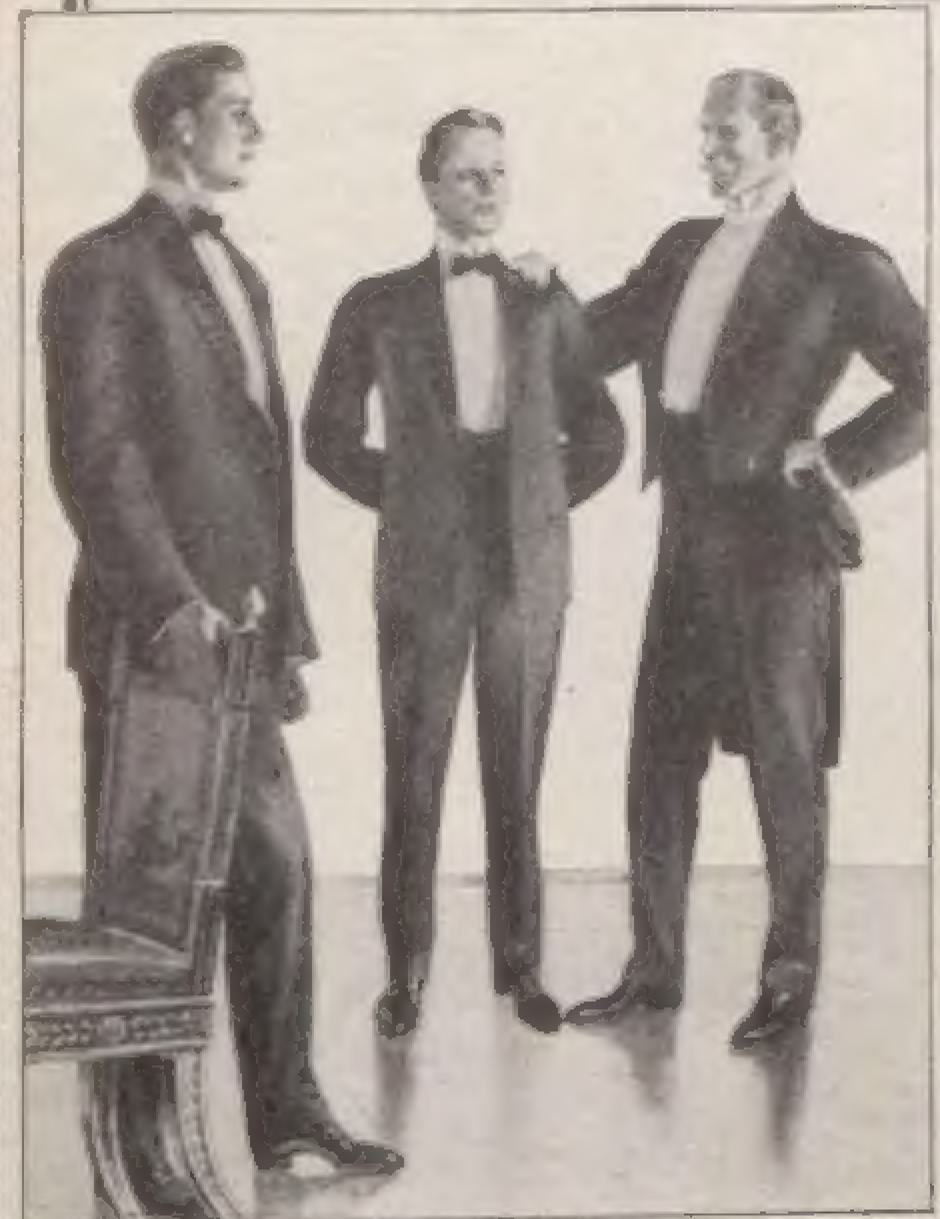

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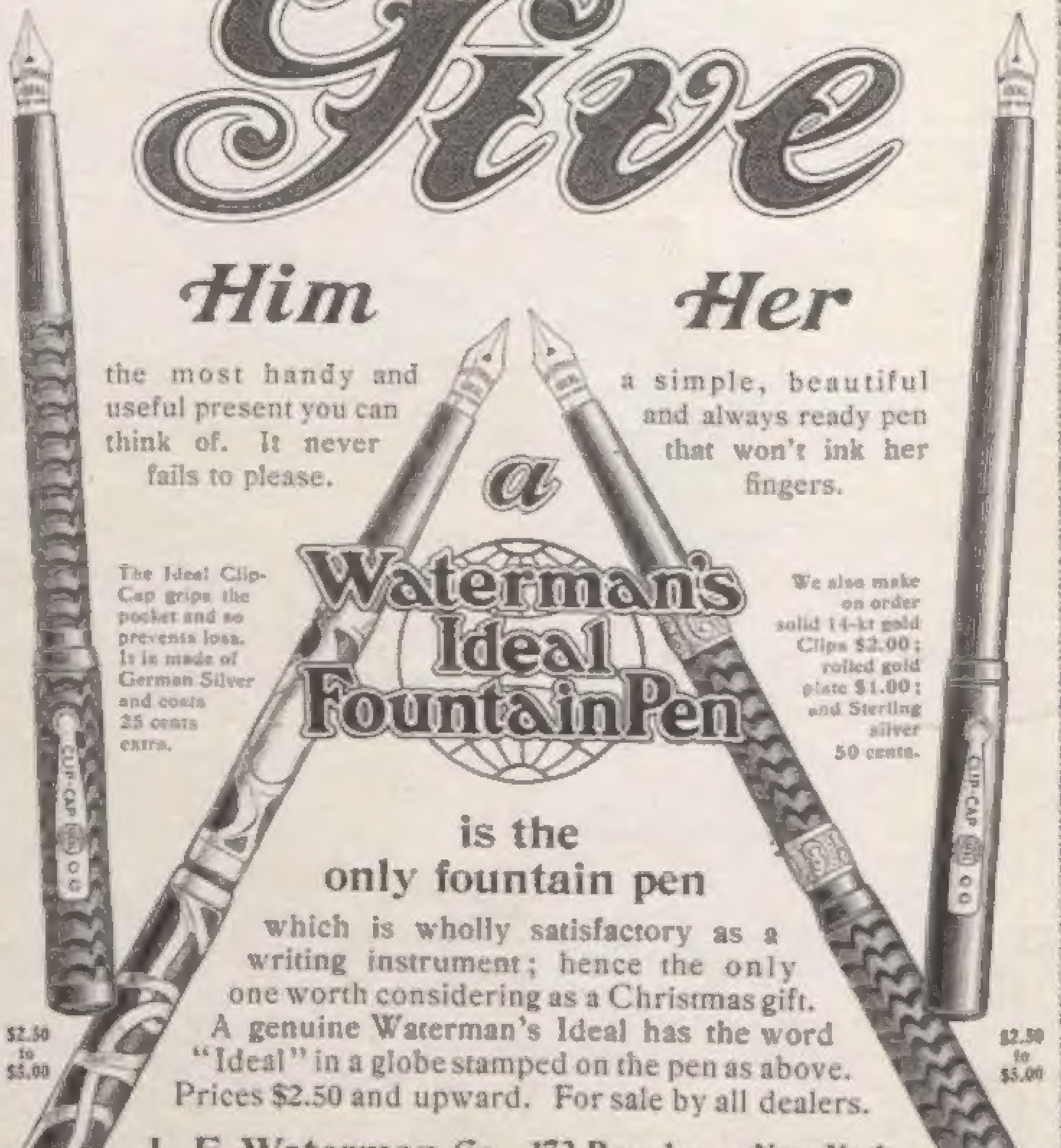

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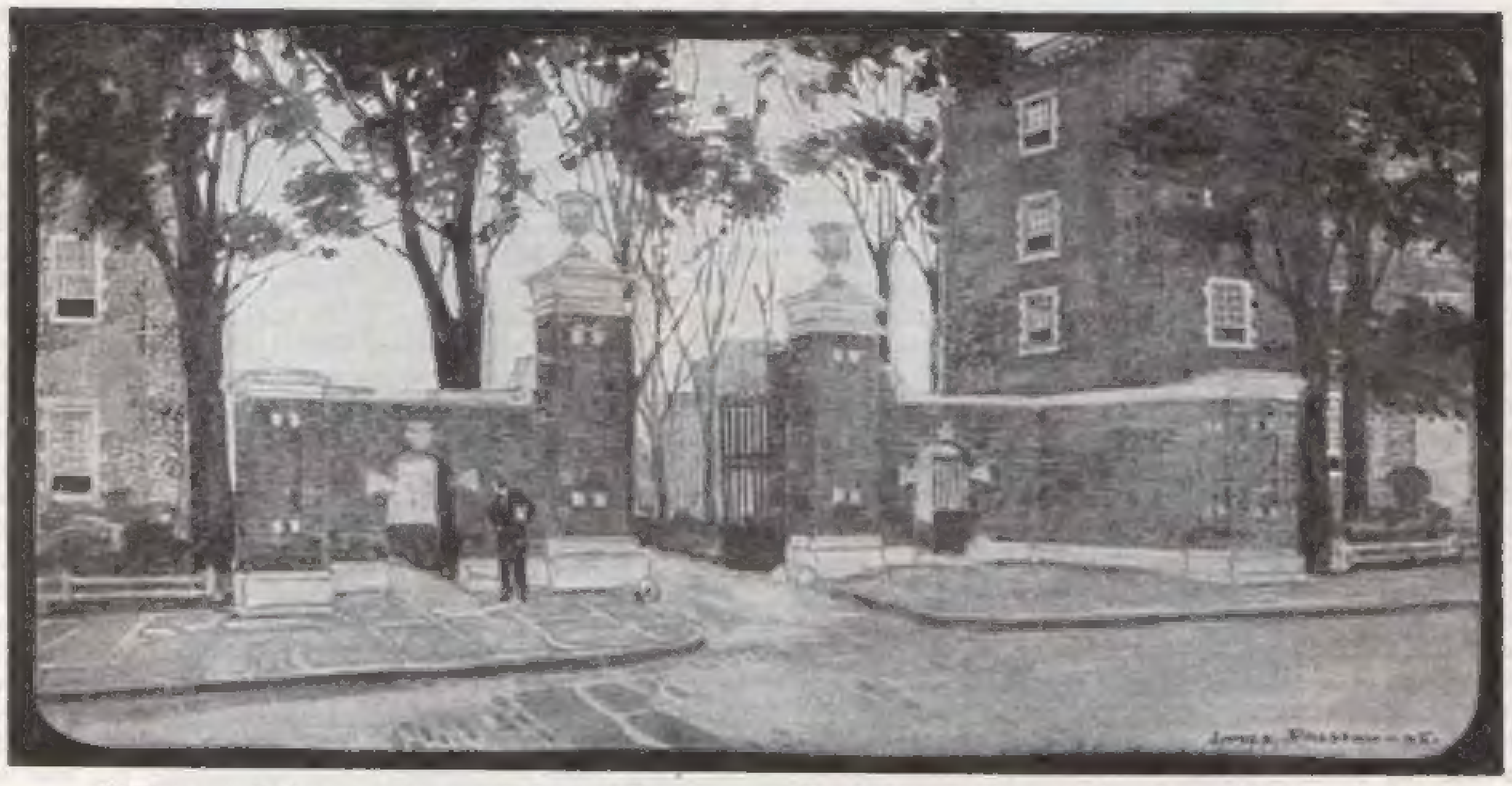
RANDOLPH, '64

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

Author of McAllister and His Double, etc., etc.



"When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth:"

THE roll of the national anthem died away and the veterans stood with bowed heads while the chaplain pronounced the benediction. Then the color-bearer elevated the regimental flags, the drums tapped, and the gray-haired soldier boys, in straggling twos, marched slowly out of Saunders' Theatre, through the flower-bedecked transept, and into the broad sunshine of Memorial Day. Ralph and I lingered in our seats until the crowd had thinned. In the flag-draped balcony above the platform the members of the band were hurriedly departing with their impedimenta; here and there little old ladies dressed in gray were making their way with tardy steps toward the side exit; while all around the theatre the open windows poured in a battery of mote-filled sunshine upon the deserted benches. The air was heavy with the soft fragrance of the elms outside, the faint odor of starched linen, of pine dust, and of flowers.

"There's a pair for you!" whispered Ralph, as an erect old gentleman accompanied by a white-haired negro came up the aisle. "I wish I knew who they were." He offered to wager large sums, based upon his alleged capacity for divination, that they were an "old grad"—a Southerner, probably, and his body-servant—"Old Marse" and "Uncle Ned." He instantly saw visions of them as characters in a story he was writing for one of the college papers. He is an imaginative boy.

We followed them out into the transept and waited in the jog by the entrance while they made the round of the tablets, the white man reading the various inscriptions to his companion, who now and then would nod as if in recollection, and once furtively wiped his eyes with a frayed red-bordered silk handkerchief. The last we saw of them, they were picking their way across the car tracks of Cambridge Street in the direction of the Yard.

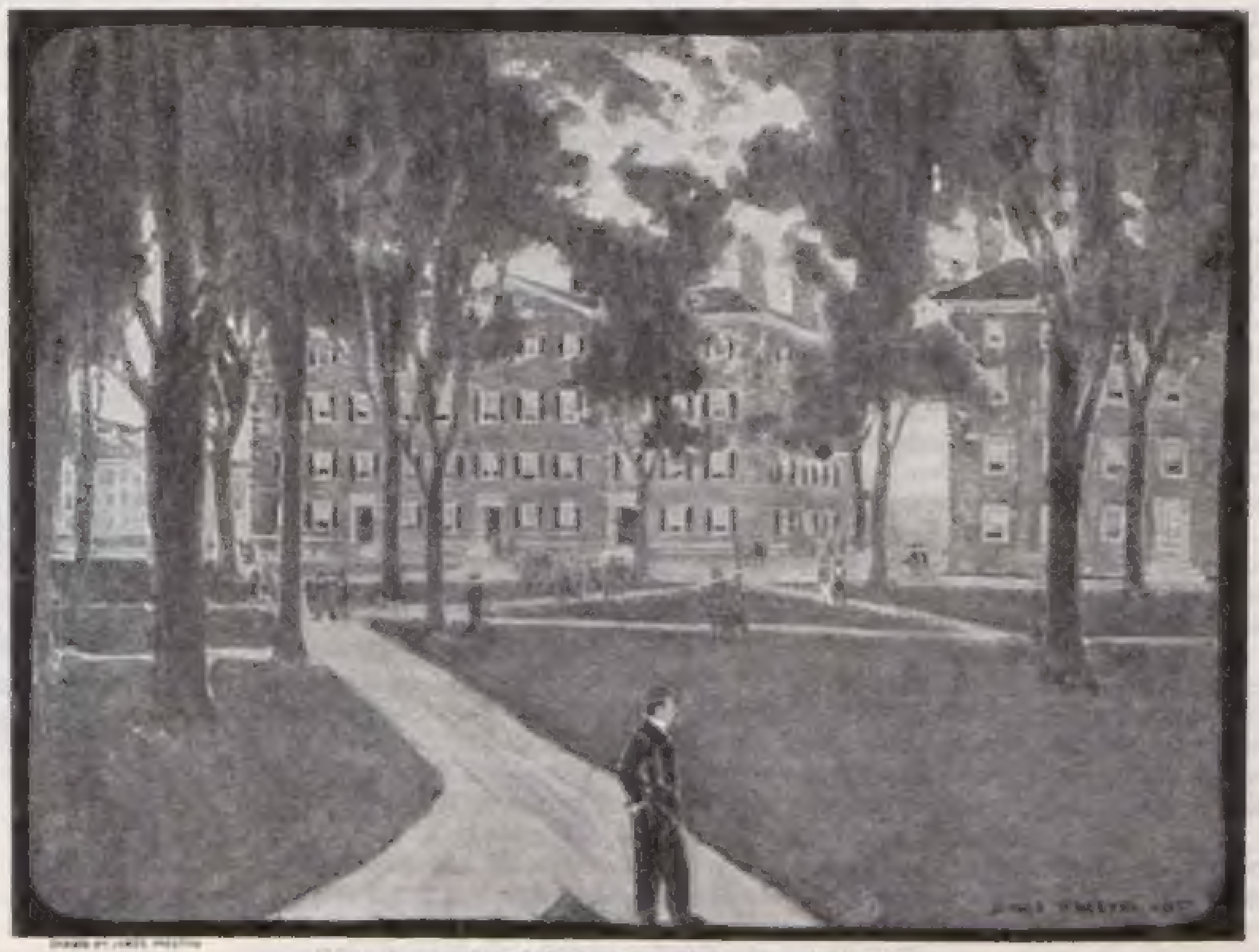
All the long spring afternoon, as we lay on the grass with our backs against the tree trunks, pretending to study, but really only watching the little gray denizens of the Yard intent upon their squirrel business, Ralph was making up stories about "Old Marse" and "Uncle Ned." I don't believe the chap read a line of his Stubbs on Mediæval Architecture, and he was very loath to join me when I dragged him to his feet and said that it was time for supper.

Darkness had fallen when, two hours later, we joined the group of men gathered under the elms around the main entrance of Holworthy, where the Glee Club had assembled for one of its evening concerts. Everywhere the old buildings gleamed with light, for the examinations were on, and each window had its cluster of coatless occupants, who from time to time vociferously participated in mournful, lingering calls for "M-o-r-e." The odor of pipe smoke mingled with the sweet, humid breath of the grass and the subtle perfume of professors' gardens from distant Quincy Street; in the western sky a crescent moon, just peeping from behind the tower of Massachusetts Hall, shyly nestled in the treetops; while between the great elms we could look, as we lay flat upon our backs, into an infinity of faintly twinkling worlds. Between songs you could hear the creaking of the pump in front of Hollis Hall, and the tinkle of the cup upon its chain as it was tossed heedlessly away by the thirsty wayfarer after its humble services had been availed of. Ralph and I, joyously entangled in the anatomy of a dozen classmates, drank in with rapture the never cloying melodies of Johnnie Harvard, The Miller's Daughter, The Independent Cadets, and A Health to King Charles, none of which old favorites escaped without a second rendition, and it was well on to nine o'clock when with a last

Here's a health to King Charles,
Fill him up to the brim!

the assemblage broke up, in spite of savage disapproval from the windows.

Then only did we surrender to our miserable apprehension of the imminent, deadly "Exam." upon the morrow in Fine Arts 4, and with the earnestly avowed purpose of really mastering the difference between a gargoyle and a lintel before we retired to rest, reluctantly mounted the stone steps recently vacated by our musical brethren. Our room was Number 10, the first as you go in on the right, and the flickering gaslight in the hall showed that the door, in accordance with inviolable custom, was still ajar.



"For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod" . . .

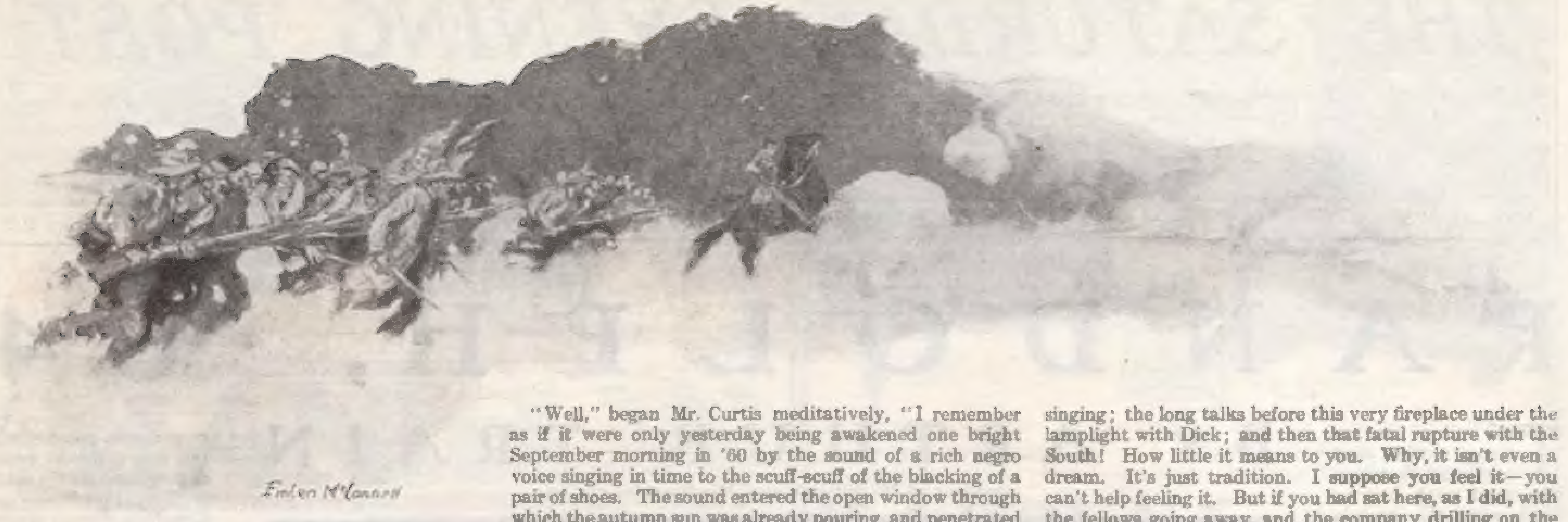
"Wait a second while I light the lamp," I remarked to Ralph, and, feeling my way across the room to my desk, stood there fumbling for the matches. As I did so I was startled to hear a voice from the darkness in the direction of the fireplace.

"I beg your pardon," it said. "I'm afraid I have usurped your room, but the door was open and its invitation was too attractive to be refused."

The match flared up and I saw before me Ralph's "Old Marse."

"Oh—of course—certainly," I replied. He had arisen from the armchair in which evidently he had been listening to the singing. Then the wick caught and by the increased light I saw that the man before me looked older than he had in the morning. His hair was almost white and his face about the eyes finely wrinkled, but its expression was full of kindly humor, and I felt somehow that this stranger quite belonged there, and that it was I who was the intruder.

"You see," he continued with a smile, "I feel that I have a certain right to be here. This used to be my room. Let me introduce myself. Curtis is my name—Curtis, '64."



"Dick Got it at Antietam"

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Curtis," said I. "I'm Jarvis, 190–. Was this really your room? That seems an awfully long time ago."

He smiled again.

"I'm afraid it seems longer ago to you than to me. Would you mind if I should smoke a cigar with you? I'd like to ask you some things about the old building."

"Please do," said I. "And let me introduce my roommate, Ralph Hughes."

Ralph shook hands with Mr. Curtis, and we all sat down around the fireplace. It seemed rather inhospitable not to be able to offer him any refreshments, but there was only one bottle of beer in the papier-mâché fire pail in my bedroom, and it was warm at that. Hence we accepted our guest's cigars with some diffidence and awaited his first interrogation. I could see that Ralph was brimming over with eagerness to ask about "Uncle Ned" and a hundred other things which that romantic ostrich of a boy had invented during the afternoon, and I felt quite sure that before Mr. Curtis got away he would be obliged to pay heavily for the temerity of his visit by being offered up upon the altar as a sacrifice to Ralph's bump of acquisitiveness.

"Yes," said Mr. Curtis, "this was my room for four years. If you look over on the windowpane I think you'll find my name scratched on the glass in the lower left-hand corner. I wonder if that old picture of the Belvoir Fox Hunt, that I left, is still here."

"Oh, was that yours?" exclaimed Ralph. He darted into the bedroom and unhooked a framed lithograph which had been the joy and pride of the occupants of the room for the past four decades. Mr. Curtis turned it round and pointed to his name in faded ink upon the back at the head of a long line of indorsements, each of which represented a temporary possessor.

"The old room seems about the same. The wall-paper has been changed, but that big crack over by the bedroom I remember well. And there ought to be a bullet-hole in the frame of the door."

"A bullet-hole!" exclaimed Ralph and I in unison.

"Yes," said Mr. Curtis quietly, "a bullet-hole—a thirty-two calibre I should judge."

Ralph seized the lamp and, holding it high above his head, carefully scrutinized the woodwork of the door.

"There it is!" he cried eagerly. "Right in the middle; and, by George, there's the bullet, too! There's a story about that, I bet—isn't there? Who fired it? How did it get there?"

He replaced the lamp, quivering with interest.

"A story if you like," responded Mr. Curtis, looking curiously out of his laughing brown eyes at my impetuous roommate. "Yes, quite a little story. I could hardly tell you about it unless I told you also something of the man who fired the shot. Did you ever hear of Randolph? Randolph, '64?"

The blank look which came into our faces rendered answer unnecessary.

"Never heard of Randolph, '64! *Sic fama est!* I suppose some Jones or Smith or Robinson now holds his place. Outside of Prex himself, there wasn't a better-known figure in my time. Why, he occupied this very room. He was my roommate."

"Did he, though!" ejaculated Ralph. "How did he come to be firing a pistol around? Didn't he fall foul of the Yard policeman?"

"There were no Yard policemen in those days," said Mr. Curtis.

"What luck!" ejaculated Ralph. "Do tell us about Randolph!" he pleaded in the same breath.

"Certainly. If you really wish it. I trust you fellows haven't any examinations to-morrow."

"Examinations be hanged!" exclaimed Ralph.

"Well," began Mr. Curtis meditatively, "I remember as if it were only yesterday being awakened one bright September morning in '60 by the sound of a rich negro voice singing in time to the scuff-scuff of the blacking of a pair of shoes. The sound entered the open window through which the autumn sun was already pouring, and penetrated the stillness of my bedroom, over there. I sprang out of bed and thrusting my head out of the window beheld, seated comfortably upon the topmost step, a comically-visaged darky clad in a pair of brown overalls and battered felt hat, busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a highly polished pair of russet riding-boots. Piled indiscriminately upon the sidewalk, in front of the windows of the room opposite, lay several huge trunks, while at the foot of the steps reposed a long wicker basket, before which were ranged in order of height an astonishing collection of riding boots and shoes of all varieties, upon which the disturber of my dreams had evidently been hard at work, since they shone with a lustre glorious to behold. The negro having critically examined the boot upon his arm, and evidently satisfied with its condition, arose to place it by the side of its mate, and in so doing caught sight of me. Instantly he had doffed his old gray hat and was making a grave salutation.

"'Good-mornin', suh.'

"For a moment this vision of darky courtesy deprived me of my ordinary self-possession. Then his grin became contagious.

"'I heard you singing and thought I'd look out to see who it was. Do you know who those trunks belong to?'

"'Dose? Why, dose is Marse Dick's. Oh, p'r'aps you ain't met Marse Dick—Marse Dick Randolph, ob Randolph Hall, Virginny, suh.' He drew himself up with conscious pride. 'We-uns jes' come las' night. Marse Dick's rooms is in dar'—nodding toward the window—'en I wuz jes' a-lookin' ober some ob his traps. Anyt'ing I kin do fo' you, suh? Glad to be ob any service, suh. I'se Marse Dick's boy—Moses—Moses March, suh.'

"'Well, Moses,' I answered, 'I'm glad to make your acquaintance. You can tell Mr. Randolph that if he is going to be a neighbor of mine I shall call upon him at the earliest opportunity.'

"'Yeh, suh. T'ank you, suh,' responded Moses.

"Just then the old bell on Harvard Hall began to clamor for the morning chapel service, and realizing that the master of my new acquaintance might be unfamiliar with college regulations, I called out:

"'You'd better wake Mr. Randolph or he'll be late for chapel.'

"'Call Marse Dick!' exclaimed the darky in apparent horror. 'Golly, I darsn't call Marse Dick 'fo' ten o'clock. Why, he'd skin me alive. 'Sides, he tole me to bring roun' Azam 'bout ten o'clock.'

"'Azam?' I queried.

"'Yah, suh; Azam's Marse Dick's hunter. Bes' Kentucky blood, suh. Sired by ole Marse's stallion Satan, out o' White Clover. Dar's a hunter fo' you, suh. You jes' ought ter see Marse Dick a-follerin' de hounds. 'Scuse me, suh, fo' keepin' you a-waitin'. No, suh, t'ank you, suh; I won't forgit de card, suh.'

"Hastily retiring to my bedroom I threw on my clothes and then hurried off to chapel. The shades of Number 9, the room across the hall, were still tightly drawn."

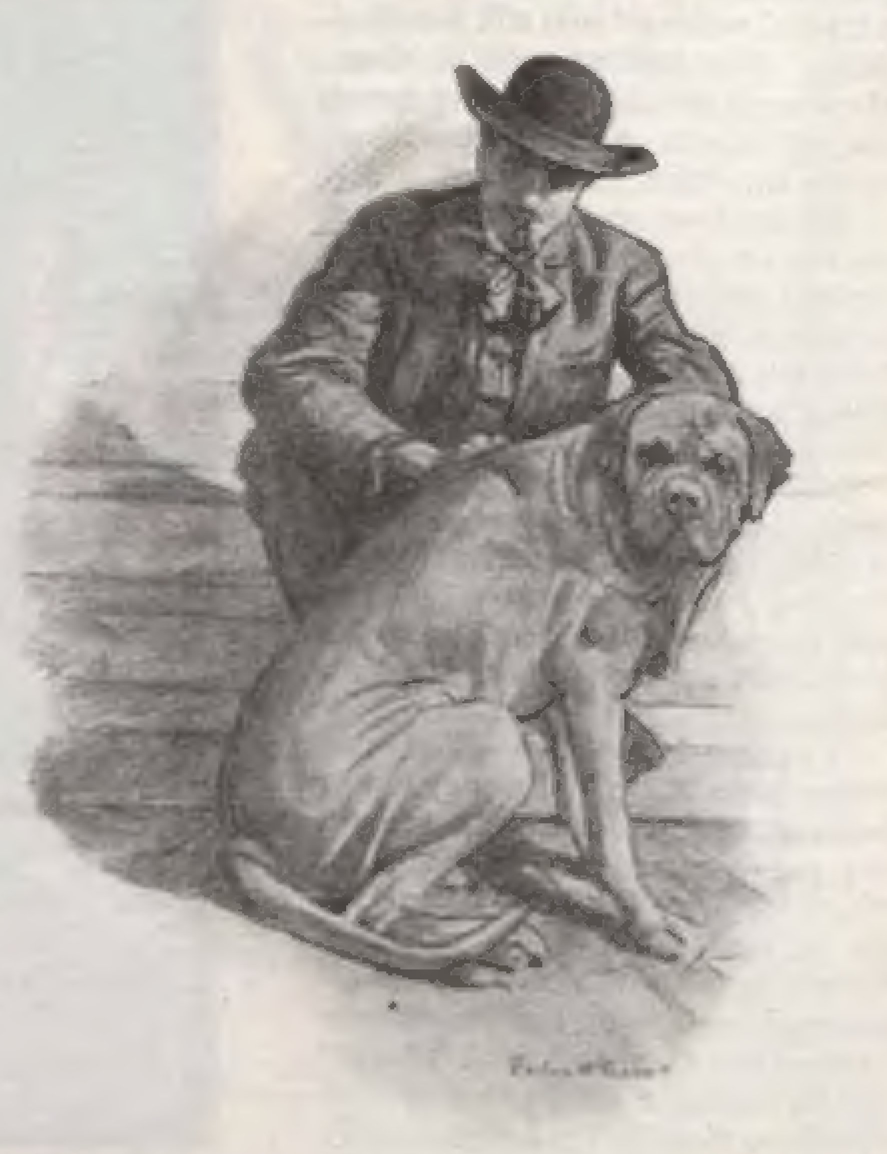
Mr. Curtis stopped and relit his cigar. The yellow sash-curtains on their sagging wires softly bellied in the night breeze, and through the open windows came the distant chanting of the Institute march and the tinkle of the pump.

"This very room!" repeated the old gentleman half to himself. "And this very window!" His voice sank dreamily and he seemed for the moment to have forgotten our presence. "Those were happy times. As I look back over those forty years the time I spent here seems one long vista of glorious autumn days. The same old red-brick buildings; the same green velvet sward; that old tolling bell; the gravel walks; the pump—I remember there always used to be a damp place about ten feet square about the pump; the old creaking stairs outside this very door; the quiet evenings on the steps where those jolly chaps were singing; the long talks before this very fireplace under the lamplight with Dick; and then that fatal rupture with the South! How little it means to you. Why, it isn't even a dream. It's just tradition. I suppose you feel it—you can't help feeling it. But if you had sat here, as I did, with the fellows going away, and the company drilling on the Delta over there—what do you call it now: the Delta?—and had shared the feverish enthusiasm which we all felt, tempered by the sorrow of losing our comrades; the little scenes when they went off one by one and we gave each fellow a sword or some knickknack to carry with him; and the long, sad, anxious days when we waited breathless for news—and then, when it came, often as not, had felt a pang at your heart-strings because some fellow that you loved had got it at Bull Run, or Antietam, or Cold Harbor! No, you can never know what that meant, and thank God you can't. The rest is about the same. I see you have squirrels in the Yard now. We never had any squirrels. I suppose you sit in these windows and watch 'em by the hour. Busier than you, I guess.

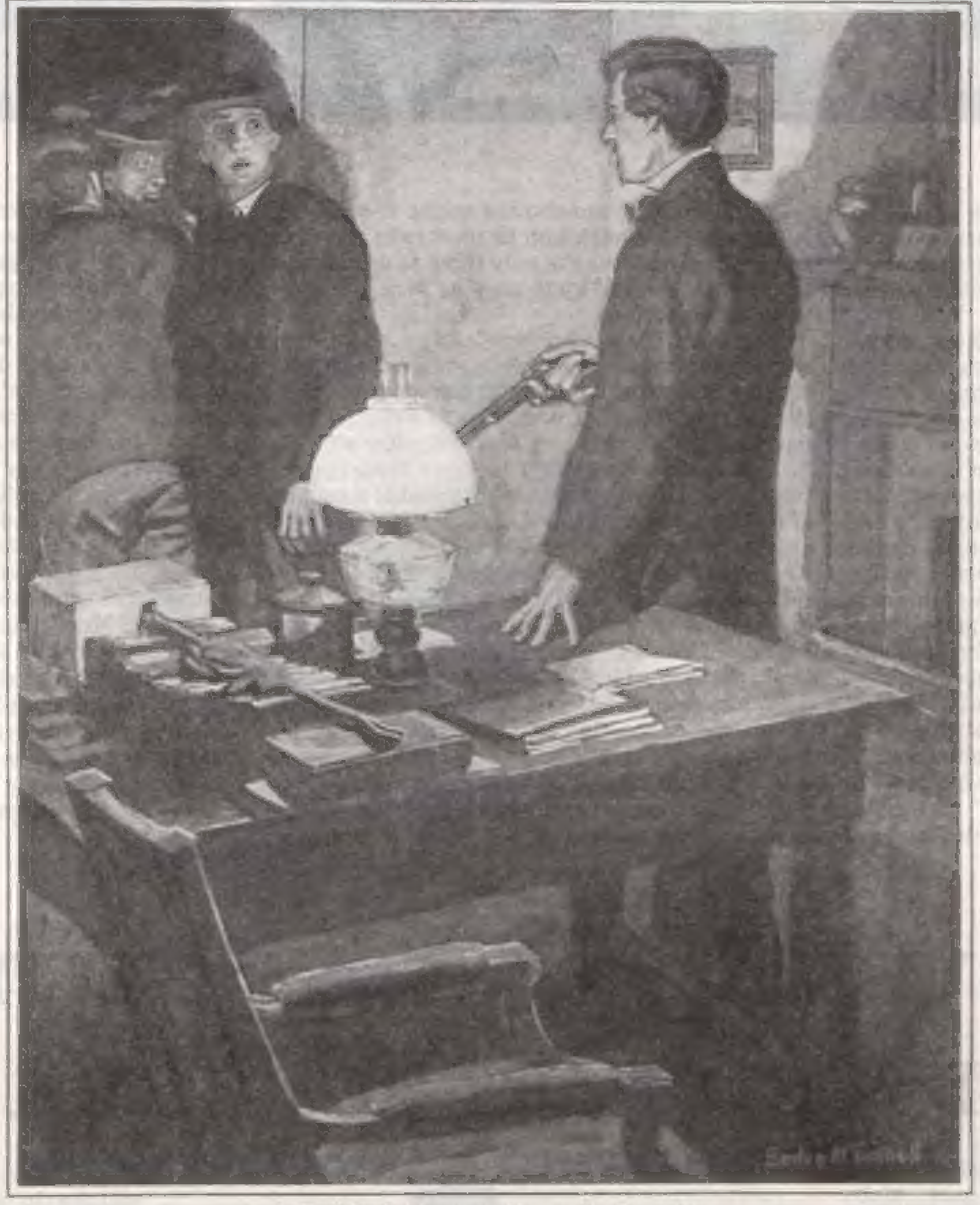
"But apart from the squirrels and the new buildings, the old place is about the same—bigger, more imposing, of course, with its modern equipment of museums and laboratories and all that, and best of all that splendid monument with its transept full of memories. But it's not the same to me. It's only when I turn toward the corner by Hollis and Stoughton, as I did this afternoon, with Holden Chapel just peeping in between, and the big elms swinging overhead, and, shutting my ears to the rattle of the electric cars, listen to the sound of the same old clanging bell, with the sun gilding the tree trunks and slanting along the gravel pathways, that I can call back those dear old days. Then it seems as if I were back in '61."

In the pause which followed Ralph volunteered that we all did feel somewhat of the same thing, only in a minor degree. He had often imagined the fellows going off to the war and had wondered if it was anything like what he supposed. He pattered on in his own peculiar way trying to put our guest at ease and, as he expressed it later, to cheer him up. It would never have done, he averred in his own defense, to let "Old Marse" get groggy over the "sunlit elms." However, Mr. Curtis changed the tone himself.

"And now to come to that first time that I ever saw Randolph. I had just come from tea and was sauntering along the Yard in front of Stoughton when I became conscious that my customary place upon the steps (out there)



"I Knew Somehow That This Could be No Other Than 'Marse Dick'"



"'Back!' He Shouted. 'Leave the Room!'"

had been usurped. The trunks and paraphernalia of the morning had disappeared, and although Moses was absent I knew somehow that this could be no other than 'Marse Dick.' He was tall, with muscular back and shoulders, and his clothes of dark blue serge hung on him as if they had grown there. His feet were encased in long-toed vermilion morocco slippers, and the other elements of his costume which caught my eye were a yellow corduroy waistcoat (very faddish for those days) and a flowing red cravat. A broad-brimmed black slouch hat was well pulled down over his eyes, while from beneath protruded a long brierwood pipe from which voluminous clouds of smoke rolled forth upon the evening air without causing any annoyance, so it seemed, to an enormous mastiff, who sat contentedly between his master's knees, blinking his eyes and thumping his tail in response to the caresses of the hand upon his head. As I drew near the dog stalked over to meet me, sniffing good-naturedly, and the stranger stepped down, removed his hat, and held out his hand with a smile of greeting.

"'Mr. Curtis, I believe, suh?' he said in a low but agreeable drawl. 'My boy Moses gave me the card you were kind enough to send by him this morning. We are neighbors, are we not?'

"I had rather expected to see the face of a dandy, but instead a pair of black eyes under almost beetling black brows burned steadily into mine. He looked nearer thirty than twenty, and this appearance of maturity was heightened by a tiny goatee. His smile was straightforward and honest, the forehead, under the curly black locks, low and broad, the nose aquiline and the skin dark and ruddy. Yes, he was a very pretty figure of a man—as handsome a lad as one would care to meet on a summer's day—part pirate, part Spanish grandee, part student, and every inch a gentleman. Later there were plenty of fellows who said that no man could dress like that (we were all soberly arrayed in those days) and be a gentleman; or that no one could come flaunting his horses and dogs and niggers into Cambridge, as Randolph undoubtedly did, and be one; or could parade around the Yard smoking real cigars and keep duelling pistols on his mantel and rum under the bed, as Dick did, and be one. But he was, boys, he was!

"Perhaps he did talk too much about his niggers and his acres; too much about his old mansion and its flower gardens, about stables, fox-hunting and fiddlers—what of it? The point was that we were a lot of soul-starved, psalm-singing Yankees, talking through our noses and counting our pennies; while Randolph was a warm-hearted, hot-headed, fire-eating, cursing Virginian.

"We shook hands and I joined him on the steps. It was just such a night as this—calm and sweet, the stars peeping through the boughs, and the windows shining. And that's how I like to think of him.

"He'd never been away from home before except to go to Paris. He talked like a feudal baron, seeming to think that life was just one long holiday; that no one had to earn a living; that things in general were constructed by an amiable Deity solely for our delectation; and there was in his attitude a recklessness and disregard for established usages that left me totally at a loss. Imagine a fellow like myself taught to regard card-playing, the theatre and dancing as mortal sins, with a father who believed in infant damnation and predestination; a fellow brought up to gaze in silent admiration at Charles Sumner; and who was allowed a silver half-dollar a week pocket-money—imagine me, I say, sitting out there with this free-thinking, free-hating, free-handed slaveowner! Why, I loved him with my whole heart inside of five minutes. God bless my soul, how my father used to frown when they told him about my new friend's latest escapade! But with all his freedom of thought he was as simple as a child. I don't believe the fellow ever had a mean or an impure thought. I believe that as I believe in God.

"Well, I told him about my life—what there was to tell—and he told me about his: how his father had died three years before, leaving him the owner of very large estates and a great many hundred slaves—I forget how many. His mother was still living down on the plantation. They were Roman Catholics—'Papists,' my father called them. The doctrines of the Church, however, didn't seem to bother him at all, that I could see. His father had evidently been the big man of the county, and had shared all his sports and studies, cramming him with the most extraordinary amount of miscellaneous reading and curious Chesterfieldian ideas of honor and manners.

"I can remember now just how he described the old place to me, sitting out there on the steps. He thought it the finest home in all the land. Perhaps it was. I never had the heart to go there afterward. One thing I remember was a grand old garden laid out in terraces, the walks bordered by box two hundred years old and as high as your head, where little red and green snakes curled up and sunned themselves—a garden full of old-fashioned flowers and fountains and sun-dials, and a water garden, too, with lilies of every sort; and there was a family graveyard right on the place where they had all been buried—where his father had been—with a ghost—a female ghost—named Shirley (I recall that), who flitted among the trees on misty mornings. Oh, it was a great picture! I'll never see that old place. Perhaps it's just as well. It couldn't have been as beautiful as he painted it. You see I'd been born in a twenty-one-foot red-brick house on Beacon Hill.

"Then as we were sitting there on the steps, I broad awake but in fairyland, out from under the trees shuffled Moses' quaint, crooked figure. Wanted to know if eb'ryt'ing was all right with young Marse. Azam and Bhurtpore was fixed first-class, suh. An' he'd done got a little cubby-hole down in the stable to sleep in. Wuz dere any orders to-night, suh? An' what time should he bring Azam roun' in de mornin'?

"'Go 'long with Moses, Jim,' said Randolph. The dog obediently arose, stretched himself, and descended the steps.

"'Good-night, Marse Dick,' said Moses.

"'Good-night, Moses,' replied Dick. And the two, the darky and the dog, disappeared under the shadow of the elms."

Mr. Curtis knocked the ash from his extinct cigar and relit it at the top of the lamp chimney.

"I should just like to have seen him," remarked Ralph enthusiastically. "And to think that he really lived in this room. How did that happen? And which bedroom did he have?"

"The one on the left, nearest the door," replied Mr. Curtis.

Over in Stoughton some fool was strumming a banjo, singing "I'm a soldier now, Lizette." It was in rotten taste. And some one else, of the same mind as myself apparently, leaned out of the window in the room above us and hollered:

"Oh, quit that! Try being a freshman a while. Lizette won't care."

Evidently the singer decided to follow the advice thus gratuitously given, for the banjo ceased. Then came one of those long silences when you felt instinctively that in a moment something might happen to spoil the excellent opportunity of it, throw us off the key as it were, or break its placid surface like an inconsequent pebble. But Ralph, in a singularly moderate tone, as if leading the theme gently that it might not become startled and break away, continued:

"You said something about duelling pistols, you know."

Mr. Curtis looked at him with that same quizzical smile which my roommate had called forth before.

"That's it. All you want is gunpowder, treason and plot. My feeble attempt at character sketching has been a failure. Well, now to your dessert."

"You are entirely wrong," said Ralph, rather mortified. "Randolph must have been a perfect corker. I wish we had some chaps like that in 19—. But the Southerners nowadays all seem to go to Chapel Hill, or William and Mary, or Tulane, or some of those God-forsaken places where I don't believe they even have a ball nine. Only, naturally, I wanted to make sure of the bullet-hole. You see," he added cunningly, "that bullet-hole is the thing that links us together. That's how we'll know when you've gone that it wasn't all a dream."

Mr. Curtis laughed outright.

"You're a funny boy," said he. "Well, two or three days later I asked Randolph to room with me. The matter was easily adjusted, and Moses spent nearly a week in fixing up this den here with what he called 'Marse Dick's contraptions.' Save the old picture there, there's not a thing in the place that suggests the room as it looked then. From extreme meagreness, if not poverty, of furniture it sprang into opulence—almost ornately magnificent it seemed to me with my conservative New England tastes and still more conservative New England pocketbook. I remember a silver-mounted revolver was always lying on one end of the mantelpiece, while in the centre was a rosewood case of pistols, curious affairs, with long octagonal barrels, and stocks inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver.

"Randolph soon became a celebrity. He could no more avoid being the most conspicuous figure in Cambridge than he could help addressing his acquaintances as 'Suh.' And in spite of his natural reserve, a quality which was curiously combined with entire ease in conversation, he soon acquired a large acquaintance and rather a following.

"Needless to say, I became his almost inseparable companion. Dick's second hunter, Bhurtpore, had been placed entirely at my service, and scarce a day passed that autumn without our scouring the country roads for miles around, followed by three or four of the hounds. Jim, the mastiff, while we were absent on these excursions, spent his time lying beneath the ebony table in 10 Holworthy awaiting our return.

"Randolph tried unsuccessfully to organize a hunt. It soon appeared that Azam and Bhurtpore were the only hunters in Cambridge, and polo had not yet been introduced into this country. Frequently we would take a circle of twenty miles in the course of an afternoon, galloping up quiet old Brattle Street, out around Fresh Pond, until we struck the Concord turnpike, which we followed to Belmont Hill, then down past an old yellow farmhouse with blue blinds, at the juncture of the highway to Lexington and what we called the 'Willow Road,' and then under the overarching boughs, through soggy fields full of bright clumps of alders, until the fading light of the afternoon warned us that it was time to turn our horses' heads in the direction of Cambridge."

"We have a Polo Club," said Ralph, "but we haven't any horses."

"Well, now, to get down to your bullet-hole," continued Mr. Curtis. "Hazing, of course, was an ordinary affair, and it was not uncommon to see a pitched battle of fisticuffs going on behind some college building.

"Now, mind you, the hazing was not done by the best men, but by the worst, and it was always the tougher elements in the sophomore class that availed themselves of this method of showing that they were feeling their oats. Every one of us looked forward, sooner or later, to getting his dose, and any freshman who smoked cigars and kept a nigger might have expected it as a matter of

course. But Dick was a chap that did just as he pleased, and did it with such a confounded air (the '*bel air*,' you know) that you'd have thought we were all a parcel of cavaliers walking in a palace garden. I don't blame them for feeling that he ought to be taken down a peg, when you take everything into consideration.

"For example, imagine his kissing old Mrs. Podridge's hand at a faculty tea! Of course the antiquated thing liked it, but it was so conspicuous. And worse than all, inviting Prex into his room to have a cigar and a glass of Madeira! Think of that! The queer part of it was that Prex nearly accepted the invitation.

"'Why not?' said Dick, in answer to my expostulation. 'Do you mean that in the North one gentleman cannot, without criticism, extend to another the hospitality of his own room?'

"It was all in the point of view. What could you say?

"Some carping fellows spread a canard that Randolph was trying to introduce slavery into Cambridge. Dick did not even notice it sufficiently to direct Moses to display his manumission papers. Of course there was a deal of talking about him, mostly good-natured chaff, and had it not been for Watkins I doubt if anything would have happened. This person was an ill-conditioned, dissatisfied fellow who had come from a small town in Rhode Island with a considerable amount of the initial velocity arising out of local prestige, which, wearing off, left him in a miserable state of doubt as to what to do to rehabilitate himself in the garments of distinction. As you would say, he 'had it in' for Randolph for no reason in the world. Dick was just too good looking, too prosperous, too independent—that was all. He had an idea, I suppose, that if he could knock the statue off its pedestal he might perhaps secure the vacant situation.

"One evening I inquired carelessly of Randolph what he should do if the sophomores tried to haze him. He replied, nonchalantly, that he should exercise the sacred right of self-defense as circumstances might require. If any one tried to interfere with him he must take the consequences. In certain situations the only thing to do was to shoot your aggressor. I looked up to see if he were joking, but his face was entirely serious.

"Another chap who was sitting there laughed and slapped his knee. I can see now that it was just this kind of thing that gave Randolph's enemies some color for saying that he was a sort of crazy fool. Perhaps I was playing Sancho Panza to his Don Quixote, after all.

"Presently a lot of other fellows joined us, and by the time Moses appeared we had disposed of a couple of bottles of old Port, from under Dick's bed, and were loudly declaiming our loyalty to the Old Dominion and consigning the class of '63 to eternal torment. In the midst of the uproar some one grabbed Moses and shoved him upon the steps, shouting 'Speech, Speech!' What put the idea into his head I can't imagine—probably anti-slavery speeches in the Square which he had overheard.

"'Gem'men,' he began, 'I'se not 'customed ter makin' speeches outa meetin', 'specially ter gem'men like you-all, but I'se got suthin' I'se been a-studyin' ober an' what's a-worryin' me, what I'd like ter say. It's des' 'bout Marse Dick. I des' come from down de street whar I done hear some gem'men a-speechifyin 'bout him an' me. Dey says' (his voice rose indignantly) 'dat Marse Dick didn't hab no business fo' ter hab me here. Dat he didn't hab no right ter hab me work fo' him nohow, or Old Marse; an' dey calls Marse Dick some mighty mean names. Now I des' 'ud like ter know ef I a'int Marse Dick's boy an' why he ain't got no right fo' ter hab me work fo' him. Didn't I work fo' Old Marse 'fo' he died, an' didn' my ole man work fo' him, an' ain't I allus been a-workin' fo' Ole Miss and Missy Dorothy? Him an' me's been bred up togedder; I'se been a-totin' with him eber since he wuz born, ain't I, Marse Dick?'

"He paused amid a dead silence. None of us spoke. I looked at Randolph and saw that he was gripping his pipe hard between his teeth.

"'Well, gem'men, I doesn't want leab Marse Dick, ef I is a free nigger, an' I doesn't want you ter let 'em tek me away from him, cuz he got no one else ter look out fo' him, an' Azam an Bur'pore an' de dogs, an' Ole Miss say when I lef' de Hall how I was neber to leab Marse Dick—nohow. An', gem'men, you won't let 'em, will yer?'

"He waited for our assurance. Oh, the constraint of generations of New England character! It was so hard for us to say what we felt. Dick was staring out under the trees with glistening eyes. Some fellow made a few halting remarks and said we'd stick up for him and Moses to the last man, and then we all pounded Moses on the back, and Dick got out some more Port and we had another toast, but something had hit us hard."

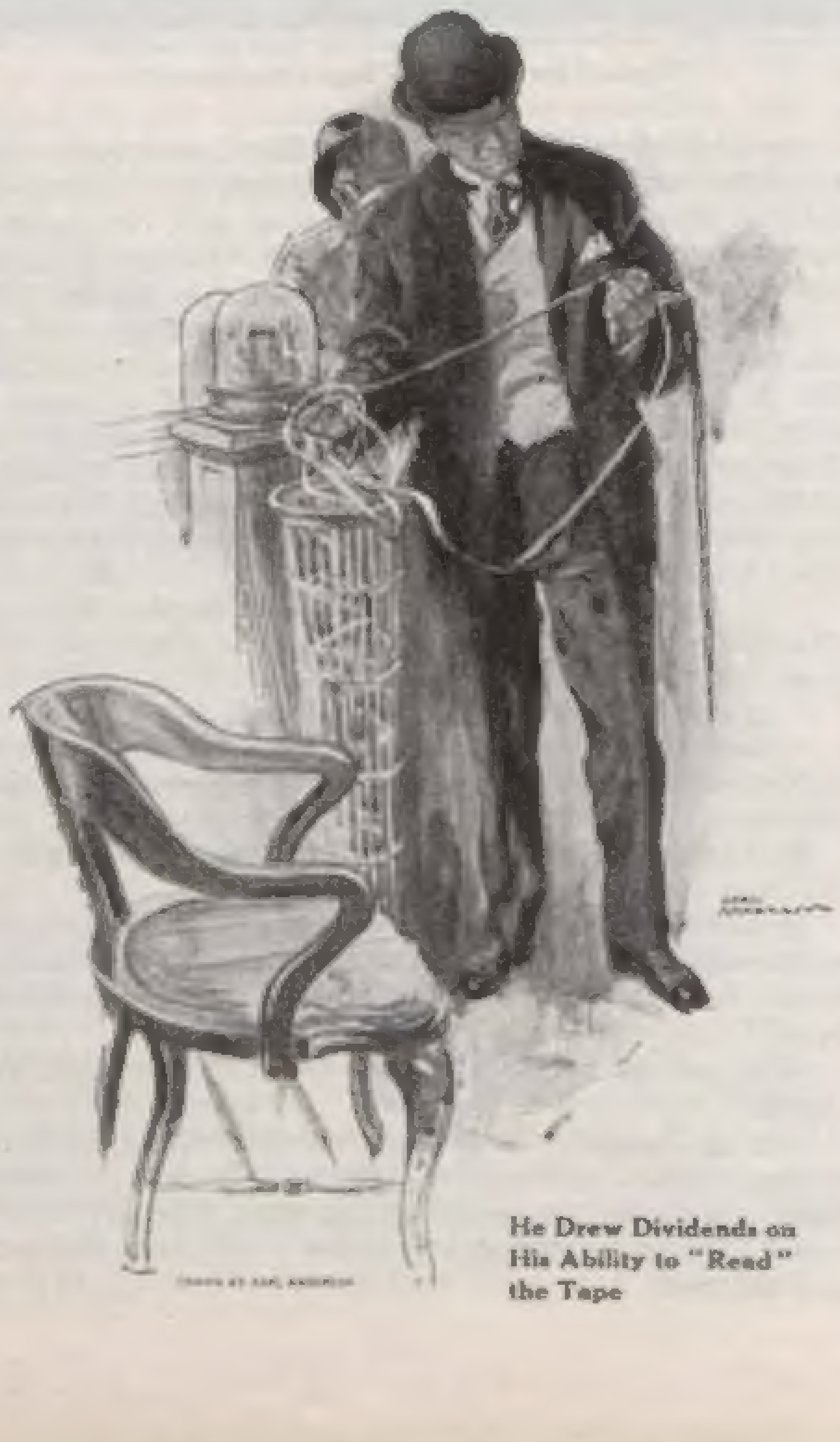
Mr. Curtis closed his eyes and leaned back his head for a moment as if trying to recall some forgotten memory.

"The next evening," he continued presently, "we were both sitting before the fire. Jim lay as usual beneath the table, his head pointing toward the door. The lights had not yet been lit and the windows, I remember, were open, for the day had been warm—one of those Cambridge Indian-summer days. From the lower end of the Yard

(Continued on Page 41)

The Touch of Circumstance

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE



He Drew Dividends on His Ability to "Read" the Tape

MRS. DIAMOND lived because she hoped. To-morrow meant hope. She wrapped it cloakwise—that kindly to-morrow!—about Molly: Molly would be better! And the sunshine of the days to come illumined even her sorrowful past: Molly had been worse! She knew no present and therefore took no reckoning of to-day and the finances thereof. In finance her husband thought of nothing else. That also was natural. He was born with To-day enthroned in his soul, and when he became a member of the New York Stock Exchange he placed a crown on the fair-faced despot's head. That is the reason why he was a "room-trader." He conducted what it pleased his wife and her friends to call his business entirely and exclusively on the basis of to-day. He did not buy or sell stocks for customers, like the commission brokers, nor in furtherance of far-reaching plans, like the great captains of finance. He was a speculator, a professional gambler in stocks. His one guide was the ticker-tape, which is the philosophy of the dice-cup *plus* observation; gambling disguising itself as a legitimate vocation. To him, as to his fellows in Wall Street, last week was remote antiquity; last year, the nebulæ in process of condensation into worlds; the past was a horse-race run. Unhampered by tiresome statistics, or analyses of basic conditions, or moral maxims on the subject of "long pulls," otherwise patience, his "operations" were governed by the sight of the eyes, which Solomon thought better than the wandering of the desire, long before the days of the ticker. He drew dividends on his ability to "read" the tape, to determine not so much whether the country was prosperous or the reverse, but whether the "trend" of prices was clearly defined enough and strong enough to force a stock an eighth or a quarter of a point above or below the previous quotation. Indeed, he did not ask for certainties; only fair odds. He trusted to agility to avoid punishment, and if fortune closed the door too quickly and pinched his fingers, he did not whine; if fortune didn't misbehave now and then, life would be a tame affair. He did not dream of millions—they required overmuch thrift. He really possessed the elemental mathematics of content: one-eighth of a point on a thousand shares was the same as an entire point on one hundred and twenty-five shares. He did not expect a whole point very often—enough eighths to make a good living was enough for Billy Diamond, to whom all money was literally spending money always, never saving money. He always was an optimist, even when he was pessimistic, as, for instance, when he was betting on the gloomy, downward side of the market. The black profit is so much easier to capture; one walks down hill at less breath-expense than up. Moreover, in an advance the human factor is hope; in a decline it is fear. And Wall Street's obliging "public" is never over-courageous. Cheerful traders, like Billy Diamond, sometimes lost their faith in the merits of stocks but never in their fellow-men—the little outsiders whose terror so often minted the golden eighths and quarters for the Billy Diamonds of the Stock Exchange, the born optimists who were always cheerful even among the débris of shattered fortunes—others' fortunes.

He scalped his humble fractions with pleasing frequency. Enough for the day, that was enough for Billy. His enough really was more than enough, because he was an alert trader; but it is the vengeance of luck that they that live by chance are made deaf to the whisper of prudence and blind to the drab wisdom of thrift. The sweat of the brow makes money adhesive, heavy, loath to move. The warm sunshine of a prosperous to-day makes unearned money very dry, very light and very uneasy in the pocket. It is stage money. It means five minutes' luck. That is the revenge.

Billy did not give his wife a regular allowance. When she told him she needed money he gave it to her—several hundreds at a time. When that was gone he would give her another "bunch" as he called it, promptly, ungrudgingly, gladly. When he was luckier than usual he bought her something or other which she did not need in the slightest. The duties of a man were twain—to make money and to keep it in circulation. Any business man whose mill-hands work more than eight hours a day will tell you the same thing. Once, after a delectable succession of "good" days, Billy bought a very nice house on Riverside Drive. They would own their home. But after that he made no effort to reduce the big mortgage on it because the interest was not as much as they had been paying for rent in the old house. He seldom bought stocks for investment because he needed all his capital for his business. When he did buy stocks outright it was as a gamble—they were stocks somebody or other had told him stood a chance of centupling in value some day. And when the selfsame stocks fell to nothing or less than nothing—assessments!—he wiped the thing off his untroubled mind. The waste-basket had no terrors for a man who has not earned his investments. He was a jolly, careless sort of chap, very fond of his family, whose sole sorrow was to see his only daughter's inability to have a similarly jolly and careless time. He was an inveterate club man, his habits were convivial and his friends were legion, all because of his unfailing trust in Providence working beneficently through the medium of the ticker.

When he died his fellows on the Stock Exchange were very sorry to lose him. That day, after business hours, they recalled his stories and his practical jokes. He had been good company, with or without the aid of liquid refreshments. He had been pretty successful as a trader. He quite obviously had never deprived himself of any luxury. If they thought of his family at all they assumed he left it well provided for. Not knowing his family they did not much care. Poor Billy! The next day the ticker printed quotations as usual, making some men richer and others poorer. In the distance, almost within grasp, elusive dollars hopped about, and in the scramble memory was out of place. The bulls had no time to remember. The black shadow of disaster dogged the footsteps of the wrong guessers, squeezing from the hearts of the bears all superfluous thoughts about vanished fellow-members. The ticker would not stop. That was the end of Billy on the Stock Exchange.

Mrs. Diamond, concerned these many years with Molly, knew nothing of Billy's affairs, except that she had always had everything she asked for—excepting Molly's health; and Billy did not give her that because he could not buy it. Poor Molly often discussed the stock market with her father and knew far more about the game of the ticker than her mother did. But neither knew anything of Billy's bank account. Winner or loser, Billy always was cheerful at home. This ignorance of theirs, deepened by that unfailing optimism of Billy's, was precisely what made Ashley Vantine, Billy's lawyer friend and executor, so unhappy. The unfailing optimist had left behind a reputation as a good fellow, many debts and very little cash. Vantine, blind to Billy's temperament and business, uselessly blamed himself now for not having exhorted Billy to be thrifty. Billy would have promised anything and would have kept undiminished his sublime faith in the benevolent gods of the ticker that fed and clothed and housed him and his, year in and year out.

After he straightened out Billy's affairs, Vantine proceeded to put off the unpleasant moment. But he was bayoneted onward by the consciousness that the longer he delayed the crueler the blow would be when it fell. Mrs. Diamond was living as she had always lived—there were a few hundreds at the bank in her name—and evidently expected to hear that her income would be enough for her to live with Molly in their own house, sadly but comfortably. More than that it had not occurred to her to ask! In his lingering cowardice Vantine wrote to her that he would call whenever she would find it convenient to receive him. She replied immediately. He went the next evening.

As he had feared, Mrs. Diamond made it very hard for him. She did not answer his greetings, being unable to speak, and she did not take his outstretched hand because she turned away her head, though unfortunately not quickly enough to hide the tears. She could not believe that Billy was dead. The sight of Vantine made her hear Billy shouting boisterously from the head of the stairs: "I'll be down in a jiffy, Ashley!" . . .

She wept soundlessly, the while denying to her aching throat the relief of sobbing.

"Mrs. Diamond," said Vantine, more moved than she could suspect, "I know ——" He hesitated. "I know!" he repeated in a low voice. He shook his head. It was bad enough for Billy to die. But for Billy to die leaving mostly debts was much worse. Vantine pitied himself. He could do nothing else. He could be no fairy godfather. His temperament and his habits were not unlike Billy's. The thought of a rainy day had not crossed his mind. On the very next day he took out an insurance policy for $50,000. It was Billy's posthumous favor to the family of Ashley Vantine.

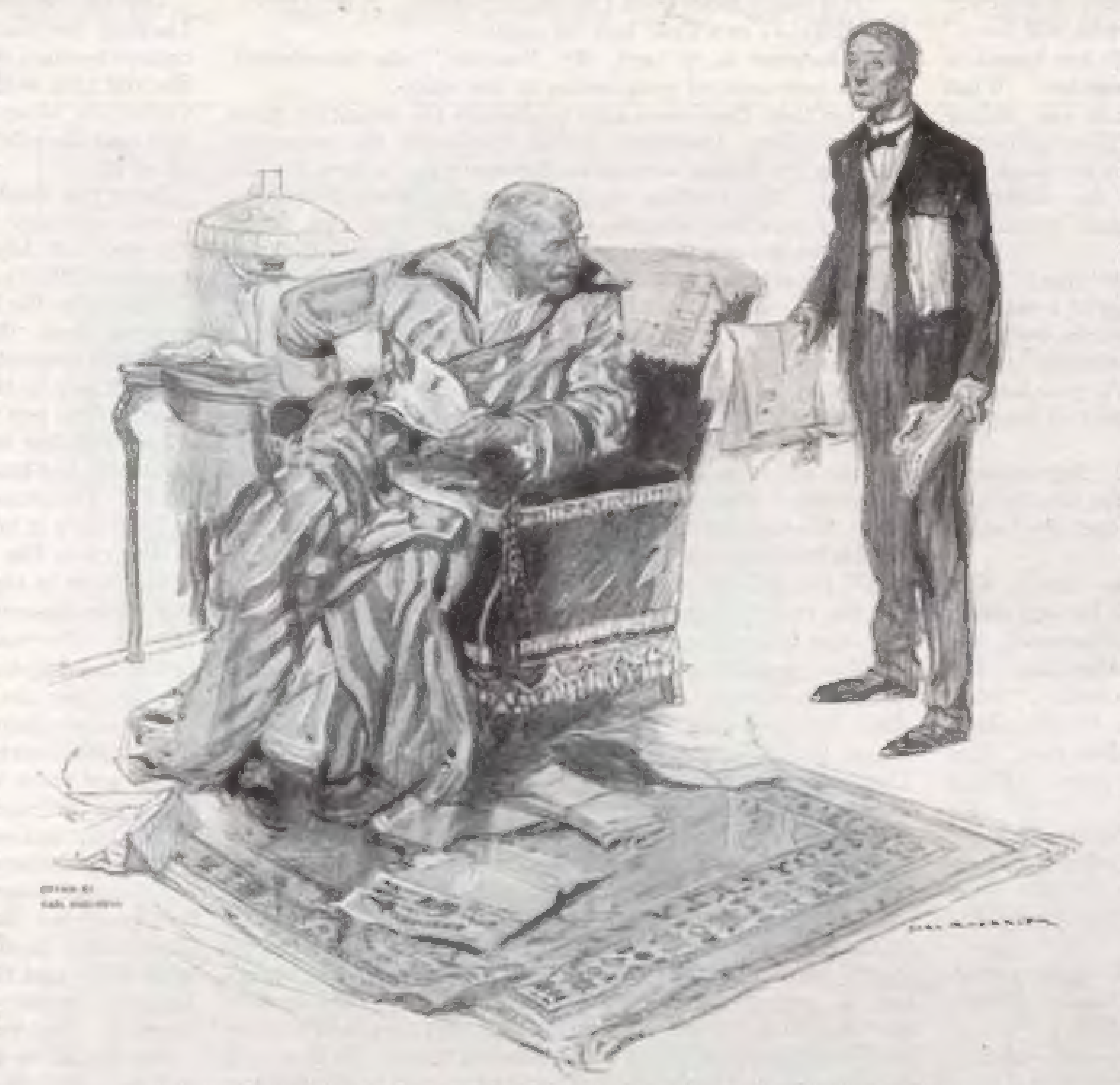
"You must forgive me," whispered Mrs. Diamond. "I didn't think—it—would ——"

"Yes, I know, dear Mrs. Diamond," he said unhappily. "I understand. I can't tell you how we all feel for you. But he would not have liked you to ——"

She remembered Billy's good-natured impatience with tears, his frown of concern and the quizzical smile by which he sought to offset it. And the same thought-wave that made her remember all this so vividly made her realize it would be loyalty to him to be brave. She made her first great effort and said, almost composedly:

"You are right, Mr. Vantine." Her pale face took on a resolute look. "I must do as he would have had me do."

"Yes," he assented, in a tone meant to be encouraging. Then, with a resolve almost femininely grim to endure suffering even while he inflicted on her the torture of hearing the truth—all for the sake of one man's friendship for another—he told her: "I am very sorry to bring you bad news at such a time. But, believe me, it is in kindness to you that I do it."



To the End of His Days He Stoutly Maintained that Something Made Him Do It

Mrs. Diamond stared at him, an uncomprehending fright in her eyes. It made him wince. But he went on doggedly:

"Billy's affairs are in much worse shape than I ——" He would not be alone in the unpleasant surprise, so he corrected himself hastily—"than any of us had imagined."

She paled. Billy always had been so careless. Could it be that something—not financial—something——

"How do you mean?" she asked fearfully.

"Well, he—er—did not leave much." He paused. He had meant to say that Billy had left somewhat less than nothing. That was the kindly truth. He was a lawyer. A disagreeable truth should not have come hard to him. But he unfortunately was also a friend.

"He always was extravagant," she apologized, looking relieved.

"He was one of the dearest fellows on earth, Mrs. Diamond. But he was—er—very careless about his money matters."

She looked about her. Billy always had been a good husband, a good father, what people who do not live on Riverside Drive call a good provider. Whatever his family needed he bought, and many nice things they did not need. It made him happy to make them happy. She voiced her gratitude that his extravagance had proved his love.

"After him," she said, with subtle sternness that escaped Vantine because he was too concerned with his own discomfort, "nothing matters." Of what use was money if *he* was not there to spend it?

"That is—er—of course, true. At the same time"—Vantine was knocking at Heaven's door for inspired words—"we must—er—consider—other—er ——" All his floundering was merely to give the words time to reach his lips. But they did not descend. "Bluntly speaking, Mrs. Diamond, Billy left nothing."

She started, in amazement rather than grief, and he went on:

"Nothing but debts. I have prepared some schedules." He paused to feel at his inside coat pocket. "If you care to see them now I will go over them with you, item by item."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Vantine," she said blankly. She was not conscious that he had offered to show her any schedules. She had heard nothing after "debts."

"Well, I find that all that Billy had at the bank and all that was due him from various sources, including the proceeds from the sale of his Stock Exchange membership, are barely enough to pay his debts." It was not enough, as a matter of fact, by several thousands.

"I can't—it can't be, Mr. Vantine! It is—why, we never lacked for anything, and he never told me——" She paused, and looked dazedly at him. She had forgotten what she was about to say and was trying to see in the lawyer's face some clew to the missing words.

"Yes, Mrs. Diamond," acquiesced Vantine, very gently. "But he was—er—as you yourself said, a little extravagant at times." He hoped his euphemistic words would prove to her that he loved Billy. He went on, still apologetic: "The claims against the estate are much larger than I had supposed. I have verified every one of them. Indeed, I doubt—in fact, I am sure, he himself did not suspect how much he owed. You see, his credit was always very good. And ——"

"But his insurance from the Stock Exchange? He often told me that was for Molly. It's $10,000, isn't it?" In her eyes there was a piteous appeal—and hope!

"Yes, that's yours and Molly's, half to each. It's not subject to any claim against him. It's a gratuity from his fellow-members to his family and has nothing to do with his debts. But that's all there is. And if we are to satisfy the claims against the estate ——"

"Oh, yes, yes," she broke in feverishly, "we must pay all he owed." Billy's good name was more than anything else to her. But Molly needed so many things! This made her face grow pale.

If Vantine paid all the debts it might cut her $10,000 to less than $7000. He could not tell her; at least, not yet. He was unaware of the touch of irritation in his voice as he said:

"I can't understand why Billy ——"

"I don't suppose," she interrupted with a meek flare of loyalty, "that he thought he would—that he would—so soon!" She could not bring herself to utter the chilling word. His non-anticipation of the inevitable brought him, in all his happy thriftlessness, to her mind. The tears blotted out the dark vision of the future.

Vantine was suffering keenly. This woman had no head—she could divine nothing, realize nothing of the seriousness of her plight. She was all heart; infinite love, infinite sorrow. But the tragedy was the invalid daughter, who had never lacked anything that money could buy. The doctors' bills alone had been thousands; and now the most they could hope to have, if the money was safely invested, was $33.33 a month. It might mean much to some, that $33.33, but to this gentlewoman whose soul showed in her pain-dulled eyes—poor unpractical creature! He felt a great anger at Billy Diamond, prince of good fellows, *bon vivant*, so selfishly unselfish, least loving while loving most—and stock gambler. There were many Billy Diamonds in this world. Some of them were lawyers. One of them would take out a $50,000 life-insurance policy the next day.

"If he had only given me an inkling of his affairs!" he groaned aloud, thinking of Billy.

"Mr. Vantine," said Mrs. Diamond dully, "it can't be possible that—that things are as bad as you say."

"I wish they weren't," he retorted gloomily, thinking of himself.

"We always had everything we—why, it cost us at least—he never told me we were living beyond our means. Perhaps it was my fault that ——"

"No, it wasn't," he contradicted quickly. "He never told anybody. He himself didn't know it. You see, his income was not fixed. He had his lucky spells and some that were not so lucky. But I don't suppose it made any difference to him if he didn't make it to-day; he would think of to-morrow. I've gone all over all his papers and accounts." He shook his head. That told more than twenty words.

"He had two safe-deposit boxes, you know," she began hopefully.

"Yes, I've seen all he had in both. He sailed pretty close to the wind at times, but, you see, he always managed to pull out, and if he had lived he would have paid off what he owed and ——"

"I must think over this—this—second blow. Are you sure, Mr. Vantine?"

He nodded slowly, pityingly. She would not meet his gaze. She said:

"It's a blessing we have the house. I suppose we'll have to—rent it?" She had meant to say "sell," but she could not, the house he had bought for them. He had given it to her.

Vantine's heart filled with pity, for himself who had to speak quite as much as for her who had to hear. He said reluctantly: "It's—ah—worse than you think, Mrs. Diamond. The house is in your name, but it is mortgaged——" he was about to say "up to the hilt," but the phrase, it struck him in a flash, was too gruesome, and he continued without a pause—"up to its full value. Moreover," he blundered, desperately telling the truth, "he did not pay the interest regularly. It's accumulated, and I—real-estate men I've asked tell me your equity is worth practically nothing. I'll keep on trying to find a buyer who will ——"

"Oh," she said, and covered her face with her hands to blot out the vision of her homeless daughter. What would they do without Billy? What could she do for Molly? The specialists' fees were heavy, and Doctor Butler had just begun to make some progress. In her pain and her anguish her mind groped blindly in the darkness. There was not one ray of light. What would become of Molly?

"Mr. Vantine, it can't be true! It can't be true!" She looked at him haggardly, grown visibly older of a sudden; her face ashen; the wrinkles about the nostrils deep and tense. She shook her head fiercely, as a swimmer might, to shake the water from the eyes. "It can't, you know," she repeated, in the unepigrammatic obstinacy of despair.

He said nothing.

"There must be something, somewhere. Somewhere! And you haven't found it. Somewhere! He wouldn't do this. Billy couldn't. He couldn't!" She hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

"Don't," said Vantine huskily. "Please don't, Mrs. Diamond. Of course, we won't see you lack for anything. Of course not. Be brave for his sake, Mrs. Diamond. He wouldn't have liked to see you give way like this. His friends will be your friends," he went on clumsily; "they won't see you want for anything. Be brave, for *his* sake." The adjuration had been potent before. But now, Mrs. Diamond, unheeding, moaned between her sobs: "Billy! Billy! Billy!"

Not knowing what to say, Vantine, unwittingly wise, said nothing. She sobbed on, gradually exhausting herself, until at length he said:

"I can't tell you how deeply I feel for you, Mrs. Diamond."

"I know, Mr. Vantine," limply. "I—I—understand. You had to tell me this. I should have been brave. Please forgive me. What are we to do, Mr. Vantine?"

"Well," he began dubiously, "I think you—ah—should remember it's only a question of time when you—ah—will find this big house too expensive to keep up. You ought to take Molly to the country; some nice quiet farmhouse. The air would do her good. You both need a change."

"But if there is nothing left, after paying the debts, how can we go anywhere?" Perhaps there was something left; she desired and she dreaded to know how little. And if there was nothing, perhaps, in some vague way, a kindly Death would come to them in this house he had given her, as an unkindly Death had come to him. These thoughts showed conflictingly on her face.

"You will have the $10,000 from the Stock Exchange. You must invest that carefully."

"And is that all, absolutely all?"

"As a matter of fact——" He checked himself. Her torture made her acute, he saw in her eyes, and she said:

"If there are debts to be paid and that money is needed ——"

"That's your money and Molly's. It wasn't Billy's," he assured her. "Nobody but you can touch it."

"Yes. But, of course, we can't take it if he owed ——" She was at the stake, with the fagots piled about her, bound by loyalty and love of him and of his good name. Her self-sacrifice was but a sublimated apology for the man she loved and would not have judged by appearances. It did not impress Vantine.

"That's all right," he said, almost cheerfully. The creditors could whistle. It was all they could do, legally, about the gratuity. And he could cultivate deafness to sibilant sounds.

"I couldn't do anything else," she said determinedly.

"Of course not," he acquiesced soothingly. Then he bethought himself of admiring her heroism. "It's very noble of you, but really there is no need to worry about that $10,000. You may count on it intact—after paying all his debts." If any of the creditors proved ugly, for which there wasn't the shadow of a legal right, Vantine would settle out of his own pocket rather than have her annoyed. Also he feared her mistaken sense of duty. He was not a wealthy man, but he rapidly figured how much he had at the bank and how much was due him from clients. He would send her a few hundreds, all he could afford, so that she could live while waiting for the Stock Exchange to pay the gratuity. He would then invest the $10,000 for her. He said thoughtfully: "The $10,000 is little enough. But after I've settled all the claims there may be a little—not very much—left, so that you won't have to touch the money from the Stock Exchange. A few hundreds, I should say." When the time came Mrs. Diamond would have to sell her furniture, a good deal of it, to Billy's friends, at better prices than the second-hand dealers would give. He would see to that, very discreetly. But there was no need to mention it now.

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Diamond blankly. She had not expected as much and she had expected more, as hope's wave had risen and fallen. Vantine did not expect gratitude for what she did not and, please God, never would know she owed him. But he felt it his duty to answer:

"It is really more than I at first expected. It isn't much. But Billy—I can't see how he could ——"

"Whatever is, is best, Mr. Vantine," she interjected, with a new note of resignation in her voice.

After that they were able to discuss the situation more calmly. Mrs. Diamond would discharge the servants, close up the house and go to the country to live for the summer. Mr. Vantine would invest the Stock Exchange gratuity carefully and she and Molly might be able to get along—in the country, understood. Mrs. Diamond would let Mr. Vantine know when she needed money for living expenses—what was absolutely necessary and no more, she assured him, very earnestly. She was very grateful to Mr. Vantine for all he had done.

Vantine left her, very sorry for her, and vaguely pleased with himself. The money he would be out of pocket, the time he had devoted to settling the estate, that was nothing. But the self-immolation on the altar of friendship, that was something. The suffering he had seen made him a better man. He was not temperamentally unlike Billy Diamond, but his business was less of a gamble than the other's. He would pay off the mortgage on Mrs. Vantine's house. It was the easiest way that he could see of saving money.

It was fully three weeks before Mrs. Diamond wrote to Vantine, requesting him to send $500. There were tradesmen's bills to pay. She had let one of the servants go. The other two had been with her several years; but they too would have to go when she took Molly to the country. They were very, very good, and perhaps Mr. Vantine or some friends of his were looking for a cook and a chambermaid. She had been answering advertisements of "Country Boarders Wanted," for she realized thoroughly that they must not go to an expensive place. But so far none of the replies had been satisfactory.

Vantine sent the $500—Billy's net estate consisted of exactly of *minus* $4367 and there had been no lawyers' fees to pay, and he delicately intimated that the sooner she took Molly to the country the better it would be for her health and for Mrs. Diamond's peace of mind. He renewed the assurance of his profound sympathy and reminded her that he was at her service at all times. She acknowledged the receipt of the five hundred and the wisdom of his suggestions and thanked him for his kind words. They had helped her.

A fortnight later she sent for $200. He mailed the check. His advice was less subtly delicate, though couched in the nicest way. But the residue of the estate was not much more, and the coming hot weather might be a serious thing to Molly. The country air——

Mrs. Diamond's answering letter left nothing to be desired. She agreed with him. She was going away very soon. She had already notified Nellie—who was now both waitress and chambermaid—to look for another place. Also, she inclosed a communication she had received that morning from a strange firm of lawyers, about the house and the mortgage and foreclosure proceedings. Would Mr. Vantine kindly call, if it would not inconvenience him?

Vantine called the next day and explained. The house would have to be sold within thirty days. She therefore had a month in which to pack. He might procure an extension of time, but there was nothing to be gained by it. He would keep on trying to find a buyer who would give more for the house than the liens on it amounted to, and if he did not find one he would protect her interests at the sale. But he did not think it wise to send the furniture to a storage warehouse. It was better to try to sell everything excepting what she and Molly would need in a small—a very small—house somewhere in the suburbs. Jersey was dreadful but cheap, and, in spots, healthy.

It was a terrible wrench, but the poignancy of her grief was not so keen as on their first interview. Nothing that is mundane is eternal. The intensity of sorrow, by the grace of God, is no exception.

Nevertheless, for Mrs. Diamond a third martyrdom began when she studied which pieces of furniture she absolutely needed.

She needed them all, in order not to suffer, for each had a history in which Billy figured epically. One bureau was an heirloom; another was bought on Molly's first birthday. The sideboard, the showpiece of the collection, was bought after Billy had made a "hog-killing" in St. Paul stock, and he had always called it "St. Paul" in grateful remembrance of his lucky "turn." She found three kitchen chairs and one table with which she could part without much of a pang. At a gorgeous estimate they might fetch a dollar and a half the lot.

On the second inventory, grimly resolute, she included the furniture of the servants' rooms, excepting Sarah's—the cook's—bureau, which had been Mrs. Diamond's own before Billy acquired the demoralizing habit of being lucky in the stock market. But on the third ruthless round-up she bid farewell to fully one-half—the less expensive half.

Vantine was very nice about it when he called again. He proved himself a true friend and a gentleman; he did not once show impatience. He reasoned sympathetically with her, as with a sick child at medicine-time, and when he left he had succeeded in placing even "St. Paul" on the fatal list.

But on the next day Mrs. Diamond made a final review. Lacking the sustaining influence of Vantine's protesting common-sense, she struck a few pieces from the inventory. She did this with a consciousness of guilt. To dull it, she visited the attic storeroom. The débris there was unvendible, and therefore she could conscientiously keep any and all of it.

Near the window was an old desk—one of their earliest pieces, an ugly black walnut affair of the most hideous "period" of American cabinet-making. But for years it had been Billy's own and only. Billy had wished to leave it behind in the Seventy-fourth Street house, as they were moving into their new—their own!—home. But she wouldn't consent to it, although she had allowed it to go straightway to the storeroom, where it had remained ever since. The top was cracked clear across; bits of the hideous moulding had unglued; the hinges were broken; two of the drawer-knobs were gone. Nobody would give a penny for it. That made it inevitable that she should decide not only to keep it but to have it repaired. It had been Billy's. It was more like Billy, she thought unsmilingly, than any other piece in the house, excepting his dressing-table with the cigarette-burns along the edges of the polished mahogany. She would keep both. Vantine had not objected to the dressing-table. He could not object to the desk. She need not say she would spend money to have it repaired.

She remembered the day Billy bought it. She told him afterward it certainly was the ugliest in the shop. But it happened to be the one nearest to the door, and they were going to the races, and Billy was a very impatient man. He had a "hot one" in the first race.

She remembered also that he had not asked the price but had handed a one-hundred-dollar bill to the salesman and had pocketed the change without counting it. It came back to her, as she looked at it, that she had remonstrated with Billy and that Billy had retorted: "That's all right, old lady; never you mind. It's dirt cheap." She had not minded. She was twenty-three and Billy was . . .

She began to dust it very tenderly! She was not sentimental. But she was thinking of that day and Billy; and of other days and Billy.

She opened the top drawer. It was full of newspapers and magazines and paper-covered novels, some of which she thought she would read again; a score of old bills; dusty letters which she read, one after another, with a sense of novelty and regret, because they were fifteen years old.

An hour afterward she opened the second drawer. It was empty but for a photograph of Billy's California cousin, Walter Wood, and a newspaper with the account of John F. Greener's sudden death. Billy lost some money that day selling the Greener stocks short and buying them back at higher prices, because Greener's death had been a "bull" or uplifting argument on Greener's own securities, and Billy was not subtle. She put the paper aside, with the novels, to read about Greener's death again, that had made Billy lose $3500.

In the bottom drawer there were more old newspapers and some accounts with the names of Billy and of divers Wall Street firms, and they had hieroglyphics like "Dr" and "Cr" and "E. & O. E." as well as sundry dollar signs. She would save them for Vantine. They might mean something—who knew? The last, the very last—and she was glad, because she was very tired—was a bundle held together by rubber bands. The rubber was so old that it broke snaplessly when she tried to slip off the bands. She took the first paper and opened it.

Her heart certainly stopped beating.

It was a certificate for 10,000 shares of the stock of the Nevada Gold and Silver Mining Company—of which William E. Diamond was the certified owner—full-paid and non-assessable, of the par value of one dollar each.

Ten thousand shares!

"I *knew* it, Billy!" she sobbed. The room whirled about her like a seashore merry-go-round. Presently she steadied herself with an effort and took up the next paper with shaking hands. Not that it mattered, for the first had exonerated Billy.

It was another stock-certificate, only 1000 shares, of the Black Hills Gold, Silver and Copper Mining and Milling Company, owned by William E. Diamond. The par value was $100 per share. The third certificate had Billy's name and a vignette of an energetic miner in a torch-lighted tunnel in Arizona loosening with his pick huge blocks of nickel ore—she could not see more for her tears. She gathered up the precious package and rushed to Molly's room.

"Darling! Darling!" she cried. "Look at these! Look at these!" And falling on her knees by her daughter's couch she buried her face in her hands. "I knew it! I knew it all the time!" she sobbed gratefully, happy for the first time in weeks; happy because of Molly's assured future, happy because of Billy's spotless past.

It was only when she thought the excitement could not be good for Molly that she became calm. But when she reflected that joy never kills, and therefore must be good for invalids, she permitted herself to empty her heart.

"I was sure of it, dear, and I told Mr. Vantine. He looked everywhere and could find nothing." She was naturally a just woman, and justice came particularly easy in her happiness. She added: "But who was to think that your father would leave such valuable papers in that old desk?"

"I never even suspected there was anything at all in it," said Molly.

"Neither did I. It was just like him!" She looked almost proudly at the daughter of that father.

"Don't you think you ought to notify Mr. Vantine at once, mother, dear?" suggested Molly gently. Her hip trouble had never touched her heart. She was her optimistic father's daughter, made thoughtful by her inaction and considerate by her helplessness.

"Of course, dear," agreed Mrs. Diamond.

Molly was looking at the certificates.

"Mother," she observed presently, "all stocks are not valuable. How do you know these are?"

Mrs. Diamond started nervously. The look of apprehension in her eyes was fleeting.

"I—I—of course, I don't know how valuable these are, but they must be worth something. Some stocks are worth more than others, but they are all worth something." She examined them very carefully, one by one. There was a pleasing variety of engravings, mostly of mining companies. One was the Borealis Cryolite Mining Company and had a picture of Greenland's icy mountains where the "cryolite" came from. Others showed mining scenes in the West. Two were of factories in the East—the Eureka Paper Heel Company of Connecticut, and the Bay State Perforating Machine Company. In the certificate of the latter a paper-capped mechanic had triumphantly drilled through a thick steel beam with what looked like an attenuated corkscrew held delicately between the forefinger and thumb, the delighted mechanic's little finger rigidly pointing to the roof, like a chorus girl's in a drinking song.

"And anything we may get is better than nothing. It was a good thing," finished Mrs. Diamond self-felicitatingly, "that I thought of the old walnut desk." She would not part with it now for a million dollars.

"I'd take them to Mr. Vantine the first thing in the morning," said Molly. "You'd better telegraph him at once, don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Diamond, and went off to send this telegram to Vantine:

> *Please call as soon as possible. Have just found important papers and stocks which I think are valuable. We are most anxious to see you.*

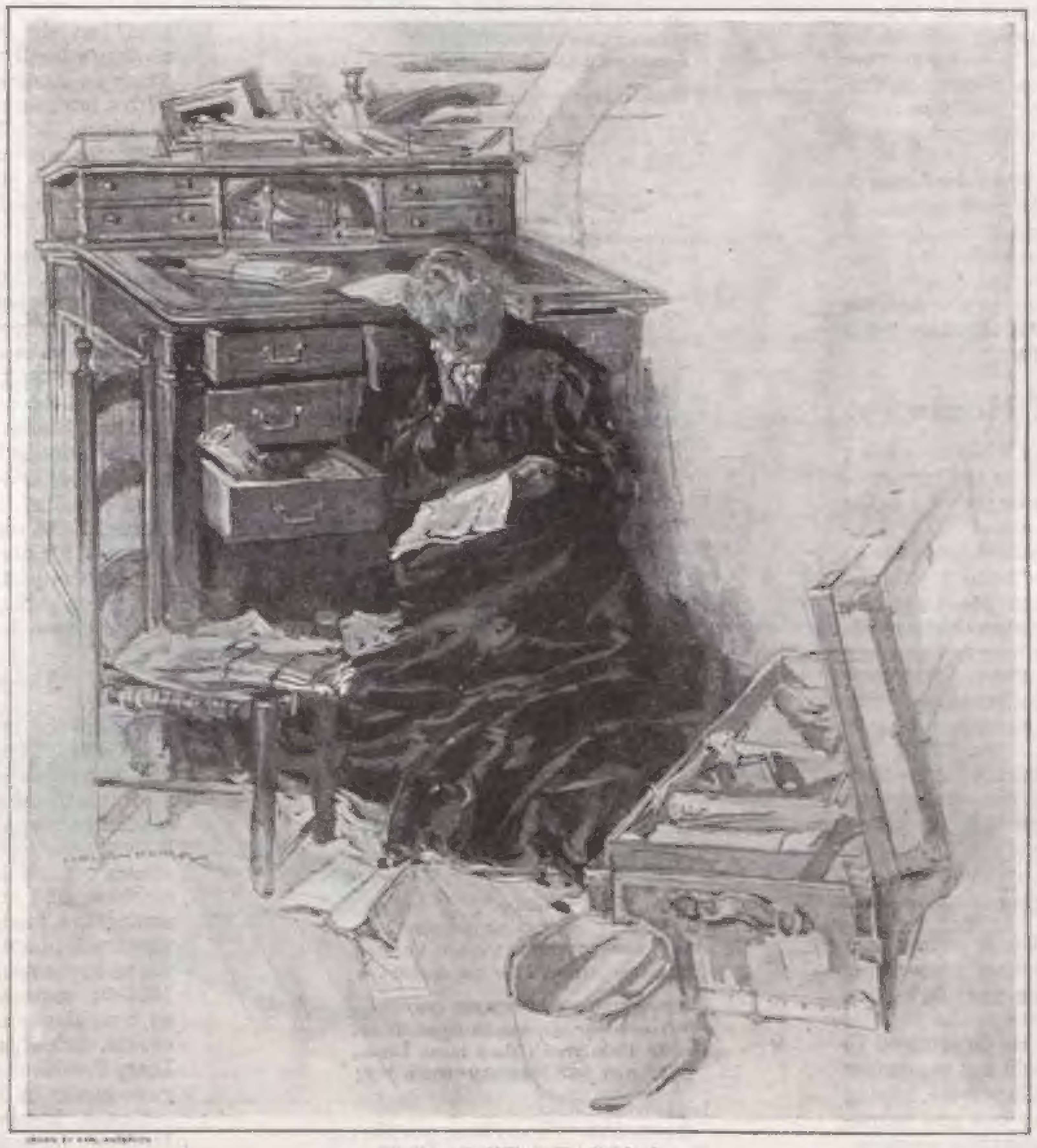
Mrs. Diamond and Molly worked late into the night in an effort to ascertain approximately the value of the stocks. Molly read aloud the name of each company, the number of shares and their par value, all of which her mother carefully wrote on separate sheets of paper, computing the face value of each certificate. After correcting various errors of multiplication, she copied the totals on a clean sheet, the directions coming from Molly, who, being an invalid, was marvelously clever at such things. One of the certificates—the Red Eagle Gold Mining Company, incorporated under the laws of California—was for 2500 shares of $100 each, a cool quarter of a million. The value of the 2000 Arizona Nickel and Cobalt Mining and Reduction Company was only $2000. The 1000 Black Hills Gold, Silver and Copper Mining and Milling Company, however, was another hundred-thousand-dollar beauty. The manufacturing companies' certificates were only for 100 shares each; worth $20,000 the two. But the O. K. Silver Mining Company, of Leadville, Colorado, was worth $100,000.

Mrs. Diamond, having jotted down these individual totals, added them—very slowly by reason of the zigzagging eccentricities of the decimal point. When she finished she almost shouted:

"Why, it's ——"

She checked herself. Molly must not become too excited, joyfully or otherwise. She had already worked more than was good for her.

"I don't think I've added this right," said Mrs. Diamond tremulously. It was too good to be true. She must make sure before she dared tell Molly the grand total. She took another sheet, ruled vertical lines so that the numbers would not stray from the straight path, and carefully copied the blessed statistics of her joy. She compared the two lists twice, very carefully and laboriously. Then she added the new list.



"I *Knew* it, Billy," She Sobbed

A miracle. The second total was exactly the same as the first!

"My dear!" she said.

"Yes, mother," smiled Molly.

Mrs. Diamond tried to make her voice careless, positively nonchalant, indeed, almost disparaging, in order to convey a subtle warning against excessive elation. But her heart was beating so fast and the figures were dancing so fantastically before her mist-filled eyes that in spite of herself her voice shook.

"I've added it twice and it came out the same both times."

"It must be right, then, dear," said Molly, sweetly judicial.

It must be right! It therefore must be true! It was not on the sheet that she saw the figures, but on the inside of her eyelids—fiery numerals surrounded by swirls of infinitesimal stars that sputtered millions of times a second.

"Seven hundred and twenty ——" she paused.

"Dollars?" asked Molly teasingly.

"Thousands!" answered Mrs. Diamond sternly.

"Oh, mother," said Molly distressedly, "it can't be right!"

"A-add it yourself," and Mrs. Diamond handed the sheet to Molly. Unable to sit still and to say nothing, she began to pace up and down the room as Molly, frowning slightly, added the figures with the tip of her pencil. From time to time Mrs. Diamond threw at her daughter the glance the prisoner at the bar will throw at the foreman of the jury about to announce the verdict of his peers. Twice Mrs. Diamond was conscious that her heart skipped a beat—it made her catch her breath. She wished to interrupt Molly, to utter not words but inarticulate sounds. Her hands were very cold and very dry.

"Mother," said Molly in a whisper, "it *is* right." And she stared, wide-eyed, at her mother, her own face very pale. Mrs. Diamond stared back. Then she blinked her eyes as at a strong light, and rushing up to Molly fell on her knees before her, her head on her daughter's lap, and sobbed brokenly: "Thank God! Thank God!" while Molly patted her head lovingly and, with her own eyes full of tears, whispered soothingly: "There, mother! There! There! It's nothing to cry about!"

Mrs. Diamond was brought to her senses when, by a curious but not very rare mental process, she suddenly remembered that Molly's face had been very pale—the last glimpse she had caught of it—and that this excitement assuredly could not be good for the invalid. She arose, and, drawing a chair to the couch, sat beside Molly.

The two women looked uneasily, uncertainly, at one another.

"Mother, do you think it means ——"

"I don't suppose it does, quite. But it must be something comfortable."

"Yes, dear. But seven hundred and twenty thousand ——"

"I know. But if it's even one-half?" said Mrs. Diamond, tenderly obstinate. "How much is that? Let me see; one-half of seven hundred is three-fifty, and half of twenty is ——"

"It's $360,000!"

"Well, you see," began Mrs. Diamond vaguely.

"Even that, mother, is ——"

"It's not more than it ought to be. You see, darling, we could not touch the principal. We'd have to live on the interest. And that—that—would not be so much, of course."

"Dearest," Molly nodded assentingly, "if it's only ten per cent. we ought to be very glad."

"Oh, that's too much," said Mrs. Diamond, with her infrequent business air. "Nobody pays more than four or five per cent. interest."

"I meant if it turned out that the stocks were worth only one-tenth of the $720,000 it would still mean $72,000," explained Molly very earnestly. She would cherish no illusions. Her wan face, for all its touch of resignation, showed so plainly fatigue that Mrs. Diamond, above all things anxious to prevent a sleepless night and a wretched morrow, said with forced gayety: "I won't have you impoverish yourself. One-tenth? Absurd! Off to bed!"

She tucked in her daughter, as she had done every night since infancy, and said: "To-night you ought to sleep well, dearie." But as she stooped to kiss Molly's cheek she tasted the salt of her tears. "Don't, darling," she whispered. "It isn't good for you."

Her own eyes overflowed, ten minutes later, as she gave thanks for this great blessing. She could not sleep, and the dawn found her wide-eyed, thinking of Molly, thinking of Billy, thinking of the mercy of God, grateful to her daughter and her husband and her Maker because she loved them. And God's mercy being infinite, she felt that now Molly would improve, for if He had given her one token of His kindness He would vouchsafe her another. That was certain as certain could be. And though she never closed her eyes once in all the night, because her heart was too full of gratitude, she rose even earlier than usual and still felt refreshed.

It was Saturday, and a busy half-day, but when Vantine reached his office and found Mrs. Diamond's telegram he hastily read over his mail, left a few instructions with his head-clerk and went to see her. He was very glad to get the news. He had been thinking about their case. All he

(Continued on Page 31)

MEN & WOMEN

When the Yznagas were Planters

FERNANDO YZNAGA, who died in New York two or three years ago, left all his money—about three millions—to his sister, the Duchess of Manchester.

Twenty-five years ago the Yznagas were very poor. They had a small plantation in upper Louisiana, just across the river from Natchez. The father, old Don Antonio Yznaga del Valle, was of Spanish blood but Cuban birth. His American wife was a particularly attractive woman, of extraordinary charm of manner. She married two of her daughters—both beautiful—to Englishmen of rank. One is now the dowager Duchess of Manchester.

Fernando used to lounge about in New Orleans, ostensibly to practice law, but in reality enjoying himself in society. Then he fell in with William K. Vanderbilt, married Mr. Vanderbilt's sister-in-law, and soon became wealthy without quite knowing how or why.

What seemed a misfortune for him at the time was perhaps the first step that led him on to fortune, if only because it made him talked about. A very pretty débutante, with an unusually rich father, happened to be his partner at one of the Carnival cotillons. It soon became noticeable that he danced with her very little—hardly as much as etiquette demanded—and at last one of the men present asked him about it.

"Oh," said Mr. Yznaga, "she snores so when she dances."

Of course, this was repeated, and all the more because of a certain grain of truth in the witticism. Fernando soon became *persona non grata* with a very powerful and clannish set in New Orleans society. But he got rich in New York very soon, and no doubt retained to the end his objection to partners who snored on his shoulder while thridding the dreamy mazes of the waltz.

A Rail-Fence—and Home

"AWAY down in Indiana," said James Whitcomb Riley once, "there is a rail-fence. And in the corner of that rail-fence grows a rose. And that rose growing in the corner of that rail-fence has been to me one of the best influences I know. It means home. It means a lot of things that home stands for, and when I think of home it's all sort of summed up in that old rail-fence and that rose-bush, and it makes me feel glad and better, and it makes things right. I'm thankful that I've got them. They may not be there now—indeed, I know that they aren't there. But they were once, and they meant boyhood and all that goes with boyhood. I believe most people have some sort of rail-fence and rose pocketed in their memory. Something that reminds them of they don't know what, but they know they are the better for being reminded. And the oftener they go back to it and think about it, whatever it is, the better the world will be."

Purely Doctrinal

DURING a close campaign, Senator Vance arrived at a village where a great deal depended upon his securing votes. Religious spirit ran high, and Vance was told beforehand that a candidate who did not belong to the popular church might as well save his breath. He determined to be a convert, but for the life of him could not remember which sect it was. He strolled into the village store, hoping by some chance word to find out. Every box and barrel-head was occupied by a leading citizen, whittling, smoking, chewing, talking of everything but the one subject he was after. Presently some one approached him and asked:

"Stranger, what church do you belong to?"

"Well," said Vance, in a bad predicament, "you ask me an honest question and I will give you a straightforward answer. My grandmother was a Scotch woman—a rigid Presbyterian." A perceptible chill promptly fell over the company. "My grandfather was English, and naturally an Episcopalian," Vance added quickly. A frown appeared on the forehead of the chill. "My father believed in immersions and was a good Baptist," Vance continued, looking anxiously for the verdict, to see in shaking heads an indication that he had not struck it yet. It was growing desperate. He squared his shoulders and went on solemnly: "My dear old mother, whom I loved and honored with my whole soul, was a Methodist." Instantly every face was adorned with a luminant smile, and in a burst of enthusiasm Vance concluded: "And, gentlemen, I followed the precepts of my dear old mother. I am a Methodist and I don't care who knows it!"

"Stranger, you're just as good as elected!" cried a delighted listener. "For the fellow who's comin' here tomorrer, 'lectioneerin', is nuthin' but a Congregationalist."

"And that's just what I should have been, next go," Senator Vance said, in telling the story. "But, as a matter of fact, I had not spoken one word that was not truth."

The Wise Men from the East

(*A Little Boy's Christmas Lesson*)

BY BLISS CARMAN

"Why were the Wise Men three,
Instead of five or seven?"
They had to match, you see,
The archangels in Heaven.

God sent them, sure and swift,
By His mysterious presage,
To bear the threefold gift
And take the threefold message.

Thus in their hands were seen
The gold of purest Beauty,
The myrrh of Truth all-clean,
The frankincense of Duty.

And thus they bore away
The loving heart's great treasure,
And knowledge clear as day,
To be our life's new measure.

They went back to the East
To spread the news of gladness.
There one became a priest
Of the new word to sadness;

And one a workman, skilled
Beyond the old earth's fashion;
And one a scholar, filled
With learning's endless passion.

God sent them for a sign
He would not change nor alter
His good and fair design,
However man may falter.

He meant that, as He chose
His perfect plan and willed it,
They stood in place of those
Who elsewhere had fulfilled it;

Whoso would mark and reach
The height of man's election,
Must still achieve and teach
The triplicate perfection.

For since the world was made,
One thing was needed ever,
To keep man undismayed
Through failure and endeavor—

A faultless trinity
Of body, mind and spirit,
And each with its own three
Strong angels to be near it:

Strength to arise and go
Wherever dawn is breaking,
Poise like the tides that flow,
Instinct for beauty-making;

Imagination bold
To cross the mystic border,
Reason to seek and hold,
Judgment for law and order;

Joy that makes all things well,
Faith that is all-availing
Each terror to dispel,
And Love, ah, Love unfailing.

These are the flaming Nine
Who walk the world unsleeping,
Sent forth by the Divine
With manhood in their keeping.

These are the seraphs strong
His mighty soul had need of,
When He would right the wrong
And sorrow He took heed of.

And that, I think, is why
The Wise Men knelt before Him,
And put their kingdoms by
To serve Him and adore Him;

So that our Lord, unknown,
Should not be unattended,
When He was here alone
And poor and unbefriended;

That still He might have three
(Rather than five or seven)
To stand in their degree,
Like archangels in Heaven.

The Artist in the Steerage

AMONG the stories of emigrants who have come to America penniless and have made their way to fame, one of the most interesting is that of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich Funk, who, since his famous portrait of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, executed in London a few years ago, has found his hands full of important commissions abroad, though his headquarters continue to be in New York.

When Mr. Funk was a boy in Hanover, Germany, he was apprenticed to a grocer to drive a cart and sweep and dust the shop; and later to a butcher who employed him chiefly as caretaker for pigs. It was from this task that young Funk finally ran away, made on foot a tour of the art galleries of Germany and Italy, and at last came to America. In the mean time his father, an officer in the Hanoverian army, had died, and among his belongings were some of the furniture of King George's palace left to his defenders when that monarch was forced to abdicate—very valuable additions now to Mr. Funk's handsome studio in the Mansfield, but not of much account then in maintaining his mother's family. It was their poverty which drove Mr. Funk to America, as steerage passenger in a cattle-ship, with a few marks in his pocket and a haversack filled with drawings. In a few days he was penniless, and he crept one night for shelter into an empty ice-wagon, and did not awaken until, the wagon having been driven to a distant place to be filled, he was roused in the morning by blocks of ice dumped into the cart. In New York he did odd jobs to support himself, though his first chance as a house painter he lost through inefficiency. The first "artistic" opportunity that he had was to paint a pointing hand upon a ferryboat.

However, he saved enough to make remittances to his family and finally to visit them, and then he went on a tour with a picture dealer, painting portraits through the Southern States. When he returned to New York he made his first success by a pen portrait of Edwin Booth, drawn just before the actor's death. Thereafter he was engaged on the staff of the New York Herald, began contributing to magazines, and in a few years was enabled to realize the dream of his life and devote his time to portrait-painting. Besides the portrait of the Princess, he has gone back to Europe on various occasions to paint Lady Colin Campbell, Lady Acland, Lady Muriel Paget and Mr. Balfour.

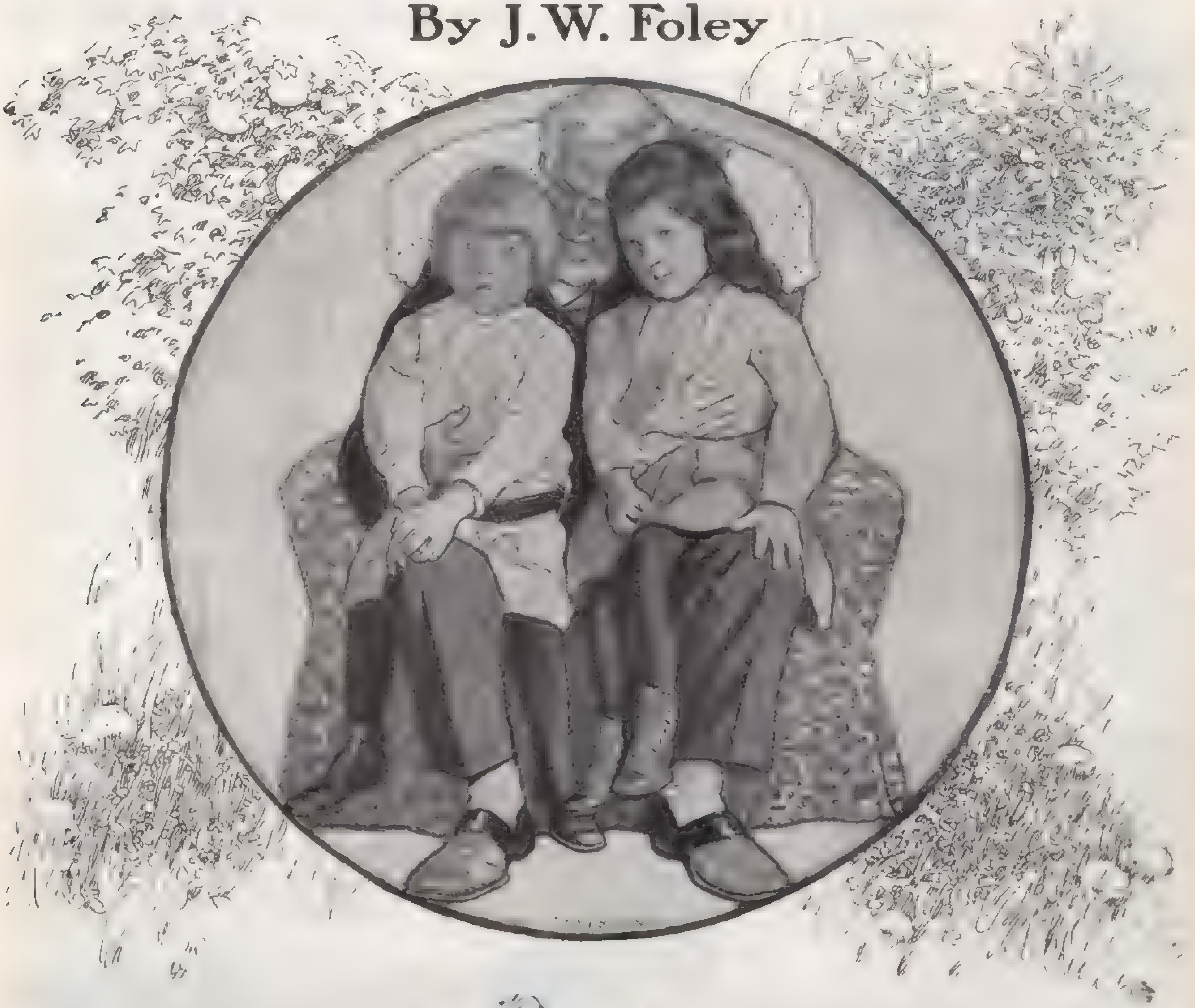
Don Cipriano Castro

ONE of the interesting men of the day is Don Cipriano Castro, President of Venezuela. One hears a great deal about his insolence to the United States, his tyrannical treatment of those who oppose him at home or incur his dislike abroad. It is also freely intimated that he is dishonest, not only personally, but in his conduct of national affairs. Nevertheless, Castro has crushed all internal dissensions, and it now appears that he has succeeded in arranging a financial compact with England and Germany which will practically guarantee him against such dragooning as he was subjected to by certain European Powers in 1901–2; moreover, he is meeting his foreign obligations with regularity and good faith. Commentators on current events, indeed, are beginning to compare him to Porfirio Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic, who seized the government in 1876 by revolutionary methods.

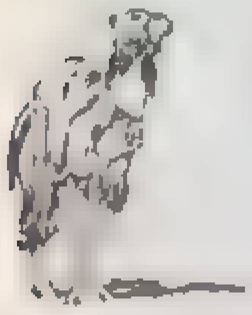
Castro, however, differs from Diaz in many respects. He is not, for example, of the peasant class, nor did he enter into power an illiterate and penniless adventurer. Contrary to the prevalent idea of him, he is a man of Spanish origin, with very good blood in his veins. His father was a coffee-planter in the interior, as the son was in his turn. He did not belong to the aristocracy, to be sure, but neither did he come of the pure-blood "Indian" class, like Diaz, his counterpart in Mexico. He represents a type, but one which cannot be definitely classified. He is like no one else who is now or ever has been prominent in Spanish America. He has not, like Guzman Blanco, his predecessor, employed opportunity to amass a vast fortune, transfer it to Europe, and then follow between two suns. He is full of faults, but they are personal, not official. His patriotism is a passion. He is bent on doing for Venezuela what Diaz has done for Mexico. In his private life he has a thousand eccentricities which furnish his critics with unlimited material. His vanity is both colossal and capricious. Sometimes it is pitiable. But it begins to dawn upon the discerning mind that, with all his conceits, his caprices and his personal shortcomings, he is a soldier of great address, a diplomat of the first class, and a schemer who puts his country's greatness before his own vanity or the enrichment of his favorites. It will pay to watch Castro's future in the light of these revelations of his character. There is the best of reason for believing that the revelations in question are authentic.

LITTLEFOLKS LAND

By J. W. Foley



Come, children, a pair of you here on my knees,
  Climb up—they're tame horses and quietly stand;
Hold tight, for they travel like lightning. Who sees
  The lights over yonder in Littlefolks Land?
Why, see! Here are bands playing wonderful tunes,
  The bushes grow doughnuts and cookies and sweets!
The trees are all waving with colored balloons,
  And they use white lump-sugar for paving the streets!



My goodness! What wonderful, wonderful joys!
  The forests grow nothing but big Christmas trees
Just laden with all kinds of beautiful toys,
  And children may climb up and take what they please!
The street cars are merry-go-rounds, I declare,
  With horses and camels and wonderful steeds,
All saddled for riding—come, let's take a chair,
  For every boy has all the nickels he needs!

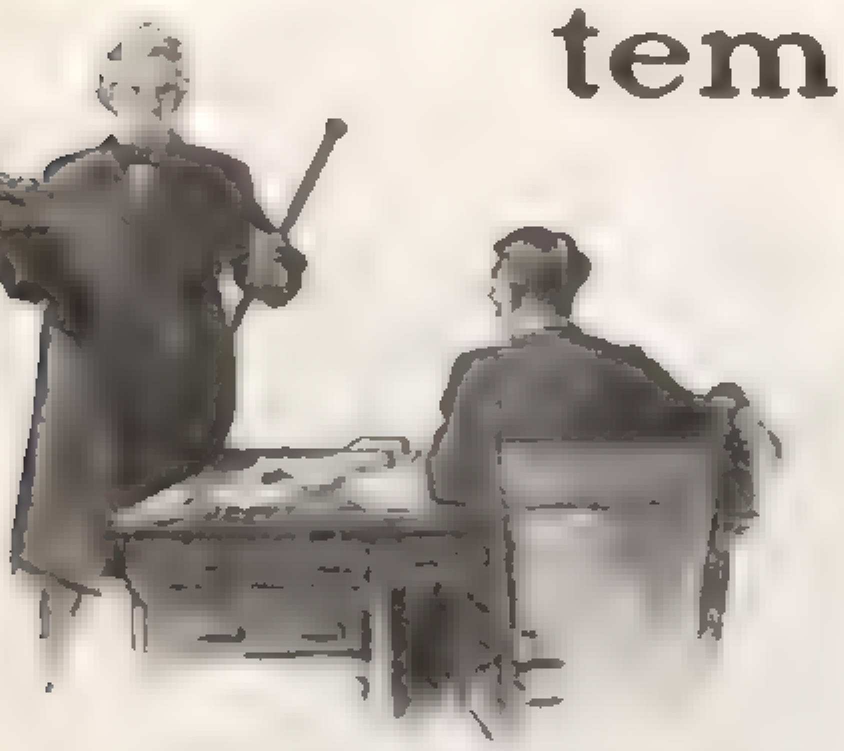
Well, well! Here's a fountain set back in the shade,
  With cups hung from chains for the children to drink.
What cool draught is this? Why, it's red lemonade!
  Well, of all the wonders, now what do you think?
What's that—a big cloud? Why, it's snowing ice cream!
  And see! Here are spoons growing down in the grass!
Why, who would believe such a wonderful dream
  Could ever in all of this world come to pass?

What's that—a big lilac? Well, now, as I live,
  'Tis a bush growing nothing but big popcorn balls!
Now what boy or girl wouldn't readily give
  A dozen big lilacs for that? Why, the walls
Of that house over there—are they sugar? It's brown!
  We'll taste it. It's maple! And look over there!
Why, see! Every building in all of the town
  Is built of that same kind of stuff, I declare!

What fence posts are these? Why, they're peppermint sticks,
  As true as I live! What are those as we pass
That look so like toadstools? Cream puffs! Four, five, six,
  Seven, eight—why, the bakers must bake in the grass!
Now what are those trees with the nuts in their tops?
  I'll climb one and see—here, I'm high enough now!
They're not nuts at all—they are big chocolate drops
  Just growing up here by the hundreds, I vow!

Oh, isn't it sad that so soon we must go?
  But our horses are restless and don't want to stay;
And should we get off—just a minute or so—
  Why, Littlefolks Land would all vanish away!
The sugar would crumble, the ice cream melt down,
  The colored balloons would all burst in your hand;
So, come! Let's be off! We must get back to town!
  Good-by to the wonders of Littlefolks Land!

"Our Loathed but Esteemed Contemporary"—By William Allen White



"I am Surprised to Hear, Sir, that Your Father was a Perfect Gentleman, Sir."

NO ONE remembers a time when there were not two newspapers in our town—generally quarreling with each other. Though musicians and doctors and barbers are always jealous of their business rivals, and though they show their envy more or less to their discredit, editors are so jealous of one another, and so shameless about it, that the profession has been made a joke. Certainly in our town there is a deep-seated belief that if one paper takes one side of any question, even so fair a proposition as street-paving, the other will take the opposing side.

Of course, our paper has not been contrary, but we have noticed a good many times—every one in the office has noticed it, the boys and girls in the back-office, and the boys and girls in the front-office—that whenever we take a stand for anything—say for closing the stores at six o'clock—the General swings the Statesman into line against it. If he has done it once he has done it fifty times in the last ten years, and though we have often felt impelled to oppose some of the schemes he has brought forward, it was because they were bad for the town, and because, even though they did seem plausible, perhaps, we knew that the unscrupulous gang that was behind these schemes would in some way turn them into a money-making plot to rob the people. We never could see that justification in the Statesman's position. To us it seemed merely pigheadedness. But the passing years have taught us to appreciate the General better, and each added year seems to make us more tolerant of his shortcomings.

He has been running the Statesman for forty-five years—counting in the three years he was in the army—and for thirty-five years he was master of the field. For thirty years this town was known as General A. Jackson Durham's town. He ran the county Republican Conventions, and controlled the five counties next to ours, so that, though he could never go to Congress himself, on account of his accumulation of enemies, he always named the successful candidate from the district, and for a generation held undisturbed the selection of postmasters in his sphere of influence. In State politics he was more powerful than any Congressman he ever made. Often he came down to the State Convention with blood in his eyes after the political scalp of some politician who had displeased him, and the fight he would make, and the disturbance he would start, gave him the name of Old Bull Durham. On such occasions, when he spoke, he would throw back his head, shut his eyes and roar his wrath at his opponents in a most disquieting manner, and when he returned home, whether he won or lost his fight, for two or three weeks his paper would bristle with rage, and his editorial page would be full of lurid articles written in short exclamatory sentences, pocked with italics, capital letters and black-faced lines.

For General A. Jackson Durham was a fire-eater and proud of it. He advertised the fact that he was a good hater by showing callers at his office his barrel. In that barrel he had filed away every disreputable thing he could find against friend or foe, far or near, and when the friend became a foe, or the foe became troublesome, the General opened his barrel. Also he kept an office blacklist, on which were written the names of the men in town whose names were never to be printed in the Statesman. When we established our little handbill of a newspaper, he made all manner of fun of our "dishrag," as he called it, and insisted on writing so much about it that people read it to see what we had to say. Other papers had made the mistake of replying to the General in kind, and people soon tired of the quarrel and dropped the new quarreling paper for the old one. The State never had seen the General's equal as a wrangler, for he vanquished every foe. But we did not fight back, and there was only a one-sided quarrel for the people to tire of. We grew and got a foothold in the town, but the General never admitted it. He does not admit it now, though his paper has been cut down time and again, and is to-day no larger than our little dishrag was in the beginning. But he still maintains his old assumption of the power that departed years ago. He walked proudly out of the County Convention the day that it rode over him, and he still begins the names of the new party leaders in the county in small letters to show his contempt for them.

The day of his downfall in the County Convention marked the beginning of his decline in State politics. When it was known that his county was against him, people ceased to fear him, and in time new leaders came in the State whom he did not know even by sight. But the General did not recognize them as leaders. To him they were interlopers. He sent his paper regularly to the old leaders, who had been shoved aside as he had been, and wrote letters to them urging them to arouse the people to throw off the chains of bossdom. Five years ago he and a number of lonesome and forgotten ones, who formerly ruled the State with an iron hand, and whose arrogance cost the party a humiliating defeat, organized the "Anti-Boss League," and held semi-annual conventions at the capital. They made long speeches and issued long proclamations, and called vehemently upon the people to rend their chains, but some way the people didn't heed the call, and the General and his boss-busters, as they were called, began to have hard work getting their "calls" and "proclamations" and "addresses" into the city papers. The reporters referred to them as the Ancient Order of Has-Beens, and wounded the General's pride by calling him Past Master of the Grand Lodge of Hons. He came home from the meeting of the boss-busters at which this insult had been heaped upon him and in his paper bellowed like a mad bull for six months, using so much space that there was no room for local news at all.

But news does not come first in the General's idea of what a newspaper should contain, and he does not mind crowding it out. He believes that a newspaper should stand for "principles." The Statesman was started during the progress of the Civil War, when issues were news, and the General has never been able to realize that in times of peace people buy a newspaper for its news and not for its opinions. He could never understand our attitude toward what he called "principles." When the town was for free silver, we were for the gold standard, and we never exerted ourselves particularly for a high tariff, and when the General saw our paper grow in spite of its heresies, he was amazed, and expressed his amazement in columns of vitriolic anger. Because we often ignored "issues" and "principles" and "great basic and fundamental ideas," as he called his contentions on the silver and tariff questions, for lists of delegates at conventions, names of pupils at the county institute, and winners of prizes at the fair, he was filled with alarm for the future of the noble calling of journalism.

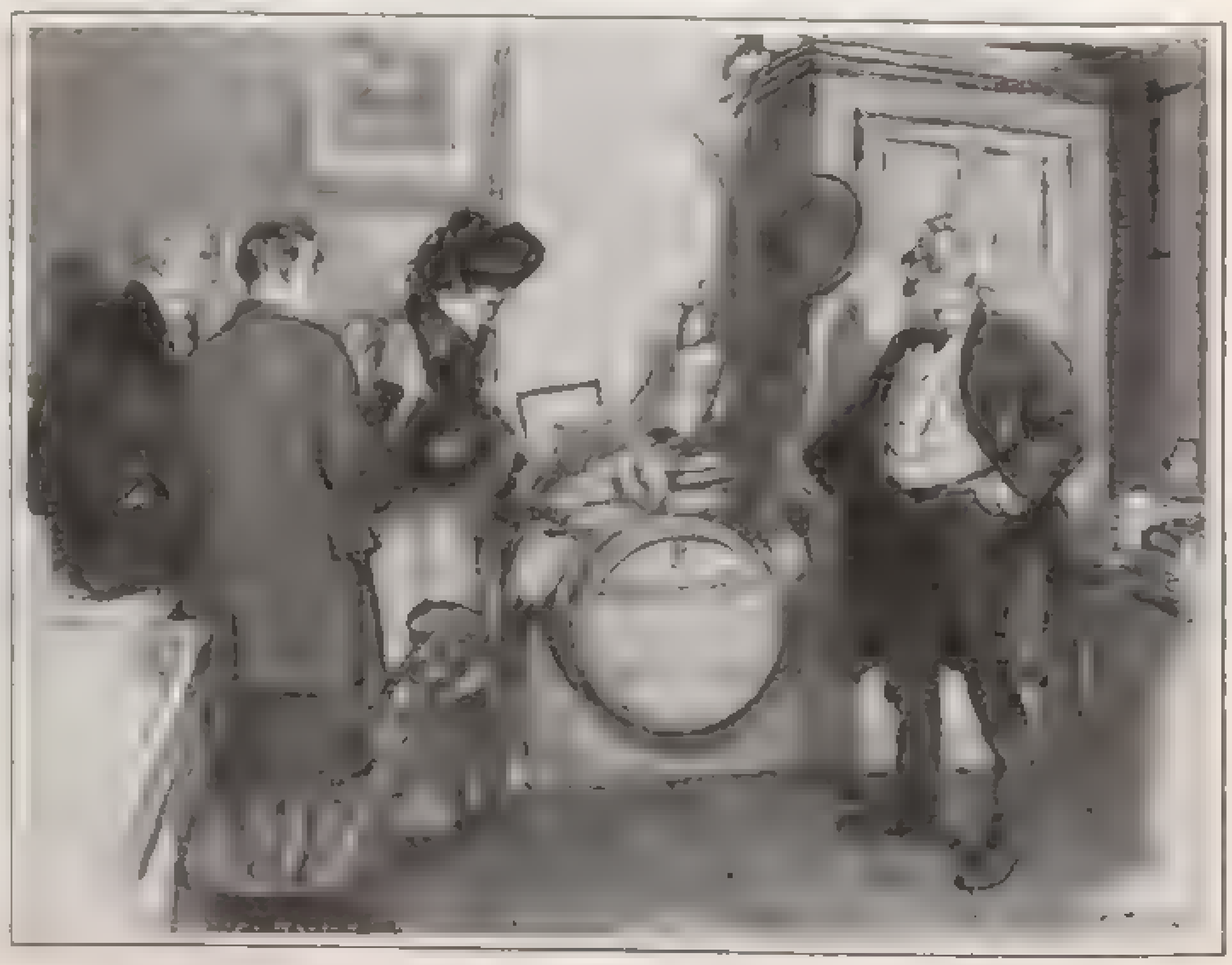
Long ago we quit making fun of him. One day we wrote an article referring to him as "the old man," and it was gossiped among the printers that he was cut to the heart. He did not reply to that, and though a few days later he referred to us as thieves and villains, we never had the heart to tease him again, and now every one around the office has instructions to put "General" before his name whenever it is found. Probably this cheers him up. At least it should do so, for in spite of his pride and his much advertised undying wrath, he is in truth a tender-hearted old man, and he has never been disloyal to the town. It is the apple of his eye. His fierceness has been always more for publication than as an evidence of good faith. He likes to think he is unforgiving and relentless, but he has a woman's heart. He fought the renomination of Grant for a third term most bitterly, but when the old commander died, the boys in the Statesman office say that Durham sniffled gently while he wrote the obituary, and when he closed with the words "Poor Grant," he laid his head on the table and his frame shook in real sorrow.

Most of the subscribers have left his paper, and many of the advertisers no longer use it, but what seems to hurt him worst is his feeling that the town has gone back on him. He has given all of his life to this town; he has spent thousands of dollars to promote its growth. He has watched every house on the town-site rise, and has made an item in his paper about it. He has written up the weddings of many of the grandmothers and grandfathers of the town; he has chronicled the birth of their children and their children's children. The old scrapbooks are filled with kind things that the General has written. Old men and old women scan these wrinkled pages with eyes that have lost their lustre, and on the rusty clippings pasted there fall many tears. For in this book a woman reads the little verse below the name of a child whom only she and God remember. In some other book a man long since out of the current of life reads the story of his little triumph in the world; in the family Bible is a clipping from the Statesman—yellow and crisp with years—that tells of a daughter's wedding and the social glory that descended on the house for that one great day. So, as the General goes about the streets of the town, in his shiny long frock-coat and his faded campaign hat, men do not laugh at him, nor do they hate him. He is the old buffalo, horned out of the herd

Our profession of making newspapers is a young man's profession. The time will come when over at our office there will be a shrinkage. Even now our leading citizens never go away from town and talk to other newspaper men that they do not say that if some one would come over here and start a bright, crisp newspaper he could drive us out of town and make money. The best friends we have are not above saying, when they talk to newspaper men in other towns, that our paper is so generally hated that it would be no trouble to put it out of business. That is what people said of the General in the eighties. They do not say it now.

For the fight is over with him. And he is walking on an old battlefield, reviewing old victories, not knowing that another contest is waging further on. Sometimes the boys in the Statesman office get their money Saturday night, and sometimes they do not. If they do not, the General grandly issues "orders" on the grocery stores. Then he takes his pen in hand and writes a stirring editorial on the battle of Cold Harbor, and closes by inquiring whether the country is going to forget the grand principles which inspired men in those trying days.

In the days when the Statesman was a power in the land, editorials like this were widely quoted Its editor was

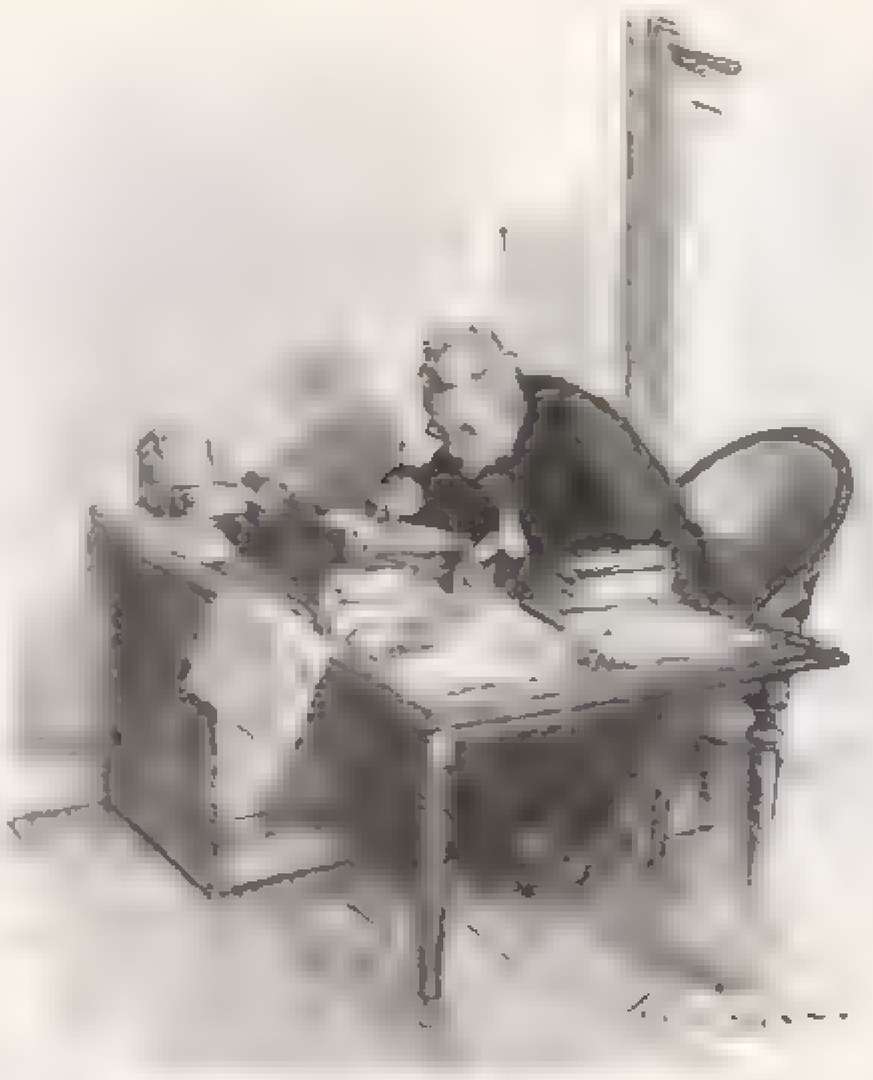


He Advertised the Fact that He was a Good Hater by Showing Callers at His Office His Barrel department commander of the G. A. R., in the days when that personage was as important in our State as the Governor. The General's editorials on pensions were read before the Pensions Committee in Congress and had much weight there, and even in the White House the General's attitude was reckoned with. When he rallied the old soldiers to any cause the earth trembled, but now the General's editorials pass unheeded. When he calls to "the men who defended this country in one great crisis" to "rise and rescue her again," he does not understand that he is speaking to a world of ghosts, and that his "clarion note" falls on empty air

For the old boys whom he would arouse are sleeping; only he and a little handful survive. Yet to him they still live; to him their power is still invincible—if they would but rally to the old call. He believes that some day they will rally, and that the world, which is now going sadly wrong, will be set right. With his hands clasped behind him, looking through his steel-rimmed glasses, from under his shaggy brows, he walks through a mad world, waiting for it to return to reason. In his fiery black eyes one may see a puzzled look as he views the bewildering show. He is confused, but still defiant. His head is still high; he has no thought of surrender. So, day after day, he riddles the bedlam about him with his broadsides, in the hourly hope of victory.

When we do something to displease him, he turns all his guns on us, though probably his foreman has to borrow paper from our office to get the Statesman out. The General regards us as his natural prey and his foreman regards our paper stock as his natural forage—but they use so little that we do not mind.

Once a new bookkeeper in the office saw the General's old account for paper. She sent the General a statement, and another, and in the third she put the words: "Please remit." The day after he received the insult, the General stalked grandly into the office with the amount of money required by the bookkeeper. He put it down without a word and walked over to the desk where the proprietor was working



So, Day After Day, He Riddles the Bedlam About Him with His Broadsides

"Young man," said the General, as he rapped with his cane on the desk, "I was talking to-day with a gentleman from Norwalk, Ohio, who knew your father. Yes, sir; he knew your father, and speaks highly of him, sir. I am surprised to hear, sir, that your father was a perfect gentleman, sir. Good-morning, sir."

And with that the General moved majestically out of the office

Studying Moonshine

INTERESTING experiments in the study of moonshine have been made recently by Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, at the agricultural station of Juvisy—the object in view being to ascertain whether there is anything at the bottom of the popular notion, which is so widely held, that the phases of the moon have a relation to vegetable growth. Many people assert with confidence that certain crops ought to be planted when the moon is new, or full or on the wane.

Accordingly, in the experiments referred to, vegetables of different kinds were sown during the various phases of the moon, and the results were carefully watched. Peas planted at the new moon did better than others that were sown at the full moon, in one trial, whereas those put into the ground during the last quarter prospered least. Beets sown in the last quarter did best, on the other hand, but onions prospered most when planted under the new moon. Potatoes planted at the full moon flourished most; beans sown at full moon yielded a crop far more abundant than others of the same batch planted in the first quarter.

Nevertheless, the experiments were not deemed conclusive, and M. Flammarion thinks that contrary results may be obtained on other occasions. Meanwhile, he is going on with the experiments. He remarks that moonlight differs from sunlight in that it is much richer than the latter in the invisible rays which lie above the violet and below the red of the spectrum. It may be, he says, that these rays produce special effects that are not as yet understood.

Col. Crockett's Coöperative Christmas

BY RUPERT HUGHES

[Of all the strange gatherings that have distinguished Madison Square Garden, the strangest was probably on the occasion, last Christmas, when the now well-known Colonel D. A Crockett, of Waco, rented the vast auditorium for one thousand dollars, and threw it open to the public. As he is going to do it again this coming Christmas, an account of the con-, in- and re-ception of his scheme may interest some of the thousands who find themselves every Christmas in the Colonel's plight. My plan to describe it was frustrated by the receipt, from his wife, of three letters he wrote her. It seems only fair, then, that the author of an achievement which is likely to become an institution should be allowed to be the author of its history. I shall, therefore, content myself with publishing verbatim two of the Colonel's own letters.—RUPERT HUGHES]

NEW YORK, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1908.

Friend Wife:

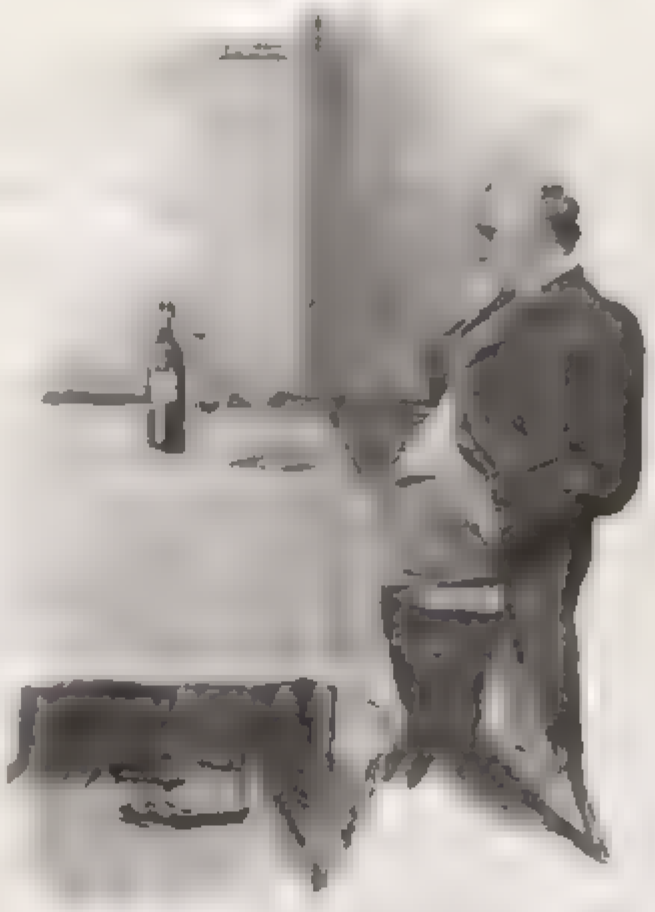
The miserablest night I ever spent in all my born days—the solitariest, with no seconds—was sure this identical Christmas night in New York City. And I've been some lonesome, too, in my time.

I've told you how, as a boy, I shipped before the mast—the wrong mast—and how the old tub bumped a reef and went down with all hands—and feet—except mine. You remember me telling how I grabbed aholt of a large wooden box and floated on to a dry spot. It knocked the wind out of my stummick considerable, but I hung on kind of unconscious till the tide went out. When I come to, I looked round to see where in Sam Hill I was at, and found I was on a little pinhead of an island about the size a freckle would be on the moon. All around was mostly sky, excepting for what was water. And me with nothing to drink it with!

I set down hard on the box and felt as blue as all the swear words ever swore. There was nothing in sight to eat, and that made me so hungry that me and the box fell over backward. As I laid there sprawled out, with my feet up on the box, I looked between my knees and read them beautiful words, "Eat Buggins' Biscuit."

Well, me and friend Buggins inhabited that place—about as big as one of Man Friday's footprints—for going on four weeks. When tide was in, I held the box on my head to keep my powder dry. Long toward the end of my visit, just before the ship that saved me hove in sight, I began to feel a mite tired of that place. I kind o' felt as if I'd saw about all they was int'resting on that there island. I thought I was unhappy and I had a sneaking idea I was lonesome. But I see I was mistaken. I hadn't spent a Christmas night alone in a big city then.

Then once when I was prospecting for our mine, I was snowed up in a pass. I reckon I've told you how I got typhoid fever and wrestled it out all day by my lonesome; unparalleled thirst, Boston baked brains, red flannel tongue, delirium dreamms, and self-acting emetic, down to the final blissful "Where am I at?" and on through the nice long convalessence till my limbs changed from twine strings to human members. Six weeks doing time as doctor, patient, trained nurse and fellow-Mason all in one, was being alone right smart. But it wasn't a patch on the little metrolopis of Manhattan on Santy Claus day.



Last Night I Ate a Horrible Mockery of a Christmas Dinner in a Deserted Restaurant

Then once I had a rather unrestful evening out in the western part of Texas. A fellow sold me a horse right cheap, and later a crowd of gentlemen accused me of stealing it, and I was put in jail with a promise of being lynched before breakfast. That was being uncomfortable some, too. But I wished last night that my friend, Judge Watson, hadn't come along that night and identified me. It would have saved me from New Yorkitis.

Then there was the night when I proposed for your hand and you sent me to your pa, and he said if I ever come near again he'd sick the dogs on me. I spent that night at a safe distance from the dogs, leaning on a fence, and not noticing it was barb wire till I looked at my clothes and my hide next day. I watched your windows till the light went out and all my hope with it—and on after that till, as the poet says, till daylight doth appear.

Then there's the time I told you about when—but there's no use of making a catalog of every time I've been lonesome. I have taken my pen in hand to inform you that last night beat everything else on my private list of troubles. My other lonely times was when I was alone, but the lonesomest of all was in the heart of the biggest crowd on this here continent.

There was people aplenty. But I didn't know one goldarned galoot. I had plenty of money, but nobody to spend it on—except tiptakers. I was stopping at this big hotel with lugsury spread over everything, thicker than sorghum on corn pone. But lonely—why, honey, I was so lonely that, as I walked along the streets, I felt as if I'd like to break into some of the homes and compel 'em at the point of my gun to let me set in and dine with 'em.

I felt like asking one of the bellboys to take me home and get his ma to give me a slice of goose and let her talk to me about her folks.

There was some four million people in a space about the size of our ranch. There was theatres to go to—but who wants to go to the theatre on Christmas?—it's like going to church on the Fourth of July. There were dime muzhums, penny vawdevilles, dance-halls.

There was a big dinner for newsboys. The Salvation Army and the Volunteers gave feeds to the poor. But I couldn't qualify. I wasn't poor. I had no home, no friends, no nothing.

The streets got deserteder and deserteder. A few other wretches was marooned like me in the hotel corridors. We looked at each other like sneak-thieves patrolling the same street. Waiters glanced at us pitiful as much as to say, "If it wasn't for shrimps like you, I'd be home with my kids."

The worst of it was, I knew there were thousands of people in town in just my fix. Perhaps some of them were old friends of mine that I'd have been tickled to death to foregather with; or leastways, people from my State. Texas is a big place, but we'd have been brothers and sisters—or at least cousins once removed—for Christmas' sake

But they were scattered around at the St. Regis or the Mills Hotel, the Martha Washington or somewhere, while I was at the Waldorf-hyphen-Astoria

It was like the two men that Dickens—I believe it was Dickens—tells about: Somebody gives A a concertina, but he can't play on it; winter coming on and no overcoat; he can't wear the concertina any more than he can tootle it. A few blocks away is a fellow, Mr. B. He can play a concertina something grand, but he hasn't got one and his fingers itch. He spends all his ready money on a brand-new overcoat, and just then his aunt sends him another one. He thinks he'll just swap one of them overcoats for a concertina. So he advertises in an exchange column. About the same time, A advertises that he'll trade one house-broken concertina for a nice overcoat. But does either A or B ever see B's or A's advertisements? Not on your beautiful daguerreotype.

That was the way with us-all in New York. The town was full of lonesome strangers, and we went moping round, stumbling over each other and not daring to speak.

They call us "transients" here. It's like a private soldier that's killed in a battle; he's only a "casualty." So us poor, homeless dogs in New York are only transients. Why, do you know, I was that lonely I could have stood out in the square like a lonely old cow out in the rain, and just mooed for somebody to take me in.

I'd have telegraphed for you and the children to come to town, but Texas is so far away, and you'd have got here too late, and you couldn't come anyway, being sick, as you wrote me, and one of the kids having malary. How is his blessed self to-day? I hope you're feeling better. Telegraph if you ain't, and I'll take the first train home.

Well, last night I ate a horrible mockery of a Christmas dinner in a deserted restaurant, and it gave me heartburn (in addition to heartache) and a whole brood-stable of nightmares. I went to bed early, and stayed awake late.

I tried Philosophy—the next station beyond Despair. I said to myself, "You old fool, why in the name of all that's sensible should you feel so excited about one day more than another?" I wasn't so lonely the day before Christmas, I ain't so lonely to-day, but then I was like a small boy with the mumps and the earache on the Fourth of July. The firecrackers will pop just as lively another day, but—well, the universe was simply throwed all out of gear, like it must have been when Joshua held up the moon—or was it the sun?

You remember reading me once about—I reckon it was Mr. Aldritch's pleasing idea of the last man on earth; everybody killed off by a pestilence or something, and him setting there by his lonely little lonesome; and what would he have done if he had heard his doorbell ring? Well, I reckon he'd have done what I'd have done if I'd met a friend—given one wild whoop, wrapped his arms round his neck, kissed him on both cheeks, and died with a faint gurgle of joy.

Finally, I swore that if I ever foresaw myself being corralled again in a strange city on Christmas, I'd put on a sandwich board or something and march up and down the streets with a sign like this:

I'm lonely!
I'm homesick for a real
Christmas!
There must be others
Let's get together!
Meet me at the Fountain
in Union Square!
We'll hang our stockings on the trees.
Perhaps some snow will fall in 'em.
Come one—Come all!
Both great and small!

I bet such a board would stir up a procession of exiles a mile long. And we'd get together and have a good crying match on each other's shoulders, while the band played Old Lang's Sign.

But it's over now. I've lived through the game of Christmas solitaire in a big city, and I feel as relieved as a man just getting out of a dentist's office. He's minus a few molars, and aches considerable, but he's full of a pleasing emptiness.

But let me say right here, and put it in black and white: If I'm ever dragged away from home again on Christmas, I'll take laughing-gas enough for a day and two nights, or I'll take some violent steps to get company, if I have to hire a cayuse and a lariat and rustle Broadway, rounding up a herd of other unbranded stray cattle.

Well, this is a long letter for me, honey, and I will close. Love and kisses to the sweet little kids and to the best wife a fellow ever had.

Your loving AUSTIN.

P. S. I pulled off the deal all right. The syndicate buys the mine. I get $500,000 in cash and $500,000 in stock, and I start for home in three days. We'll hang up our stockings on New Year's Day.

[The Fates accepted Colonel Crockett's challenge, and, by an irresistible syndication of events, forced him to be alone in New York again the very next Christmas. After a series of masterly financial strokes, he had felt rich enough in his two millions to spend a year abroad with his family. A cablegram called him to America early in December, to a directors' meeting. Expecting to return at once, he had left his family in Italy. A legal complication kept him postponing his trip from day to day; and finally an important hearing, in which he was a valued witness, was postponed by the referee—or deferee—till after the holidays. The Colonel saw himself confronted with another Christmas far away from any of his people. The first two days he spent in violent profanity, and in declining invitations which he received from business acquaintances to share their homes. Then he set out to make the occasion memorable. Once more we may leave the account to him.]

And Felt as Blue as All the Swear Words Ever Swore

NEW YORK, N. Y.,
Dec. 28, 1904.

Friend Wife:

Well, I've been and went and gone and done it! And golly, but it was fun—barring wishing you and the little ones had 'a' been here, too. Next year we'll arrange it so, for I'm going to do it again. You remember Artemus Ward's man who "had been dead three weeks and liked it." Well, that's me. This camping out in New York is getting to be a habit. I'm sending you a bundle of newspaper clippings as big as a stovepipe—all about Yours Truly.

As soon as I saw that circumstances had organized a pool to corner me and my Christmasses, I spent a couple of days sending up rain-making language. Then I settled down to work like a bronco does to harness after kicking off the dashboard and snapping a couple of traces.

"If I've got to be alone this Christmas," I says to myself, "I'll make it the gol-blamedest, crowdedest solitude ever heard of this side of the River."

I looked for the biggest place in town under one roof. Madison Square Garden was *it*. You remember it. We was there to the Horse Show—so-called. You recollect, I reckon, that the Garden holds right smart of people. At a political meeting once they got 14,000 people into it, and there was still room for Grover Cleveland to stand and make a speech.

Well, feeling kind o' flush and recklesslike, I decided to go and see the manager, or janitor, or whatever he is. And go I went. I says to him: "Could I rent your cute little shack for one evening—Christmas Eve?"

"Certainly, sir," he says. "There happens to be nothing doing this Christmas Eve."

"How much would it set me back?" I says very polite.

"Only one thousand plunks," says he.

"But, my dear Gaston," I says with a low bow, "I don't want to buy your little Noah's Ark for the baby. I only want to borrow it for one evening."

"One thou. is our bargain-counter limit," he says. "I couldn't make it less for the poor old Czar of Rooshy."

I kind o' hesitated, remembering the time when a thousand dollars would have kept me comfortable for about three years. It's hard to get over the habit of counting your change. Then Mr. Janitor, seeing me kind o' groggy, says, a little less polite:

"If that's more than you care to pay for a single room you can get a cot for five cents on the Bowery; for a quarter you can get a whole suite."

That riled me. I flashed a wad of bills on him that made his eyes look like two automobile lamps. He could see it wasn't Confederate money, either. Then I shifted my cigar to detract attention while I swallowed my Adam's apple, and I says:

"I was only hesitating, my boy, because I wondered if your nice young Garden would be big enough. You haven't got a couple more to rent at the same price?"

He wilted and caved in like a box of ice cream does just before you get home with it. Then he began to bow lower, and we cut for a new deal.

He says what might I be wanting to use the Garden for?

"Oh, I won't bulge the walls or strain the floor," I says. "I only want it for a Christmas tree. I am going to invite my friends to a little party."

"Whew, but you must be popular!" he says. "Who the dickens are you? Brother Teddy, or Mother Eddy?"

"I'm Colonel D. Austin Crockett, of Waco," I says as meek as I could.

"Pleased to meet you, Colonel," he says. "What you running for?—District Attorney? Or are you starting a new Mutual Benefit Life Assassination?"

"Neither," I says; "I'm a stranger in New York."

"But these friends of yours?" he gasped. "Is all Waco coming up here on an excursion?"

"Mr. Prosecutor," I says, "if you'll stop cross-examining a minute, and let me tell how it all happened, it will save right smart of time. I am a stranger here to about four million people. They are strangers to me. We ought to know each other. So I'm going to give a little Madison Square Garden warming and invite 'em in."

"What are you going to sell 'em—prize poultry, or physical culture?"

"I've nothing to sell. I'm just going to entertain 'em."

"Well, I've heard of Southern hospitality," he says, "but this beats me. How much you going to charge a head?"

"Nothing. Everything is to be free. Admission included."

"Not on your dear old Lost Cause!" he exclaims. "Leastways not in our little doll's house. Not for ten thousand dollars! Why, man, do you realize that if you offered these New York, Brooklyn, Bronx, Hackensack and Hoboken folks a free show, more'n two thousand women would get trampled to death? Did you ever see a bargain-counter crowd on Twenty-third Street? Well, that's only for a chance to get something they don't want at a fishbait price. But if you offered them a free, 'take-one' chance—holy keewhiz!—I can just see it now! The Garden ain't half big enough in the first place. There's enough Take-One'ers in these parts to fill the old Colosseum. And they'd make the wild animals look like a cage of white rabbits."

Well, the upshot of it was, he persuaded me to charge an admission; so we set it at $1.00 a head "on the hoof." I wrote out a card and sent it to all the papers to print at advertising rates. It cost right smart, but it looked neat:

TO EVERY STRANGER IN NEW YORK, AND HIS LADY.

If you are not otherwise engaged on Christmas Eve, the honor of your presence at Madison Square Garden is requested, by

DAVID AUSTIN CROCKETT,
Colonel Fifth Texas Cavalry, C. S. A.

Music, Dancing, Refreshments, Souvenirs. For the purpose of keeping out the undesirable element a charge of $1.00 will be made.

I knew that them magic words, "Refreshments and Souvenirs," would hit 'em hard. In order to whet the public interest, I asked the papers where I advertised to give the thing some editorial or other reference. But they was very cold and said the best they could do was to send their dramatic critics to criticise the show afterward. A lot of good that would do me! So I took more space in advertising.

In a day or two I was visited at the hotel by one of the most imperent young fellows I ever met up with. He sent up a card, "*James J. James, Publicity Expert.*" I said to show him in, and he sort of oozed through the door—he was that oily. He looked about to see if we was alone; then winked slow and important, and says:

"What's your game, Colonel? It looks pretty slick, but I can't quite make it out. It's a new bunco, all right, but slick as it looks, it ain't quite so slick as it ought to be."

"Look here, you cub," I roared, "if you imply that I have any evil motives in this, I'll shoot you so full of holes you'll look like a mosquito net!"

He wasn't a bit scared; he simply winked the other eye, and said in a kind of foreign-sounding language:

"Forget it, Colonel! Cut it out! Back to the alfalfa with your Buffalo Bill vocabulary! If you are really on the level, you don't need to prove it with artillery. But it makes no diff. to me about that. My business is producing fame, not merit. Once more I ask, what's your lay?"

I overcame a desire to kick him through the ceiling, and told him I proposed to entertain the strangers in New York.

"Strangers in New York?—Why, that means everybody! There's been only one man born in New York since the war, and he's kept in alcohol at a dime museum. Your idea is really to give old New York a Christmas party, eh? Very pretty! Very pretty, indeed! But if you insist on exploding money all over the place, I don't see why you shouldn't get a run for it. Besides, I need a bit of it myself. What you want is a press agent. You're starting all wrong. People in New York can't understand or

"James J. James, Publicity Expert"

believe anything except through the language of the press agent. You take one on your staff, and in three days you'll be so famous that, if a child in a kindergarten is asked who is the Queen of Holland, it will answer: 'Colonel Crockett, of Waco.'"

Well, he poured out the most remarkable string of talk I ever heard, and before I knew it he had made me promise to trust my soul and my scheme to him; to be surprised at nothing that might appear in the papers, and to refer all reporters to him. The next morning I found my name on the front page of every journal, with my picture in most of them. It seems I had held at bay two hundred angry Italians who were trying to mob a Chinese laundryman. The evening papers said that I had stopped a runaway coach-and-four on Fifth Avenue, that morning, by lassoing the leader. On the coach were Mrs. Aster, Mrs. Fitch, Reggie Vanderbuilt, George Goold, Harry Leer and a passel of other "Among those presents." That night I went to a music-hall—according to the next morning's papers—and broke up the show by throwing a pocketful of solitaires to the chorus girls. The next day three burglars got into my room; I held them up in a corner, took away their masks, spanked them, and gave them each a hundred-dollar bill to help them to avoid temptation. That afternoon the three big life-insurance companies asked me to be president. And so on—you can read for yourself in the clippings—only for Heaven's sake don't believe any of it. In every article was a neat allusion to my Christmas party.

I wanted to kill James J. James, and I scoured the town for him, but he dodged me. He kept his word, though. For the last few days I've been the most talked-of man in town. Looks like I'd been the Only man in New York.

And now to tell about my little party. For two days a regiment of men was working in the Garden under my direction—and at my expense. It was like paying the war appropriation of Russia. But it was worth it.

At 6 o'clock Christmas Eve the crowd began to line up at the Garden doors. At 6:30 a platoon of police arrived. At 6:40 the line reached twice around the Garden. At 6:45 they sent for more police. At 7:15 every street was solid with people. They called out the police reserves and clubbed about four hundred innocent bystanders insensible. At 7:45 the fire department was called and played the hose on the crowd.

This thinned 'em off a bit on the outsquirts. Then the ambulances give out and the fainting women was carried home in express wagons and wheelbarrows. The subway was the only line that could run cars.

He Said if I Ever Come Near Again He'd Sick the Dogs on Me

At 8:30 the doors opened. You should of seen the rush. The Galveston flood wasn't in it. At 8:45 the Garden was so full they closed the doors. That sent some of the outside crowd home.

The Garden was a beautiful sight. On the tower outside, in big electric letters, there was a sign, "Merry Christmas to you and yours."

Inside it was decorated with holly leaves and berries—tons and tons of it. At one end was built a big house with a chimbly and an old-fashioned fireplace. The roof of the house was covered with snow (cotton), and the sky back of it was full of electric stars that twinkled something beautiful. And there was a moon that looked like the real thing.

There was four bands in the balconies and a chorus of angels with real wings and electric halo. They sang Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, written for the occasion by Mr. De Koven.

By and by all the bands bust out gorgeous, and then Santy Claus appeared in a sleigh drawed by six real live stuffed reindeers. He run along the sky on unseen grooves and drove up to the roof of the house, and slid down the chimbly with a pack of presents. He filled all the stockings with candy cornycopies and toys, and a lot of attendants passed 'em out to the childern. You should of heard them squeal with joy—poor little tots living in hotels and apartment places where Santy Claus would of had to come up the steam radiator or the gas-log pipe to get in. Well, my Santy Claus had to make sixteen trips to satisfy the childern.

The Garden was divided into sections, one for every State and Territory, with its own shield in electric lights and colors. There was a native of every State in charge, and every State had its own big Christmas tree, and reception-room and refreshments. Some of the people I noticed seemed to of been born in several States at once, the way they passed from one booth to another fillin' up their pockets and stummicks. I reckon they paid for it the next day in doctor's bills.

But there was nary a sign of rowdyism. That dollar admission was a regular sieve for straining out the toughs. Then there were policemen everywhere, and every other man nearly was a plain-clothes man or a detective. Besides, after sober consideration, and on advice from the Gardeners, I cut out all drinks, except soft stuff. So there were no jags, except what some people brought with them from their Christmas dinners and loaded plum puddings.

And then, of course, that peculiar something we get into us at Christmastime filled everybody with a sort of loving fellowship and a hankering to hug their neighbors and divvy up their funds like a Mutual Life-Insurance Company prospectus says it's agoing to do some day.

Old Miss Samanthy Clay Got a Box of Cigars Meant for Judge Randolph

In the centre of the hall there was a big sign in electric letters:

EVERYBODY IS HEREBY INTRODUCED TO
EVERYBODY ELSE—FOR TO-NIGHT ONLY

At every State booth you'd see people gathering and recognizing old friends or introducing theirselves to new ones.

At the Texas booth there was a big, immense crowd. A lot of 'em turned out to be old friends of ours; school friends of yours, ranch friends of mine, people I had worked for, people who had worked me—or for me. A lot of them sent their love and a Merry Christmas to you. I remember especially— [Here we omit a list of names, somewhat lacking in universal interest.]

I had advertised that people who wanted to give each other Christmas presents could have them hung on the State trees. My attendants gave them checks for their gifts and there wasn't many mix-ups. Old Miss Samanthy Clay got a box of cigars meant for Judge Randolph, and he got a pair of silver-buckle garters meant for her. But most of them come out right, and several of them was so surprised at getting presents in New York that they bust out crying. Major Calhoun's whiskers was soaking wet with tears when he got a bottle of old Bourbon from Judge Payton.

Rich folks who had been poor men met charter-members of the "I'm on to your origin" association. But the Christmas spirit made them forget to be snobs. You'd hear millionaires telling plain people how they used to play Hallowe'en jokes, how they scraped up to buy their mothers' little Christmas gifts—what ridiculous things they used to get and give!

All evening as fast as anybody went out they'd let somebody else in. Along about eleven o'clock a lot of the people began to go home. Then a new crowd come in. People who had taken their childern home and put them to bed would come back for more fun. Others, who had spent the evening dining, began to dribble in.

All the actors people and singers came. It was good to see them. Some of them told me what a godsend such a thing was to them, homeless by profession. A lot of them brought their wives and babies. One father was playing Romeo in Newark, his wife was playing Little Eva in Harlem, and their daughter was playing Camille on Broadway. You should of seen them rejoicing round the Kansas tree!

About midnight the big refreshment hall was opened and everybody that could squeeze in set down to long tables where I had supper served. I had some of the best after-dinner speakers in town come in, and you should of heard some of the funny stories—it would of brought back dear old childhood memories. Mayor McClellan gave us all a welcome, and then there was Chauncey Depew, of course, and Simeon Ford, and Augustus Thomas, and Wilton Lackaye, and Job Hedges, and Lemuel Ely Quigg, and General Horace Porter, and a passel of others.

They all made the most surprising allusions to your poor old husband. They called me Daddy and sang about me being a jolly good fellow. And one of them christened me "Santy Crockett." Why, my ears burned so hot I near set my collar on fire! It sure was worth all I spent, and I had a terrible time to keep from blubbering. I must of swallowed about four hundred and eleven Adam's apples.

Finally they called on me for a speech. I just kind o' gibbered—I don't know what. The papers say I said: "Merry Christmas, my children! This old world sure is some comfortable, after all. The only trouble is that the right people can't seem to get together at the right time often enough. But this here Christmas supper tastes to me terrible much like More. I'm going to try it again. And I hereby invite you all that ain't in any better place or any better world to meet me here a year from to-night. And so God bless you all, and—and God bless everybody!"

Then after a lot of song-singing and hand-wringing we all went home, tears in every eye and smiles on every mouth. The remnants of food and toys made more than the twelve baskets full of Scripture. I sent them round to the Hospitals and Orphant Asylums. I've engaged the Garden again for next Christmas and paid a deposit down. It ain't the extravagance it looks, either, for while the expenses was high—twelve thousand-odd dollars—they took in at the door nearly eighteen thousand dollars. I sent the profit to the Salvation Army and the Volunteers, and now I'm being prayed for and hallelooyied for everywhere there's a bass drum. But I'd do it again if it cost me twenty thousand. It's worth that and more to have your heart nearly break wide open with joy and fellowship.

It was broad daylight when I got to bed, all wore out with happiness. I cuddled up, like I was a little boy once more in the days when I used to get up Christmas morning cold and early and look at my presents and then crawl back under the covers again with a double armful of toys, to keep warm and sleep some more.

If only you and the chicks had 'a' been there! Next time you shall be. Your loving AUSTIN.

Faith Without Works

THE visitor from the States, unless he be an admirer of Spanish-American cooking, finds much to be desired in hotels and restaurants in the Mexican capital. To obtain a homelike cuisine, a recent sojourner from New York became a regular patron of one of the numerous "American restaurants" with which Mexico is dotted. The establishment was presided over by a Missourian.

During meal hours the proprietor kept a hawklike watch over every table and employee in his place of business. When a patron had finished his meal, a waiter would jot down on a slip of paper the charge for each dish that had been served, as represented by the soiled plates on the table. Collecting the amount due, the waiter would hand memorandum and money to the vigilant proprietor, standing behind the counter. Taking the two in hand, the expatriated Missourian would cast an eagle glance at the table, however distant, and seem minutely to verify the tally. Then he would scrutinize the waiter in a manner meant to penetrate his very soul, move his lips as if computing figures, loudly strike the bell of the cash-register, and deposit the coin in the till.

The New Yorker, one day happening to peer through the top of the register, thought it strangely lacking in "works," and spoke to the suave proprietor about it.

"Gosh," said he, "how did you get on to the fact that the darned thing had no innards?"

"Any one with a knowledge of mechanics could see that with half an eye," was the reply.

"I expect that's so," continued the restaurant-keeper, "for it hasn't a thing inside it but the bell; and I had that put in. But the empty case is just as good for my business as if it was a sure-enough register."

"How so?"

"It keeps my waiters honest. They're deeply impressed with anything out of the ordinary that comes from the States, and are so positive in their belief that there is something magical about this contrivance—something that would tell in a second if they were holding out on the house—that I get every cent that's coming to me. I'll bet that this old thing is worth a hundred dollars a week to me. Anyway, I don't want to be in business in Mexico City without it."

"Only One Thousand Planks," Says He

LADY BALTIMORE

BY OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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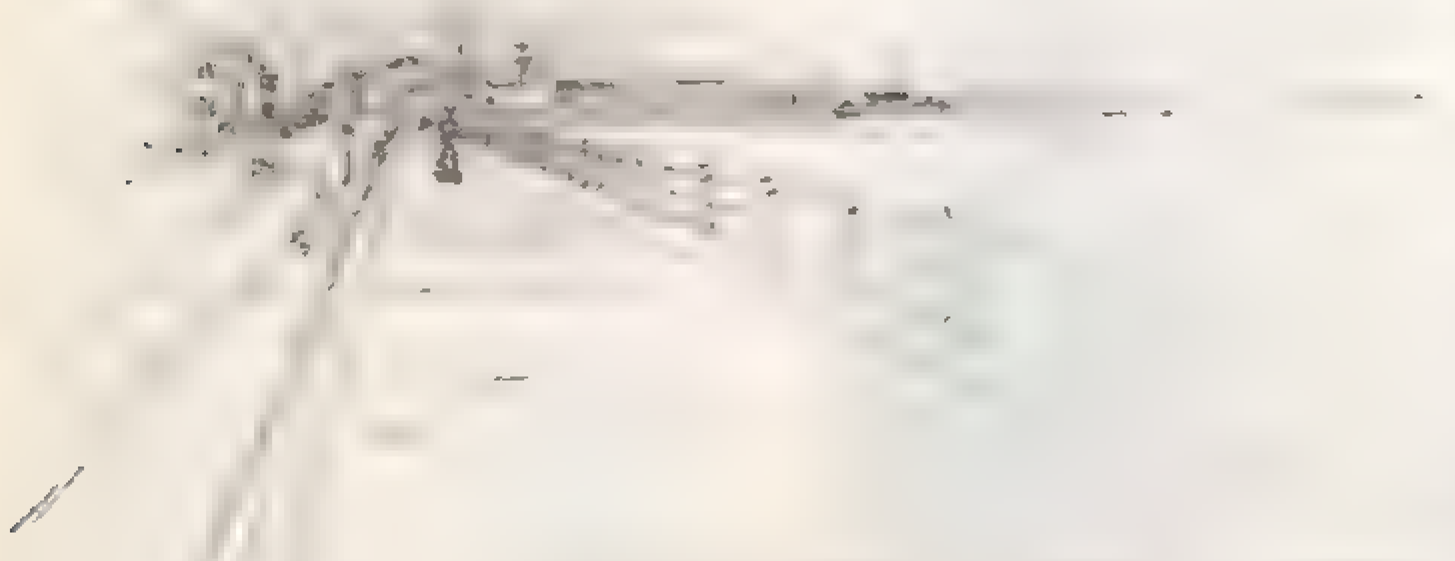


The Town, and the Water, and the Distant Shores All Melted Into One Gentle Impression of Wistfulness and Tenderness

IX JUNO

EACH recent remarkable occurrence had obliterated its predecessor, and it was with difficulty that I made a straight parting in my hair. Had it been Miss Rieppe that John so suddenly ran away to? It seemed now more as if the boy had been running away *from* somebody. The waitress had stared at him with extraordinary interest; she had seen his bruise; perhaps she knew how he had got it. Her excitement—had he smashed up his official superior at the custom house? That would be an impossible thing, I told myself instantly; as well might a nobleman cross swords with a peasant. Perhaps the stare of the waitress had reminded him of his bruise, and he might have felt disinclined to show himself with it in a company of gossiping strangers. Still, that would scarcely account for the dismay with which he had so suddenly left me. Was Juno the cause—she had come up behind me; he must have seen her and her portentous manner approaching—had the boy fled from her? And then, his fierce outbreak about taking orders from a negro when I was moralizing over the misfortune of marrying a jackass. I got a sort of parting in my hair, and went down to the dining-room.

Juno was there before me, with her bonnet, or rather her headdress, still on, and I heard her making apologies to Mrs. Trevise for being so late. Mrs. Trevise, of course, sat at the head of her table, and Juno sat at her right hand. I was very glad not to have a seat near Juno, because this lady was, as I have already hinted, an intolerable person to me. Either her Southern social position or her rent (she took the whole second floor, except Mrs. Trevise's own rooms) was of importance to Mrs. Trevise; but I assure you that her ways kept our landlady's cold, impervious tact watchful from the beginning to the end of almost every meal. Juno was one of those persons who possess so many and such strong feelings themselves that they think they have all the feelings there are; at least, they certainly consider no one's feelings but their own. She possessed an inexhaustible store of anecdote, but it was excessively about our Civil War; you would have supposed that nothing else had ever happened in the world. When conversation among the rest of us became general she preserved a cool and acrid inattention; when the fancy took her to open her own mouth, it was always to begin some reminiscence, and the reminiscence always began: "In September, 1862, when the Northern vandals," etc., etc., or, "When the Northern vandals were repulsed by my husband's cousin, General Braxton Bragg," etc., etc. Now it was not that I was personally wounded by the term, because at the time of the vandals I was not even born and also because I know that vandals cannot be kept out of any army; but it was for her insulting willingness to speak thus in the presence of those who might easily be wounded that I detested Juno; and as she was a woman, and nearly old enough to be my grandmother, it was, of course, out of the question that I should retaliate. When she got very bad indeed it was calm Mrs. Trevise's last, but effective, resort to tinkle a little handbell and send one of the waitresses whom its sound would then summon from the kitchen. This bell was tinkled not always by any means for my sake; other travelers from the North there were who came and went, passing at Kings Port between Florida and their habitual abodes.

At present our company consisted of Juno; a middle-class Englishman employed in some business capacity in town; a pair of very young honeymooners from the "up-country"; a Louisiana poetess who wore the long cylindrical ringlets of 1830, and who was attending a convention of the Daughters of Dixie; two or three males and females, best described as et ceteras; and myself.

"I shall only take a mouthful for the sake of nourishment," Juno was announcing, "and then I shall return to his bedside."

"Is he very suffering?" inquired the poetess, in melodious accent.

"It was an infamous onslaught," Juno replied.

The poetess threw up her eyes and crooned, "Noble, doughty champion!"

"You may say so indeed, madam," said Juno.

"Raw beefsteak's jolly good for your eye," observed the Briton.

This suggestion did not appear to be heard by Juno.

"I had a row with a chap," the Briton continued. "He's my best friend now. He made me put raw beefsteak——"

"I thank you," interrupted Juno. "He requires no beefsteak, raw or cooked."

The face of the Briton reddened. "Too groggy to eat, is he?"

Mrs. Trevise tinkled her bell. "Daphne! I have said to you twice to hand those yams."

"I done handed 'em twice, ma'am."

"Hand them right away, Daphne, and don't be so forgetful." It was not easy to disturb the composure of Mrs. Trevise.

The poetess now took up the broken thread. "Had I a son," she declared, "I would sooner witness him starve than hear him take orders from a menial race."

"But mightn't starving be harder for him to experience than for you to witness, y' know?" asked the Briton.

At this one of the et ceteras made a sort of snuffling noise, and ate his dinner hard.

It was the male honeymooner who next spoke. "Must have been quite a tussle, ma'am."

"It was an infamous onslaught!" repeated Juno.

"Wish I'd seen it!" sighed the honeymooner.

His bride smiled at him beamingly. "You'd have felt right lonesome to be out of it, David."

"No apology has yet been offered," continued Juno.

"But must your nephew apologize besides taking a licking?" inquired the Briton.

Juno turned an awful face upon him. "It is from his brutal assailant that apologies are due. Mr. Mayrant's family" (she paused here for blighting emphasis) "are well-bred people, and he will be coerced into behaving like a gentleman for once."

I checked an impulse here to speak out and express my doubts as to the family coercion being founded upon any dissatisfaction with John's conduct.

"I wonder if reading or recitation might not soothe your nephew?" said the poetess now.

"I should doubt it," answered Juno. "I have just come from his bedside."

"I should so like to soothe him, if I could," the poetess murmured. "If he were well enough to hear my convention ode——"

"He is not nearly well enough," said Juno.

The et cetera here coughed and blew his nose so remarkably that we all started.

A short silence followed, which Juno relieved. "I will give the young ruffian's family the credit they deserve," she stated. "The whole connection despises his keeping the position."

Another et cetera now came into it. "Is it known what exactly precipitated the occurrence?"

Juno turned to him. "My nephew is a gentleman from whose lips no unworthy word could ever fall."

"Oh!" said the et cetera mildly. "He said something, then?"

"He conveyed a well-merited rebuke in fitting terms."

"What were the terms?" inquired the Briton.

Juno again did not hear him. "It was after a friendly game of cards. My nephew protested against any gentleman remaining at the custom house since the recent insulting appointment."

I was now almost the only member of the party who had preserved strict silence throughout this very interesting conversation, because, having no wish to converse with Juno at any time, I especially did not desire it now, just after her seeing me. I thought she must have seen me in amicable conference with the object of her formidable displeasure.

"Every Mayrant is ferocious that I ever heard of," she continued. "You cannot trust that seemingly delicate and human exterior. His father had it, too—deceiving exterior and raging interior, though I will say for that one that he would never have stooped to humiliate the family name as his son is doing. His regiment was near by when the Northern vandals burned our courthouse, and he made them run, I can tell you! It's a mercy for that poor girl that the scales have dropped from her eyes and she has broken her engagement with him."

"With the father?" asked a third et cetera.

Juno stared at the intruder.

Mrs. Trevise drawled a calm contribution. "The father died before this boy was born."

"Oh, I see!" murmured the et cetera gratefully.

Juno proceeded. "No woman's life would be safe with him."

"But mightn't he be safer for a person's niece than for their nephew?" said the Briton.

Mrs. Trevise's hand moved toward the bell.

But Juno answered the question mournfully: "With such hereditary bloodthirstiness, who can tell?" And so Mrs. Trevise moved her hand away again.

"Excuse me, but do you know if the other gentleman is laid up, too?" inquired the male honeymooner hopefully.

"I am happy to understand that he is," replied Juno.

In sheer amazement I burst out, "Oh!" and abruptly stopped.

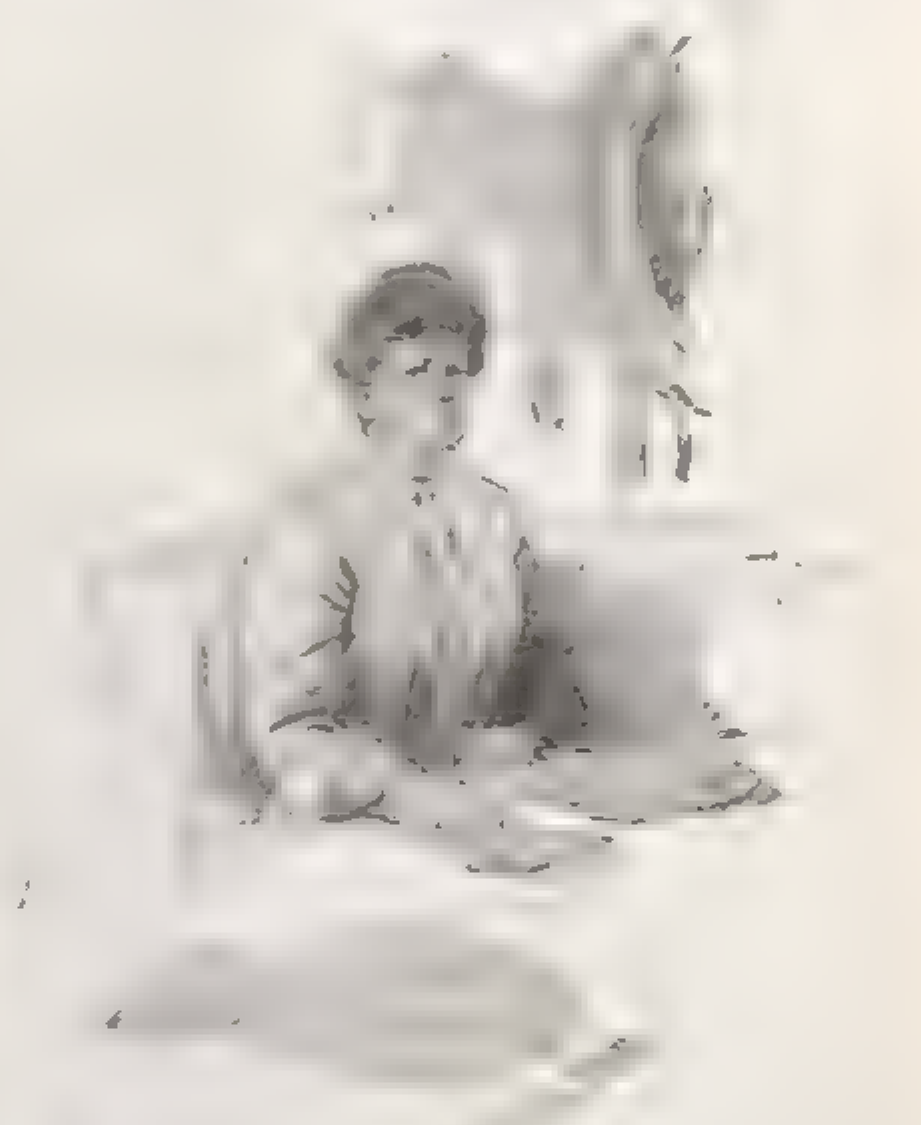
But it was too late. I had instantly become the centre of interest. The et ceteras and honeymooners craned their necks; the Briton leaned toward me from opposite; the poetess, who had worn an absent expression since being told that the injured champion was not nearly well enough to listen to her ode, now put on her glasses and gazed at me kindly, while Juno reared her headdress, and spoke, not to me, but to the air in my general neighborhood.

"Has any one later intelligence than what I bring from my nephew's bedside?"

So she hadn't perceived who my companion at the step had been! Well, she should be enlightened, they all should be enlightened, and vengeance was mine. I spoke with gentleness:

"Your nephew's impressions, I fear, are still confused by his deplorable misadventure."

"May I ask what you know about his impressions?"



But She Wished to Hear All About it, and the Hand Stopped

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the hand of Mrs. Trevise move toward her bell; but she wished to hear all about it more than she wished concord at her harmonious table; and the hand stopped

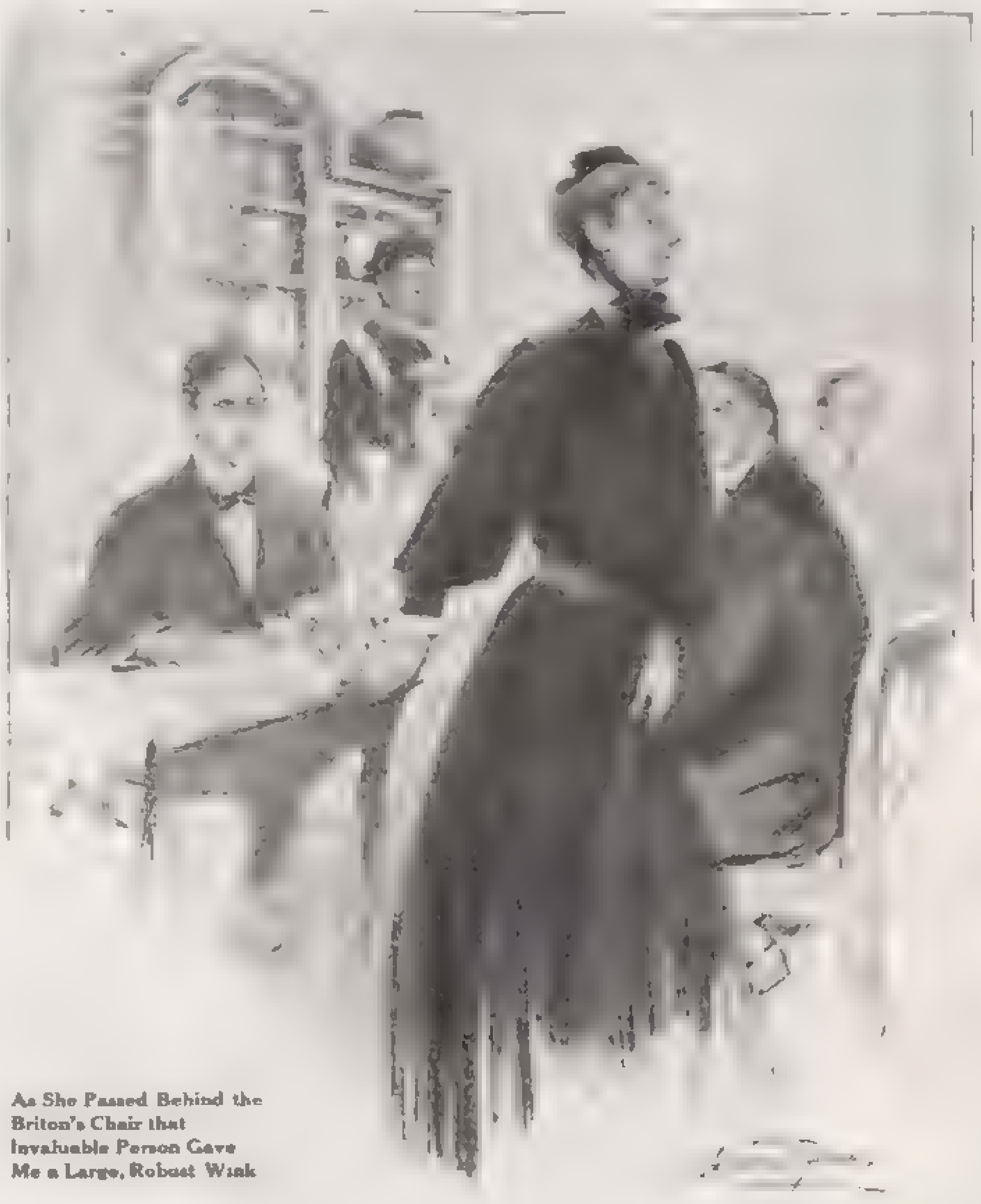
Juno spoke again. "Who, pray, has later news than what I bring?"

I answered most gently. "I do not come from Mr. Mayrant's bedside, because I have just left him at the front door in sound health—saving a bruise over his left eye."

During a second we all sat in a high-strung silence, and then Juno became truly superb. "Who sees the scars he brazenly conceals?"

It took away my breath; my battle would have been lost, when the Briton suggested: "But mayn't he have shown those to his Aunt?"

We sat in no silence now; the first et cetera made extraordinary sounds on his plate, Mrs. Trevise tinkled her handbell with more unction than I had ever yet seen in her; and while she and Daphne interchanged streams of severe words which I was too disconcerted to follow, the other et ceteras and the honeymooners hectically effervesced into small talk. I presently found myself eating our last course amid a reëstablished calm, when, with a rustle, Juno swept out from among us to return (I suppose) to the bedside. As she passed behind the Briton's chair, that invaluable person kicked me under the table, and on my raising my eyes to him he gave me a large, robust wink.



As She Passed Behind the Briton's Chair that Invaluable Person Gave Me a Large, Robust Wink

X—HIGH WALK AND THE LADIES

I NOW burned to put many questions to the rest of the company. If, through my foolish and overreaching slyness with the girl behind the counter, the door of my comprehension had been shut, Juno had now opened it sufficiently wide for a number of facts to come crowding in, so to speak, abreast. Indeed, their simultaneous arrival was not a little confusing, as if several visitors had burst in upon me and at once begun speaking loudly, each shouting a separate and important matter which demanded my intelligent consideration. John Mayrant worked in the custom house, and Kings Port frowned upon this; not merely Kings Port in general—one needn't care about that—but the boy's particular Kings Port, his severe old aunts, and his cousins, and the pretty girl at the exchange, and the men he played cards with, all these frowned upon it, too; yet even this condemnation one could disregard if some lofty, personal principle, some pledge to one's own sacred honor, were at stake—but here was no such thing: John Mayrant hated the position himself. The salary? Oh, the salary would count for nothing in the face of such a prejudice as I had seen glitter from his eye! A strong, clever youth of twenty-three, with the world before him, and no one to support—stop! Hortense Rieppe! *There* was the lofty personal principle, the sacred pledge to honor; he was engaged presently to endow her with all his worldly goods; and to perform this faithfully a bridegroom must not, no matter how little he liked "taking orders from a negro," fling away his worldly goods some few days before he was to pronounce his bridegroom's vow. So here, at Mrs. Trevise's dinner-table, I caught for one moment, to the full, a vision of the unhappy boy's plight; he was sticking to a task which he loathed that he might support a wife whom he no longer desired. Such, as he saw it, was his duty; and nobody, not even a soul of his kin or his kind, gave him a word or a thought of understanding, gave him anything except the cold shoulder. Yes; from one soul he had got a sign—from aged Daddy Ben, at the churchyard gate; and amid my jostling surmises and conclusions, that quaint speech of the old negro, that little act of fidelity and affection from the heart of a black man, took on a strange pathos in its isolation amid the general harshness of his white superiors. Over this it was that I was pausing when, all in a second, perplexity again ruled my meditations. Juno had said that the engagement was broken. Well, if that were the case—— But was it likely to be the case? Juno's agreeable habit—all of us boarders knew this quite well—was to sprinkle about, along with her vitriol, liberal quantities of the by-product of inaccuracy. Mingled with her latest lustrations, she had poured out for us one good dose of falsehood, the antidote for which it had been my happy office to administer on the spot. If John Mayrant wasn't in bed from the wounds of combat, as she had given us to suppose, perhaps Hortense Rieppe hadn't released him from his plighted troth, as Juno had also announced; and distinct relief filled me when I reasoned this out. I leave others to reason out why it was relief, and why a dull disappointment had come over me at the news that the match was off. This, for me, should have been good news, when you consider that I had been so lately telling myself such a marriage must not be, that I must myself, somehow (since no one else would), step in and arrest the calamity; and it seems odd that I should have felt this blankness and regret upon learning that the parties had happily settled it for themselves, and hence my difficult and delicate assistance was never to be needed by them.

Did any one else now sitting at our table know of Miss Rieppe's reported act? What particulars concerning John's fight had been given by Juno before my entrance? It didn't surprise me that her nephew was in bed from Master Mayrant's lusty blows. One could readily guess the manner in which young John, with his pent-up fury over the custom house, would "land" his chastisement all over the person of any rash critic! And what a talking about it must be going on everywhere to-day! If Kings Port tongues had been set in motion over me and my small notebook in a library, the whole town must be buzzing over every bruise given and taken in this evidently emphatic battle. I had hoped to glean some more precise information from my fellow-boarders after Juno had disembarrassed us of her sonorous presence; but even if they were possessed of all the facts which I lacked, Mrs. Trevise in some masterly fashion of her own banished the subject from further discussion. She held us off from it chiefly, I think, by adopting a certain upright posture in her chair, and a certain tone when she inquired if we wished a second help of the pudding. Through thirty-five years of boarders and butchers, life had imparted to her its all; she was a mature, lone, disenchanted, able lady, and even her silence was like an arm of the law.

An all too brief conversation, nipped by Mrs. Trevise at a stage even earlier than the bud, revealed to me that perhaps my fellow-boarders would have been glad to ask me questions, too.

It was the male honeymooner who addressed me. "Did I understand you to say, sir, that Mr. Mayrant had received a bruise over his left eye?"

"Daphne!" called out Mrs. Trevise, "Mr. Henderson will take an orange."

And so we finished our meal without further reference to eyes, or noses, or anything of the sort. It was just as well, I reflected, when I reached my room, that I on my side had been asked no questions, since I most likely knew less than the others who had heard all that Juno had to say; and it would have been humiliating, after my superb appearance of knowing more, to explain that John Mayrant had walked with me all the way from the library, and never told me a word about the affair.

This reflection increased my esteem for the boy's admirable reticence. What private matter of his own had I ever learned from him? It was other people, invariably, who told me of his troubles. There had been that single, quickly-controlled outbreak about his position in the custom house, and also he had let fall that touching word concerning his faith and his liking to say his prayers in the place where his mother had said them; beyond this, there had never yet been anything of all that must at the present moment be intimately stirring in his heart.

Should I "like to take orders from a negro"? Put personally, it came to me now as a new idea, came as something which had never entered my mind before, not even as an abstract hypothesis. I didn't have to think before reaching the answer, though; something within me, which you may call what you please—convention, prejudice, instinct—something answered most promptly and emphatically in the negative. I revolved it in my mind as I tried to pack into a box a number of objects that I had bought in one or two "antique" shops. They wouldn't go in, the objects; they were of defeating and recalcitrant shapes, and of hostile materials—glass and brass—and I must have a larger box made, and in that case I would buy this afternoon the other kettle-supporter (I forget its right name) and have the whole lot decently packed. Take orders from a colored man? Have him give you directions, dictate your letters, discipline you if you were unpunctual? No, indeed! And if such were my feeling, how must this young Southerner feel? With this in my mind, I made sure that the part in my back hair was right, and after that precaution soon found myself on my way, in a way somewhat roundabout, to the kettle-supporter, sauntering northward along High Walk, and stopping often; the town, and the water, and the distant shores all were so lovely, so belonged to one another, so melted into one gentle impression of wistfulness and tenderness! I leaned upon the stone parapet and enjoyed the quiet which every surrounding detail brought to my senses. How could John Mayrant endure such a situation? Oh, it was absurd to suppose that the engagement was broken!

The shutting of a front door across the street almost directly behind me attracted my attention because of its being the first sound that had happened in noiseless, empty High Walk since I had been strolling there; and I turned from the parapet to see that I was no longer the solitary person in the street. Two ladies, one tall and one diminutive, both in black and with long black veils which they had put back from their faces, were evidently coming from a visit. As the tall one bowed to me I recognized Mrs Gregory St. Michael, and took off my hat. It was not until they had crossed the street and come up the stone steps near where I stood on High Walk that the little lady also bowed to me; she was Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael, and from something in her prim yet charming manner I gathered that she held it to be not perfectly well-bred in a lady to greet a gentleman across the width of a public highway, and that she could have wished that her tall companion had not thus greeted me, a stranger likely to comment upon Kings Port manners. In her eyes, such free deportment evidently went with her tall companion's method of speech: hadn't the little lady informed me during our first brief meeting that Kings Port at times thought Mrs. Gregory St. Michael's tongue "too downright"?

The two ladies having graciously granted me permission to join them while they took the air, Mrs. Gregory must surely have shocked Mrs. Weguelin by saying to me: "I haven't a penny for your thoughts, but I'll exchange "

"Would you thus bargain in the dark, madam?"

"Oh, I'll risk that; and, to say truth, even your back, as we came out of that house, was a back of thought."

"Well, I confess to some thinking. Shall I begin?"

It was Mrs. Weguelin who quickly replied, smiling: "Ladies first, you know. At least we still keep it so in Kings Port."

"Would we did everywhere!" I exclaimed devoutly; and I was quite aware that beneath the little lady's gentle smile a setting-down had lurked, a setting-down of the most delicate nature, administered to me not in the least

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ When churches war Satan is at peace.

¶ People who marry for money seldom get interest.

¶ Hypocrisy's favorite rôle is that of a good fellow.

¶ With the trusts in control, most men have that hired feeling.

¶ It's a wise girl who does not mistake attentions for intentions.

¶ Man never knows how hard life can be until he has lost a soft snap.

¶ Seek a position, of course, but don't forget you're looking for a job.

¶ Most skepticism swallows the mince pie first and then the pepsin tablets.

¶ Roosters do a lot of crowing, but it is the hen that meets the demand for eggs.

¶ Widowhood is about the only compensation that some women get out of marriage.

¶ Shopping by mail will never be entirely popular until Uncle Sam puts out an issue of 98-cent dollar bills.

¶ Americans are a serious people who boast of the best government on earth and build bonfires when they succeed in electing an honest man to office.

Your Christmas Gifts

NOW is the time to buy your Christmas gifts. Don't leave it until the last minute; don't wait until prices have soared, and the stocks have been picked over, and shoppers stand a dozen deep before the counters. Buy now, in calmness and deliberation, without recklessness, without hysteria.

Don't buy trashy ornaments. Don't send the stuff that makes the recipient say: "What a waste of money!" Buy things that are of use—of use to the person who is to get them. Don't buy expensive presents. No proper-minded person likes to receive an expensive present, one he knows the giver could not well afford; and it goes without saying that no one likes to give a present he couldn't afford.

Above all, let the present show that you have really thought about the person you are giving it to—have thought about his or her tastes and wants.

"Commercialized" Literature

THE critics and colleges and all under their influence continue to be agitated about the "commercializing of literature." But nobody stops railing or wailing long enough to explain exactly what the phrase means. "Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "no one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money"—and he might have added, "though a good many able but snobbish writers have pretended that they did." Producing what people will read, will give up cash for—that is hardly a deplorable tendency. No man ever was able deliberately to produce "good sellers." It simply happens that the sort of stuff he writes best sells well.

"Commercializing literature" can hardly mean advertising it so that the people learn that the kind of literary wares that they want are to be had. A good book is exactly like a good steak or a good warm overcoat—it's a necessity, an article of health and comfort and happiness. To regard it in any other way is to fall under the spell of the maudlin, damp and dreary false culture which weakens strong minds and drives feeble minds to imbecility

It looks suspiciously as if "commercializing literature" were a new disguise for our amusing old friend, "vulgarizing literature." There are lots of poor creatures on earth, some of them in the land of the free and the home of the brave, who simply can't abide the idea that enlightenment should be spread to the masses, should no longer be an article of luxury for the use—and abuse—of a small class.

Our Pocketbook Sense

AS A WRITER on public questions has recently suggested, these exposures of political and financial, or, rather, of political-financial and financial-political, rottenness, may blunt our moral sense, make us callous to corruption. They have been going on ever since the Revolutionary War ended, ever since the landings at Plymouth Rock, the Battery and Jamestown. It isn't surprising that we do not let our hair rise and our voices.

But the political-financial rottenness means—what? Why, that a few men, a small class, are robbing you and me, every one of us—are taking from us in one way and another money that we ought to have to spend. So, while our moral sense may refuse to respond, our pocketbook sense will take its place—for up to this time the people have not clearly realized that corruption is a material, as well as a moral, concern. No one ever heard of a man getting used to being robbed. The oftener he is robbed, the more inflamed becomes his pocketbook sense. "Righteous wrath" is all very well; but for nerving the average sinner, get him "hot in the collar" because he finds his pocket has been picked.

Following the Flag

THE fine old sentiment of loyalty is dropping into disuse with the rapidity of an outworn fashion. Soon, perhaps, it will be as obsolete as the bustle. The fact is of great significance to business men, for the motive of loyalty has been quite as important an asset in finance as in politics.

Not so very long ago the president of a certain concern called upon the stockholders in impassioned accents to close ranks and stand firm in defense of the company against a band of traitors who were seeking to ruin its prestige and drag its fair name in the mire. But the callous stockholders voted in favor of the mire by a decisive majority—merely because the president had been paying himself handsome bonuses to perform his bounden duty of negotiating loans for the company. As between being traitors and being robbed blind they preferred to be traitors. The bugle-call to display loyalty to something which existed merely to swindle them never touched their hard hearts. When Mr. Yerkes was conducting his famous and picturesque street-railroad operations in Chicago he laid great stress upon the beauties of loyalty to the company. The doughty loyalists whom he thus inspired are still mourning in their possession of the wreckage which he kindly left to them after he had loyally carried his own fifteen millions or so to London.

Not alone in the political arena of Philadelphia or New York, but everywhere, there is an increasing disposition to poke into the thing behind the name. Precisely the same revolution which led the Quaker City to balk at a theft of six millions in filtration contracts is going to deal with life insurance, railroad rates and extortionate gas trusts. There is no accounting for changes in popular taste. With rather surprising suddenness—that is, within a year or two—people have grown efficiently tired of being robbed.

Not So Bad, After All

WELL, the fall elections are over; and in most places the results are satisfactory, in others less so, in still others not at all to the liking of the people who feel patriotism more than they talk about it. But a little reflection will, or ought to, cheer the most pessimistic.

A better measure of progress than positive victories is the character of the defeats. Compare—honestly and impartially compare—conditions to-day where they are at their worst with the conditions in the same place a decade or a score of years ago. You will find that education, the spread of intelligence, the arousing of the interest of the masses to concern about their own affairs, are doing their splendid work—slowly here, deplorably slowly there, but steadily and surely everywhere.

The shortcomings of human nature are not new; but most of the virtues are—that is, new as practical moving forces, however old they may be as ideals. "Courage! The devil is dead!" Charles Reade's big soldier used to go about the world shouting. He may have exaggerated somewhat; but certain it is that the devil is not as healthy and vigorous as he used to be.

Awakened Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA seems to have awakened at last, seems about to take its rightful place in the ranks of American cities. That place is first. For of all our large cities Philadelphia alone has a thoroughly citified, municipalized population; it is not a conglomerate of elements more or less accidentally assembled within a meaningless boundary line; it is a compact, homogeneous mass of real citizens.

The forces that made Philadelphia the "awful example" it has so long been were largely external, were forces in national politics; the Philadelphians submitted because they wished the "party" to be strong that it might dominate the industrial policies of the nation. And promptly upon the disappearance of this necessity of self-interest we have an emancipated Philadelphia.

If virtue can be indulged without remotest danger to dividends dependent upon the "party," we ought to have a reasonably virtuous Philadelphia. But let there be a revival of the free-trade scares, or let there appear a similar scare, and another Quay may reconquer the city.

Philadelphia is not the only city that is in this plight.

The Typical American

THE bi-centenary of Franklin ought to be the most American festival we have ever had—universal and hearty. For Franklin came nearer to being the typical American than any other of our conspicuous men. Character without cant, dignity without solemnity, common-sense and adaptability, simplicity without pretense, shrewdness without meanness; and over the whole man the sunshine of good temper—there was Franklin, and there is the average American citizen.

Every one ought to read a good biography of Franklin—in addition to his own fascinating autobiography. Perhaps the best of these lives is the one James Parton wrote. Whoever begins it will not lay it down until he has finished it, and will not stop talking about it until he has put all his acquaintances in the way of getting the same great pleasure that he has had.

Few men have done more for their fellow-men than Franklin, and no man ever made less fuss about it. He was so human and democratic that you have to think about him to realize that he was great, very great.

In England's India

IN INDIA they are giving the Prince of Wales a grand send-off. Millions on millions of rupees are being shot away, and eaten away, and drunk away, and squandered on banners, and triumphal arches, and processions, and costly but worthless gifts. It is almost picturesque. Probably the poet laureate, if he could write poetry, could rhapsodize most thrillingly upon it. In India millions are suffering from hunger, tens of thousands are dying of the plague. During the stay of the Prince of Wales, his father's loyal Indian subjects will be lessened by many scores of thousands from these two causes—for neither pestilence nor famine will knock off out of deference to visiting majesty.

If this were really a civilized world, England would not send a prince still further to ravage the depleted resources of the Indian people. It would invest the money his visit will cost in food and in sanitary appliances.

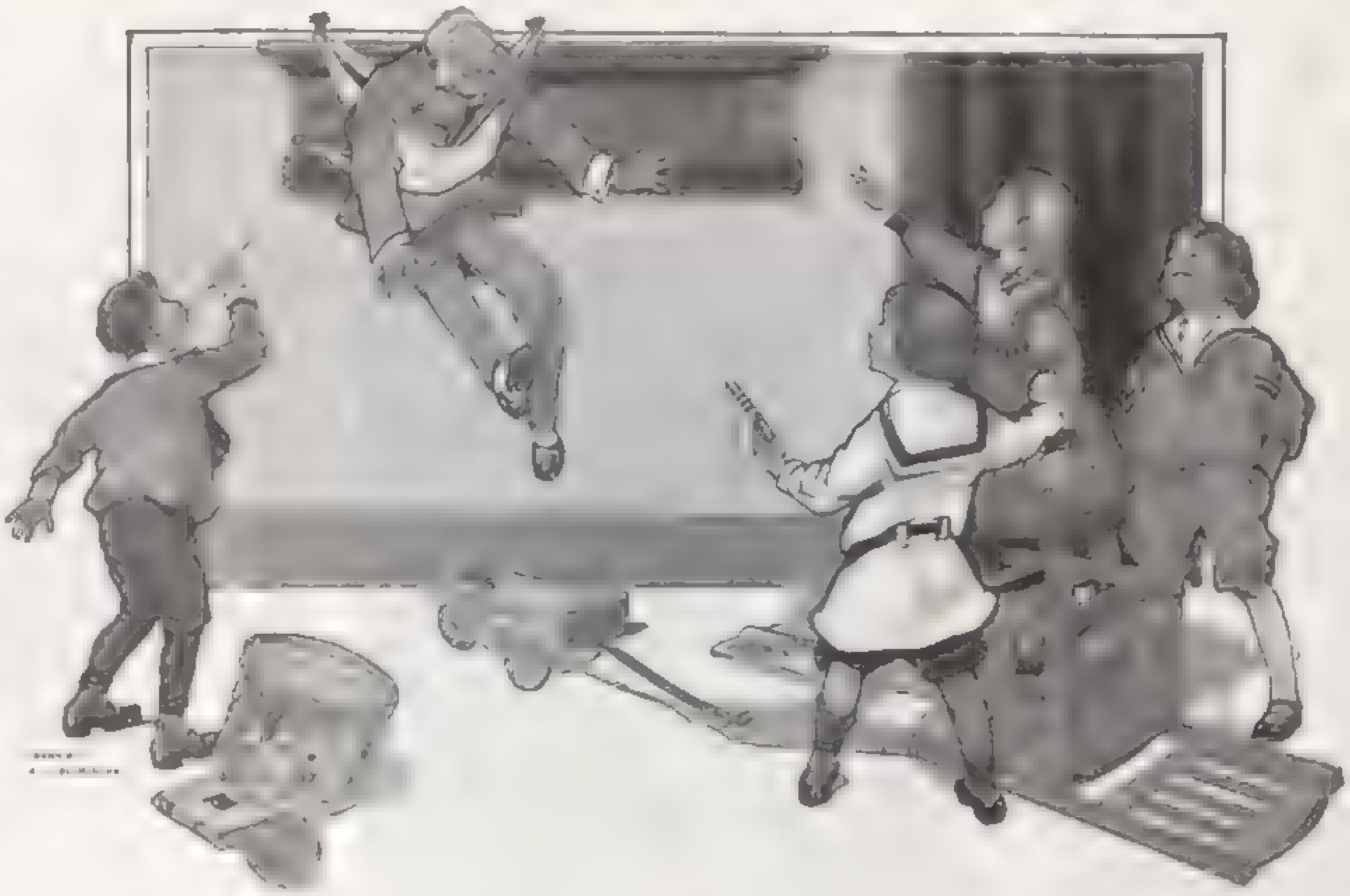
The Passing of a Tradition

IN THE strenuous days immediately preceding the nomination of the present Governor of Illinois a gentleman in opposition launched this query, as a conclusive argument against his candidacy: "Did you ever know a Deneen man who would buy?" An alcoholic beverage was, of course, the understood object of the verb. Probably somebody did, but no one mentioned it. Nevertheless, Mr. Deneen was not only nominated but elected by a large majority. The other day the Chicago hotel which for years had furnished free headquarters to the State Republican organization proceeded to evict it—reason: the augmentation of bar receipts because of the contiguity of the political headquarters had dwindled from about a hundred dollars a day to mere small change. A generation ago it was generally believed that certain human activities—notably politics and journalism—could not be successfully pursued save on a full tide of inebriation. That idea has definitely passed away.

Some quite similar traditions, however, still possess more or less vitality—for example, that it expedites business to be insolent if you are a ticket-clerk in a crowded railway station; that it is proper to be a boor if you are after a street-car seat; that profanity shows an independent mind. Presumably, these and all like traditions are no better founded than the alcoholic one.

Something to Please the Children

BY WALLACE IRWIN



Something to please the children,
Something to entertain!
Shall I dance, my dears, or wiggle my ears,
Or balance myself on a cane?
Shall I stand at the parlor casement
And sing to the crowd below?
Or pour hot tea over Grandpa's knee
In a comical way I know?

Something to please the children;
Anything droll will do!
Shall I lash myself to the mantel shelf
And poke my feet up the flue?
Shall I spill hot wax on the carpet
Or cover my nose with soot,
Or gum my hair, or drop a chair
On the top of my gouty foot?

Something to please the children,
Something that's light and gay!
Shall I whistle and scream at the butcher's team
So the horses will run away?
Shall I hang the cat to the curtain,
Or scare Aunt Jane with a mouse?
Shall I stutter and groan through the telephone
And then set fire to the house?

Something to please the children;
Nothing that's trite and tame!
They crow with glee as they come to me—
I'm never at loss for a game.
They greet me as Uncle Henry,
And jolly good times they see
In the jovial ways and genial plays
Of an elderly man like me.

Some of Little Tommy's Letters

Showing How at This Season He Resumes Diplomatic Relations with the Forgetful Members of the Family

BY J. W. FOLEY

APPLETOWN, December 1.

Dear Grandma:

I have often thought of you in the past year but you know how busy boys have to be to keep all the chores done and go to school. We do not get much time to write letters. But the other day I was thinking how kind you had always been to us boys and it was a shame I do not write oftener. So to-day I sat right down after I came from school to write you a good, long letter and let you know that I often think of you even if I do not write. The ground here is all white with snow which makes us think that it will soon be Christmas again. I suppose you do not care so much for Christmas now as you did when you were a little girl. Mamma says that after folks grow up they do not care so much for it except to make the boys and girls happy by giving them something that they want. It must be awful nice to send a sled or a pair of skates or a tool-chest to a boy and then sit on Christmas day and think how happy he is. If all of us did that what a bright world it would be. I suppose though that when folks grow up they have so many things to think about they forget to send things, when they mean to send them all the time but it slips their mind. It isn't that they can't afford it or don't want to but they don't just happen to think about it until it's Christmas day and then it is too late. And then they must feel awful sorry to think how happy it would have made some little boy if they had sent something but they didn't.

I have an idea Eddie Brooks' Grandma is going to send him a sled for Christmas. I don't know what makes me think so, but it seems to me I heard it somewhere. I guess I can make my old one do for another year. One of the runners is broke but I think I can get it fixed. It won't be very safe though.

Dear Grandma, I hope you are having a good winter and your rheumatism don't bother you very much. I often wish I was there to carry out ashes for you and do the heavy work but I have to go to school so I will grow up and be a credit to you all. You know I am named after Grandpa which makes me all the more anxious to grow up well.

With much love from us all.

Your affectionate grandson, TOMMY.

APPLETOWN, December 1.

Dear Uncle Bill:

I guess you will be surprised when you get this letter because you don't expect any from me but I was writing to Grandma to-day and I thought I would write to all of our folks and let them know how I am getting along. You know boys don't write very much because they write compositions in school and that takes about all the time they have got to spare for writing. But we ought to write to our relatives once in a while because we are apt to grow up and go away and then the family will be all broke up and scattered. I know you are a bachelor and haven't got any boys of your own and maybe it will interest you to know that I am getting along well in school because I am your nephew on my mother's side.

It don't seem like over a year since you sent me my pair of skates for Christmas, does it? I wonder if you have changed very much. I have, a good deal. I am tall and my feet are bigger and the skates you sent me are hardly big enough for me now but I guess I can make them do through the winter. One of the straps is wore out but I guess I can have it fixed so it will do. It is quite dangerous to skate with old straps on, though. One of the boys slipped last week and nearly went into an air hole. His skates were too small and one of the straps broke and let him slide.

We ought to be glad of what we have, though, and not expect new skates every year when we are growing so fast.

I suppose you are too busy to think much about Christmas. I enclose you a copy of a letter I wrote to Santa Claus telling what I want. Of course I know all about who Santa Claus is, but I only send it to show you how well I am getting along in writing and spelling. I think Grandmamma is apt to send me the sled and Papa said if I would be a good boy he would get me the tool chest. So that only leaves the skates and if I don't get a new pair the old ones will do.

I hope you are having good health. I wish I could be where I could help you sometimes in your office, cleaning out the waste basket and doing the sweeping which I would be only too glad to do if we both lived in the same town. We all send our best love to you.

Your affectionate nephew, TOMMY.

APPLETOWN, December 1.

Dear Aunt Lizzie:

Maybe you have almost forgotten about your little nephew Tommy away out here and so I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know I am well and getting along fine and hope you are the same. I do not write letters very often because you know how it is with boys. They cannot think of many things to say and are apt to make a good many blots if they write with ink. I just happened to think that maybe I had never written to thank you for those splendid books you sent me for last Christmas and as Christmas will soon be here again I do not want to get too far behind. They were splendid books and I have read them all over and over again. I do not know of anything a boy likes better than books. It improves the mind and keeps them out of mischief and when we grow up to be men we can look back and see how the good books we got for Christmas helped to make us better. Nobody ever regrets sending a boy good books for Christmas don't you think so?

One of the books you sent me had a sequel. It was the Red Ranger or the Mystery of the Indian Scout. The sequel is the Lost Trail or the Lives of the Gold-hunters. We do not have it in the bookstore here. I am awful anxious to know if the Red Ranger finds the Lost Trail or not. Have you ever read the sequel? If you have I wish you would write and tell me if he finds the lost trail. I have lent the Red Ranger to some of the boys and they will all appreciate it very much if you will let us know.

If you know any good books for boys I wish you would write down their names and send them to me.

You know two or three good books will last you nearly all winter. Some parts you can read over and over again where there is a lot of excitement until they are nearly worn out. The Red Ranger was that kind and the sequel would probably be almost as good.

It is too bad we are so far away from each other. Sometimes I think how much I could help you and Uncle Jerry not having any boys of your own it would be extremely valuable to you. By chopping wood and filling the woodbox and otherwise doing chores. I could run in on the way from school and see if I couldn't do some chores for you.

I hope you and Uncle Jerry will have a Merry Christmas.

Your affectionate nephew, TOMMY.

P. S.—We all send love. The Red Ranger is by the author of the Desert Chief or the Capture of the White Princess. TOMMY.

The Consular House-Cleaning

President Roosevelt's Plan to Americanize the Service

BY RENÉ BACHE

United States Consulate at Kobé

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will lay before the new Congress, at an early date, a plan for the reconstruction of our system of doing business with foreign countries. It will be comprehensive in scope and radical in its modification of the existing order of things. For it has come to be realized that the growth of our trade is hampered by causes which are fundamental in our commercial scheme, and that the only cure for the mischief is to cut away the dead wood of obsolete methods and start afresh. As Secretary Taft said the other day, "With the best goods in the world to sell, we are hopelessly outclassed by other nations in the quest for buyers in China and the Orient." It is the same way in South America, and to a greater or less extent in other parts of the world.

The business agents of our Government abroad are the consuls of the United States. They are underpaid and, as a rule, shabbily housed. Most of them hold their places through politics rather than by reason of fitness. Every four years, or nearly, they are replaced by fresh appointees, who know nothing about the often-difficult duties required of occupants of such offices. Naturally, such conditions do not conduce to efficiency. But worst of all, perhaps, is the fact that fifty per cent. of all our vice-consuls and consular agents are not Americans, but foreigners!

Now, one of the most important features of the plan for reconstructing our commercial system is the Americanization of the consular service. We employ foreigners as consular agents, vice-consuls and consular clerks simply for the reason that the pay allowed is so small that our own citizens cannot afford to take the jobs. It is proposed, however, to raise the wages to a minimum of $1000 a year, at which price, with a reasonable prospect of promotion, all of these positions can be filled with bright young Americans.

It is undeniably absurd that we should employ, at important commercial ports all over the world, business agents (frequently acting as consuls-in-charge) who are subjects of foreign governments, and who, as a rule, are utterly indifferent to our interests. With the exception of the consul-general at Cairo and the members of his staff, all of our consular officers in Egypt are foreigners. What, is it to be supposed, do they care for promoting the prosperity of American trade? Foreigners accept such places, in most instances, because of the petty dignity which they acquire by holding them. Having no feeling of loyalty toward the United States, their good faith cannot be relied upon, and in more than one instance they have been known to disclose matters that should have been kept secret.

If the new plan becomes law, the consular service will undergo a radical reorganization. It will assume a character of permanency, like the army and navy, and there will be a regular system of promotion. Starting as clerk of a consulate, the young American will serve his novitiate in that grade, passing therefrom through the rank of consular agent or vice-consul to the dignity of full consul, and finally becoming a consul-general. Some arrangement may even be made by which men who have proved themselves exceptionally efficient will be graduated out of the consular service into the diplomatic corps—a branch of the public employment in which their long experience as business agents of the Government would necessarily prove of utmost value.

It is proposed to raise the standard of admission to the service, and to restrict new appointments to young Americans, active and alert, who will have the spur of ambition to encourage them to their best efforts. They will be accepted only on passing a rigid examination, requiring a thorough theoretical knowledge of trade conditions, and involving a preliminary course of study. After serving abroad for a certain length of time, the young clerk will be called back to the Department of State in Washington, where he will work in the executive bureaus for a year, being promoted at the end of that period to consular agent or vice-consul.

Before becoming full consul, he will return to the Department for another term, and so on, thus keeping in touch with American institutions, and acquiring a knowledge of the workings of the central machine which cannot fail to be of great usefulness in dealing with questions that will be presented to him abroad.

At the present time every one of our consuls in Oriental countries is obliged to employ one or more official interpreters, who, of course, are natives. Frequently they are unscrupulous persons, and, for purposes of their own, they have even been known to alter the language of important papers (with no possibility of detection until too late), causing serious trouble. Such a system is obviously disadvantageous, and the new plan contemplates the replacement of all native interpreters with Americans specially trained and educated for the work.

The first step in this direction has already been taken by the creation of a corps of so-called "student interpreters" at Peking. These young Americans, under the eye of our Legation at the capital of the Middle Kingdom, are engaged in learning to read and write the Chinese language. They get $1000 a year by way of salary, and, on being graduated from the school, are assigned to consulates. It was one of these young fellows, serving at the consulate of Hangchow, who (being in charge of the office at the time) was first to learn of the trouble in which Kennedy, a missionary sent out by Dowie, of Chicago, had become entangled, far in the interior, his life being in great danger. This was only a short time ago. The interpreter, whose name was Frederick D. Cloud, applied to the Provincial Governor for soldiers, and, after a long and arduous march, rescued the Dowie agent.

It is proposed to establish in China a grade of consular interpreters, vacancies in which will be filled by graduates of the school at Peking, whose pay will be raised thereupon to $1200 a year. In this way, all native interpreters will be gradually superseded. The Chinese language is so difficult that some people never can learn it, and therefore it is suggested that students who have not acquired a fair degree of facility in reading and writing it at the end of two years shall be dropped and replaced by fresh appointees. In all likelihood the same system will be adopted in Japan, a school being maintained at Tokyo for the education of young Americans, who will eventually be assigned as interpreters to consulates in that country.

Next in importance as a feature of the new plan is a change by which the consular system will be rendered more elastic. This means that the President will be enabled, by law suitably modified for the purpose, to appoint a man to the service at large, instead of to a particular place, and to move him about from one post to another, if desired, according to expediency and with a view to the best interests of the Government. As things are now arranged, when a man is to be transferred, it is necessary, in order to accomplish that object, to make out an entirely new appointment for him in Washington, and to send it to the Senate for confirmation, a new bond and a fresh oath being incidentally required.

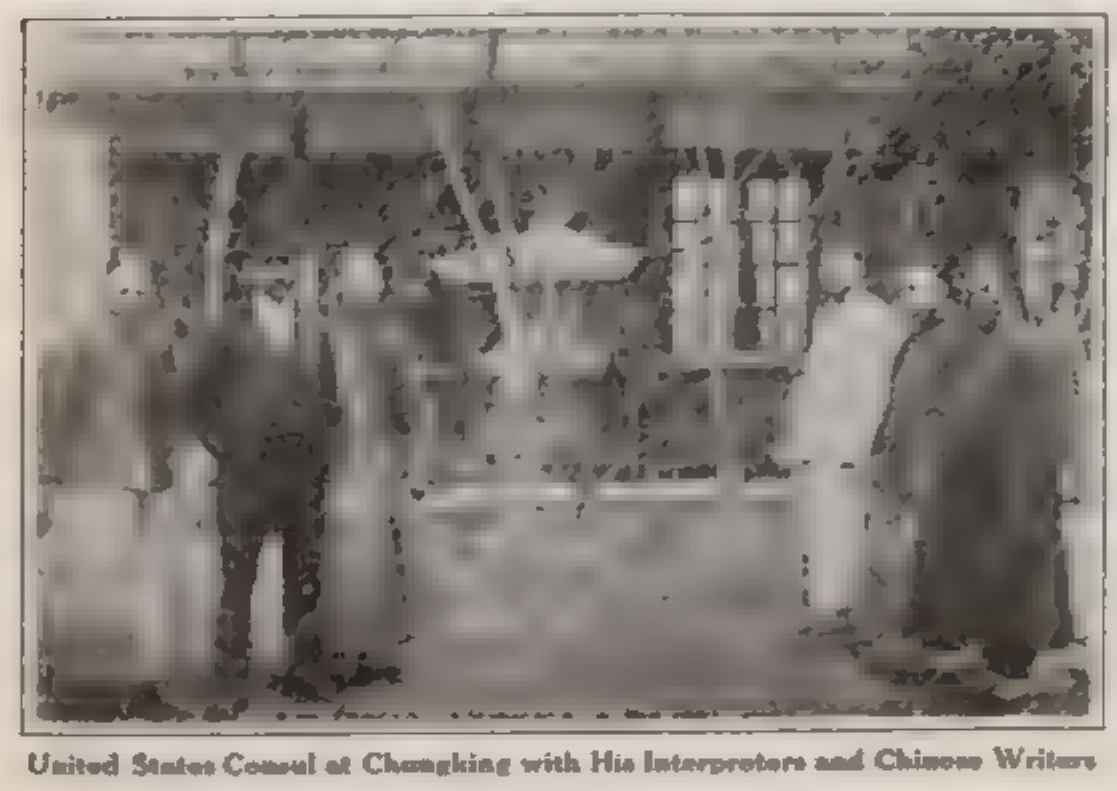
The clumsiness of such a method is extreme and obvious. On the other hand, the change suggested would render it practicable to utilize every man to the greatest possible advantage. It would be within the power and discretion of the Department of State to change the assignments of our consuls as the wisdom of the Administration might direct, and to put each man in the place where the duties he was expected to perform were in line with his special abilities. There would be, furthermore, an opportunity by this means to apply most satisfactorily the scheme of promotion, employing in many instances a transfer to a more desirable and better-paid post as a reward for efficient and faithful work.

It is proposed to raise the pay of our consuls, not only for the sake of retaining first-rate men in the service, but also in order that, as a point of expediency, our business agents may be enabled decently to keep up appearances. At the present time the wages of Uncle Sam's commercial representatives in foreign parts fall in many cases below $2000 a year; they are obliged, in such instances, to live in actual poverty, and their misfortune in this regard reflects upon their Government and diminishes its prestige. It is the opinion of the Department of State that no consul should receive less than $2500, and that the pay should run from that figure up to $8000 per annum. From $10,000 to $12,000 would not be an excessive emolument for a consul-general.

Our consuls in the Orient are obliged to do a good deal of entertaining, which, consistently with their official duties, can hardly be avoided. If a British or other European functionary calls at the consular headquarters for business purposes, he is received, as a matter of course, in the office, and the affair under consideration is disposed of on a purely business basis, ordinarily. But, in a similar case, the Chinese dignitary calls with his suite, and expects to be welcomed in the dining-room. Tea must be offered, and, if possible, champagne. Without such refreshments business cannot be discussed according to the etiquette that obtains in the East.

This sort of thing costs money. In order to secure the information of commercial usefulness which his Government expects him to gather, the consul, not only in Oriental countries, but elsewhere as well, should have free and familiar intercourse with his colleagues at neighboring posts and with Government officials. Entertaining is unavoidably a part of such intercourse. At Cairo, in Egypt, the American consul-general has diplomatic as well as consular duties to perform, and, as a diplomat, he is obliged to entertain a great deal. The great seaports of China are the seats of government of provinces, over which viceroys—that is to say, personal representatives of royalty—preside, and with these viceroys Uncle Sam's business agents come frequently into contact in a way that is to a large extent social.

It is on this account that nearly all of our consuls in China are consuls-general. Holding that rank, they are


United States Consul at Chungking with His Interpreters and Chinese Writers

United States Consulate at Tientsin

entitled to more consideration and more ceremonious treatment, and their demands, when they have any to make, possess more weight. We Occidental folks have little notion of the importance that attaches in Oriental countries to the keeping up of appearances. Respect and deference are accorded to an official exactly in proportion to the power and wealth that he exhibits. Rank counts for much; his mode of living and the style of his business establishment signify the balance. If, as commonly happens, the American consular officers live in a poorer way than those of other countries, and do less entertaining, for lack of equal pay, they are regarded as inferior, and the prestige of the United States (which means, incidentally, our trade interests) suffers proportionately.

"Our present consular equipment in the Orient is pitifully inadequate," said Secretary Taft the other day. "Germany has ten times as many attachés at Shanghai as we have, and her consulate is impressively and completely fitted up, in a commanding situation, whereas ours is on a side street, and the consul does not get enough pay to support his position decently."

This sort of economy is certainly not calculated to promote in that part of the world those trade interests which at the present time we are so anxious to foster. At all the principal ports of China the great Powers, such as England, France and Germany, have not only buildings, but compounds containing a number of substantial houses, the plants being owned and maintained by those governments. This means that a newly-appointed consul, on reaching his post, goes into his own office, finding there a trained corps of assistants. We hire, at haphazard, such quarters, usually shabby, as are obtainable for a rent not allowed by law to exceed a sum equal to one-fifth of the consul's salary. Save only at Amoy, the United States owns no consular building in the Middle Kingdom.

Commercial establishments in the United States which maintain a trade with foreign countries find it worth while to pay good wages to their agents and to provide them with proper quarters. Why should not our Government, in the management of its own business abroad, employ equally intelligent and up-to-date methods? Summing up his observations incidental to a recent official tour in the East, Mr. Peirce, Third Assistant Secretary of State, said the other day: "On the whole, the appearance of our consulates, as regards furniture and equipment, is shabby. They do us scant credit in a part of the world where appearances count for much."

The appearance of a consulate necessarily affects its prestige and that of the country which it represents. We should have in every port a consular building of our own, well located, furnished with American-made furniture in a style becoming to a great Government, and run like an up-to-date business establishment. Congress will be asked to appropriate immediately the sum of $200,000, for a beginning, with which to acquire by purchase dignified and suitable premises at Canton, Foochow, Hongkong, Hankow, Nanking, Niuchwang, Shanghai, Tientsin, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Kobé, Singapore, and Colombo (Ceylon).

It is proposed to do away with the fee system in the consular service, which is a fruitful source of many mischiefs. Our business agents abroad, for their pay, are made dependent largely upon fees for notarial work, for taking depositions, for the settlements of estates, and for assistance in legal matters. Necessarily such contributions vary in amount, and the consul's income is rendered correspondingly precarious. In order to make both ends meet, the official is tempted to neglect his proper work and hunt for fees, a strife for which engenders lack of harmony among consuls in neighboring districts. Sometimes quarrels result, and our business interests suffer.

Congress will be asked to abolish this nuisance, and to amend the law in such a way as to cover all fees received by consuls into the Treasury of the United States. When a consul receives a fee he will attach one or more stamps, representing the amount paid, to the deposition, invoice or other document in the making of which his services have been required, and for the face value of all such stamps (furnished originally from Washington) he will be expected to account. In lieu of this source of income, he will receive a regular and adequate salary, and will no longer be tempted by his urgent necessities, as heretofore, to resort to unlawful expedients for eking out a livelihood—such, for example, as making extortionate charges, or selling fraudulent immigration certificates. Such things have often been done, to the great scandal of the public service.

The most important business of our consuls abroad is to prevent the fraudulent undervaluation of goods shipped to this country. We import over $250,000,000 worth of merchandise annually, and for the bulk of this vast quantity of products consular invoices are required—a fact which will give a notion of the magnitude of this particular function of theirs. The fees paid for such invoices go to our Government, and, with certain modifications in the plan adopted, they can be made to supply enough money not only to render the consular service self-sustaining, but also to put it into a condition of thorough efficiency throughout.

Secretary Peirce has offered a recommendation to the effect that Treasury experts be established in various parts of Europe, to act as advisers of the consuls where valuations of merchandise are concerned. The latter cannot be expected to be skilled as judges of all the various kinds of merchandise which they inspect, and for which they certify the invoices. Take, for example, lace. In the consular district of Plauen upward of 3,000,000 different patterns of guipure laces are produced by the manufacturers, no two at exactly the same cost. Inasmuch as the annual exportation of laces and embroideries from this district to the United States exceeds $3,000,000 worth, Uncle Sam's interest amounting to about $2,000,000 for duties assessed, it is plain that accuracy in valuing the goods is of great importance.

Speaking of lace, it is an interesting fact, and apropos to the topic here discussed, that at Calais, whence $4,000,000 worth of this dainty commodity is exported every year, a number of American firms maintain buying agents. Each one of these lace-buyers at the present time receives a larger compensation than our consul at that port, and is enabled, by additional allowances for the purpose, to pay the wages of from five to eight clerks, whereas at our consulate only one clerk is employed. The interest of the United States in the exportation, at sixty per cent. ad valorem, being $2,400,000, the situation in this regard must be admitted to be a trifle absurd.

We import from Europe immense quantities of porcelain and faience, accurate valuations on which are extremely difficult of determination. In the consulate of St. Gall, however, by the development of a system of inspection by experts, there has already been effected a saving to us of over $800,000 a year, through prevention of undervaluation—a sum more than sufficient to pay all of our consuls for a twelvemonth. It is in the expectation of similar results where other lines of goods are concerned that the Department of State proposes, so far as may be practicable, to extend the same methods to our foreign trade at large.

The trouble is that American trade with foreign countries has outgrown our commercial system, which in many of its features is utterly obsolete. Take, for instance, the judicial prerogatives of our business representatives abroad. In China—and the same remark applies to other half-civilized regions, such as Siam—every one of our consuls is also a judge, possessing both civil and criminal jurisdiction. He holds court in all cases where American citizens are concerned in disputes, claims or alleged crimes, and passes judgment, from which there is no appeal. He may even sentence an American to be hanged.

It is obvious that the placing of such power in the hands of our Government agents in foreign parts was never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and experience shows that it has led to grave abuses. In some cases consuls have employed in a despotic and outrageous way their authority over American citizens. Accordingly, it is desired by the Department of State that such authority and jurisdiction shall be taken away from the consuls, and that, if Congress deems such a project wise, a United States circuit court shall be established in China for the trial of all civil and criminal causes—this court to be presided over by a judge holding a commission from the President, who would hold periodical sittings at Canton, Shanghai and Tientsin.

From what has been said, it will be apparent that the plan to be submitted to Congress by the Administration in regard to the consular service is one of most thorough and radical reorganization and reconstruction. The first point is Americanization of the system. The second is to render it more elastic, so that its personnel may be employed to the best advantage of our business interests abroad. The third point is the establishment of our consulates in proper quarters, with better pay for the officials in charge—doing away with the fee plan as a mode of eking out salaries. There is no reason why our consular officers should not get as good wages as those of other nations. Furthermore, traveling expenses ought to be allowed to and from their posts.

Some of our consular officers get altogether too much pay. For example, the consuls-general at London, Liverpool and Paris receive from $25,000 to $40,000 each, mainly in fees, these posts being in a financial sense much more desirable than Ambassadorships. Through many Administrations they have been regarded as the choicest and most juicy of political plums. From these lucrative jobs it is a frightful and most unreasonable drop to the average, every-day consulship, whose incumbent is obliged to scratch along in a poverty that brings discredit to his Government, and out of his own poor pocket to meet a good many incidental expenses not supposed to belong properly to his position—such, for instance, as helping stranded and distressed Americans, who inevitably turn up from time to time, without money to get home, and often in urgent need of a meal.

It is believed by Secretary Taft and other persons familiar with the situation that we ought, in trying to develop our trade with China and the Orient, to send experts, trained and skilled in such matters, to study commercial conditions in the countries of the Far East, and to find out exactly what in the way of merchandise is wanted by people in those parts of the world. When once this knowledge has been obtained, our merchants will be glad to take advantage of it.

In conclusion, it may be said that, if we are to secure and retain supremacy in Oriental markets, or even to hold an equal place there with the other great producing nations, we must look to our consular corps for efficient and intelligent efforts in the promotion of our interests, the prompt and complete report of industrial conditions, and the systematic collection of all data which may affect our commercial opportunity. And, in order that these things may be accomplished, it is necessary that the management of our business with the Orient shall be conducted on up-to-date principles—an idea which is equally applicable to our prospects for promoting American trade with the rest of the civilized world.

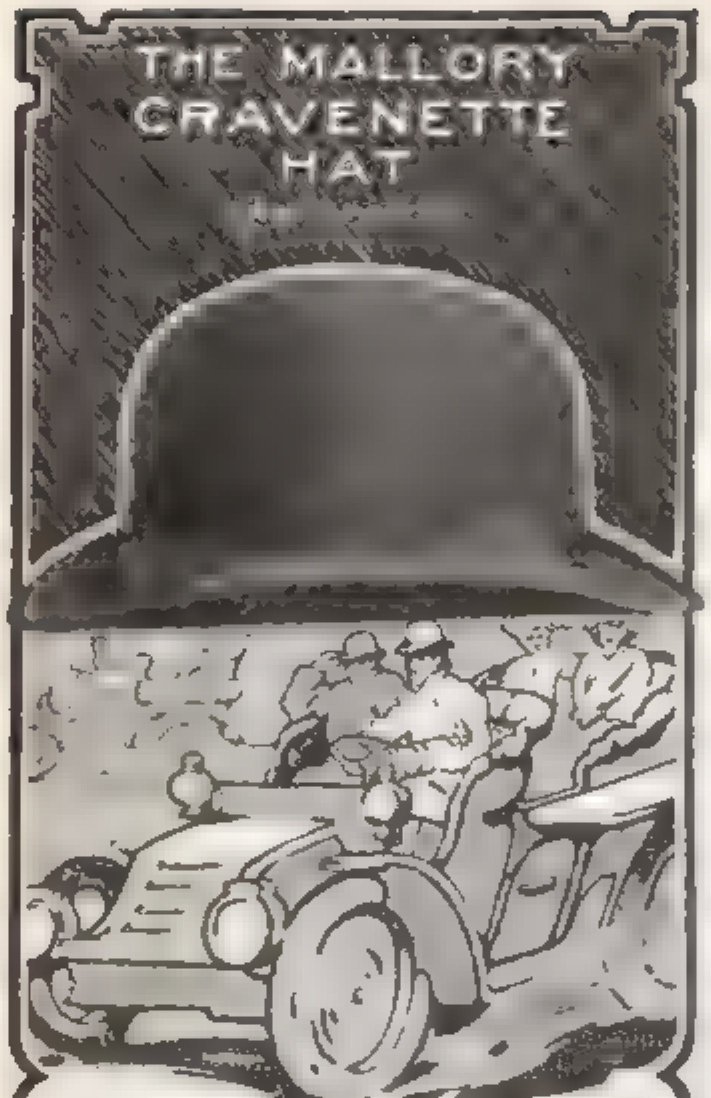
The Drifted Storm

By John Regnault Ellyson

Below the town, beyond the heights,
  The wild, dark goblins sweep and glide
  With mantles loose and banners wide,
With flying plumes and lurid lights.

With plumes and banners and the blur
  Of flambeaux there on haunted ground,
  They gather, in weird honor, round
Some phantom hero's sepulchre.

And up the sleeping valley comes
  The sound of troops in cavalcade,
  Of wind and horn and cannonade,
Or music as of muffled drums.



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Those Gifts You Get

And the Art of Giving Other Ones

BY LILIAN BELL

WHO that has ever suffered from receiving gifts can even see the innocuous title written above without wishing to snatch the pen from my hand and write on the subject himself? Are not your own private woes enough to wring a heart of stone? Could you not write a book on what you have undergone at Christmas and on your birthdays from loving but misguided friends?

"Presents!" That word in our childhood awakens an ecstasy which no other term in the English language can equal. But later in life, having pricked the bubble of its anticipated delights, we shiver at its name, as at the mention of our pet fear.

Yet after all, there is something to be said on the side of the giver of gifts. Everybody has the right to spend the money that he has earned, or stolen, as he pleases. He may be—nay, in our opinion, he generally is—misguided in his selection of what to give. But we are powerless to interfere, and if a man offers a library to a city which is suffering for want of sewers, all we can do is to sit back and criticise—a privilege I, for one, would not give up for a good deal.

Yet the giving of presents is a habit which ought to be done away with. It does nobody any good; it is a source of unmixed evil to poor relations and is an expense too great to be borne by impecunious brides. Who, for example, except the very rich, can afford to pay for the set of coffee-spoons sent by the mother of five marriageable girls? It is sheer usury, and ought to come under the protection of State laws.

Now, when the givers hate the custom as much as the recipients hate the givers as soon as the string is cut, why continue to give? Men shunt the loathsome duty off on patient wives at Christmas, and never know what dark deeds have gone off packed in cotton wool, with their cards inclosed, until a bitter, sarcastic letter of thanks comes, when your husband rushes around the house to find you, asking the familiar question: "What did I give Jennie for Christmas?"

I believe that the custom of giving presents is the source of many of the mysterious crimes which are docketed with the tag, "The police were unable to discover the slightest clew." And the public is so hardened a sufferer from the same cause that it never suspects the sudden frenzy which must have attacked the unhappy perpetrator of an otherwise inexplicable murder. A woman will bear up under handkerchief-cases and glove-boxes for years, and even smile when she thanks the givers (women are such hypocrites!), chiefly because they are inexpensive trifles. But let a bedridden old aunt receive a set of golf-sticks from a thoughtless nephew, and even if she is an earnest Christian and the president of the Shut-Ins, the purple hue of rage will mantle her pale cheeks as the thought of the cost penetrates her brain. She would have smiled at a fringed Christmas card and thanked you prettily, but you will never be forgiven for sending her anything so expensive as a shotgun or a bicycle.

The Insult of the Cost

The cost is always more to blame than the inappropriateness. The love of money and the desire to waste it on our own particular brand of foolishness is ingrained in human nature, and nothing can eradicate it. I have seen a man, whose salary was inadequate to support his family without the utmost frugality, go almost insane upon reading the bequest to charity in a rich man's will and actually shake the paper which announced it, in his fury at its not having been bestowed as he would have divided it had the wherewithal and the generosity and the deathbed and all the accessories been his.

How we do love to dictate what presents shall be given and to whom!

It is not viciousness which induces people to make presents to their friends. It is mere thoughtlessness. You are naturally good-hearted and when left to spend money on yourself you are harmless and charitable. You would not willingly wound your friend or alienate his affections. Yet you will, at least once a year, and sometimes oftener, deliberately send him a present calculated to affront him and possibly to cool the ardor of his love for you. This is sheer thoughtlessness on your part. It would be so easy, if you only stopped to think, to refrain from giving him anything and so retain his respect. No man can love a woman who has once given him a present. And when men make each other gifts, it sometimes leads to blows. Men are primitive creatures, in spite of their boasted civilization. When it comes to an insult which gets under the skin like some presents, the veneer of refinement is off in a moment, and barbaric, untamed man resents the affront with his bare fists.

It is often no more than just.

There is also a gender involved in the receipt of presents. When a man unwraps a present, his first thought, after that of personal violence, is: "Great Scott! What can I ever give him to get even for this?" A woman's is: "What can I give her which will be just as maddening and *cheaper?*" With a man's vengeance cost cuts no figure. But women can and do repay affronts and make money on the deal. Yet some people accuse women of extravagance!

But all this is airy persiflage beside the real issue, and that is that most people cannot afford to receive presents.

Can the bride whose husband gets only two hundred dollars a month afford to furnish her parlor in accordance with a gift clock which probably cost that sum? And how will her cut-glass punch-bowl, sent by the firm, look on a sideboard that cost only twenty dollars? How is she ever to fill that gilt cabinet with the bibelots which belong to it? Did any thought of the real malice of a mahogany dressing-table occur to rich old auntie when she knew that niece was going into a Harlem flat? Think of there being room for anything but a bed and a bureau and one chair in the bedrooms city people have to live in to-day!

Nobody thinks how installment-plan furniture will look with a Venetian mirror from Uncle John, or a set of Doulton fruit-plates when the whole dinner-set cost only fifteen dollars in all.

Brides who are sensitive to such glaring incongruities often endeavor to have things match in a way, and in so doing obtain harmony in the furnishings at the expense of inharmony in the mind.

Ruined by a Fish-Set

I know a woman who was endeavoring to launch her pretty daughter in society by means of a simple, dainty afternoon tea, which would have cost, with the necessary gowns, perhaps a hundred dollars. She was gravely considering the expense, figuring what she could do without and what the must-haves would amount to, when, without a word of warning, a rich friend sent her a solid silver fish-set which, considering the silversmith who designed it, did not cost a cent under seven hundred dollars.

She came to tell me about it with blanched face and clenched hands. Before she got through we were both crying over the hideous irony of the thing.

"A fish-set!" she exclaimed. "Why, when we have fish it is all the dinner we get! And this set ought to be one course in six!"

I suggested to her to take it back and get the money for it, but she regarded my hint as unrefined.

Most people would be shocked if they thought they ever gave presents with a string tied to them. Yet think. Did you ever give money to poor but devout families who needed clothes, and learn that they gave half of it to the church, without wishing you had your money back?

I know a rich old lady who always considered herself in the light of benefactress and requested others to do the same. She often gave money instead of presents, because, as she said, "I may not know just what you want and it will be a pleasure to you to spend it to suit yourself. Just feel that you can buy anything you like. Waste it, if you want to! But I saw some excellent black satin reduced from three dollars

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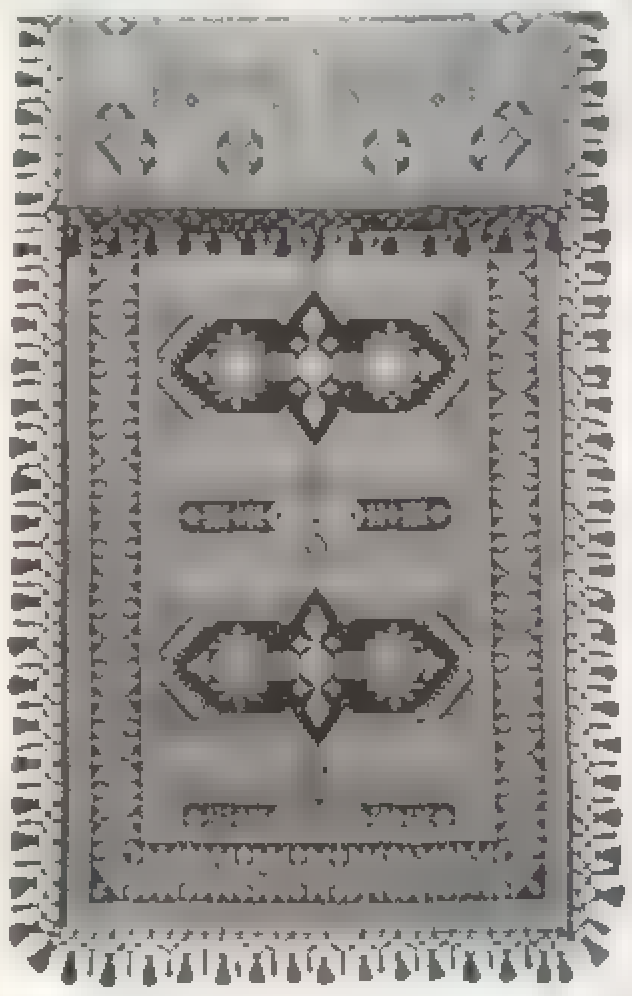

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a yard to ninety-eight cents to-day, and, of course, if you want to buy yourself a dress of that, perhaps I could find some thread-lace among my things to trim it with!"

And the poor young woman under thirty, who was the unhappy recipient of the money, actually had to buy such a dress rather than affront that old malefactor who went about loose doing good in this way!

Employers often tempt honest clerks to steal by giving jewelry at Christmas to men who hate even the gilt on their collar buttons. These clerks are too tactful to tell the man who pays the salary exactly what they think of him. Their rage is impotent, so there is nothing left for them to do but steal. And can you, now—can you, in all fairness—blame them? It is a quiet, refined, noiseless way of getting even, and inflicts pain on none but the one they intend to hurt.

A study of giving presents may be instruction in the refinement of cruelty. If you have a grudge against an army officer, and are obliged, when he marries, to give him a wedding present, take counsel with other of his enemies and give him the handsomest and heaviest piece of bronze you can buy for the money. Army officers move often and are only allowed free transportation on a silly amount of freight. The rest they have to pay for out of their own pockets. If you can manage to please his wife's fancy with your bronze, she will make him carry it everywhere they go, and you will thus levy perhaps a yearly tax upon him, which will keep your revenge fresh in his mind long after you have forgiven him for his original offense.

Only when you hear that his regiment is ordered to the post nearest where you live, I would advise you to go armed.

When it was the fashion to ride bicycles, I knew of a man who wanted a new wheel, and his wife gave him one for Christmas. It was a tandem.

It would be a good idea, whenever you feel tempted to give a friend a present, to remember Punch's advice to those about to marry. But as that would be merely a mental effort and would bring no especial sense of reward, let me suggest that, instead of making a present to your friend, you take the same amount of money and buy yourself something you have wanted for a long time. This will produce the amount of pleasure in yourself that you anticipated from his gratitude. Then sit down and write your friend what you had intended to buy for him, but remind him that you refrained. That will call forth a letter from him of the sincerity of which you may be sure. Incidentally you will have retained his friendship.

This is the only safe method of making presents which I can truthfully recommend.

The habit of giving presents which are meaningless or worse is a product of civilization and is as enervating as most of our effete social excrescences. Christmas, instead of bringing peace on earth, good will toward men, brings a load of debt, angers the placid, enrages even Christians, and stores up a year's vindictiveness before another such anniversary enables us to vent our spleen.

And what hypocrisy! In spite of all we feel, we must present a smiling front and go through the motions of gratitude.

That is being civilized.

But the Indians are more to the point. When they lay at your door a horn filled with powder and bullets, you may grin with genuine pleasure, for you know how that present was intended and you are at liberty to be grateful for it according to nature.

But that is being uncivilized.

Who would not be a paleface and continue to suffer from presents in our own cultured way?

Christmas with Royalty

BY WALLACE WEBSTER

NO ROYAL personage is more stately and conscious of his own importance than the German Emperor, who on Christmas Day, nevertheless, knows how to unbend, joining gayly in the jollification of the Court. This year he will celebrate the Yuletide festival at Potsdam with all of his children about him, including the recently-married Crown Prince and his bride. For each son and daughter there will be a tree, specially cut for the occasion from the near-by forest on the imperial estate, and a table at the foot of it laden with gifts. An eighth tree—the Emperor has seven children—will be largest of all, for Wilhelm II and the Empress, and its branches will bear presents for the various officers and ladies of the household.

The idea of the Christmas tree seems to have originated in Germany—a goblin that brings good luck into the house is supposed to dwell within its trunk—and hence the conspicuous part it plays in the imperial celebration. In obedience to custom, the eight trees will be set up in a large reception-room in the palace, and nobody save the Empress and half-a-dozen servants will be admitted until the morning of the twenty-fifth of December. Then, when all the members of the household have assembled, including the officials of the Emperor's immediate entourage and the ladies in attendance, all will take part in singing the beautiful choral of Luther, at the conclusion of which the doors will be thrown open and the people will enter.

The scene, as may be well imagined, will be quite a brilliant one, the trees—forming a small forest, glittering with electric lights of different colors and hung with bright ornaments—being ranged along one end of the great room, with the presents laid out on tables beneath. As usual, they will be of different sizes, in a row from smallest to biggest, in proportion to the ages of the imperial princes and princesses, the tree of the Crown Prince being larger than any of the others, except that belonging to his father and mother. Whether there is to be a tree for the new Crown Princess nobody knows; for all of the Christmas arrangements at Potsdam are kept very secret, in order that they may lose nothing of the charm of surprise.

When the gifts belonging to the princes and princesses and those of the Emperor and Empress have been examined and admired, her Imperial Majesty will proceed to distribute the presents intended for the various officials and ladies of the court, taking them one by one from the great tree. For the women there will be articles of jewelry, rare and beautiful laces, and other things dear to the feminine heart; and the men will get gold cigarette-cases and valuable trifles appropriate to masculine uses. But in each instance, where it is practicable, the object bestowed will have a personal significance in connection with its recipient—often jocular, too, as in the case of a chamberlain who (having been engaged in collecting large sums of money for the churches of Berlin) last year received a cigar-case of silver in the likeness of a contribution-box.

It has never been the policy of William II and his wife to bestow costly gifts upon their young children. The Christmas presents of the princes and princesses have been, as a rule, of the inexpensive and substantially useful kind, including perhaps a box of candy, a toy or two, and a number of instructive books. It is said that on one occasion the Crown Prince received from his father, as a mark of affection at Yuletide, a hammer, a ball of string, and a paper of tacks. But each boy, on coming of age, gets one very magnificent gift, usually at Christmas: a completely equipped establishment of his own, for which an adequate revenue of maintenance is provided.

In the distribution of Christmas gifts at Potsdam nobody will be forgotten—not even the stable-boys and scullery-maids. There is something for everybody, and the list of people to be remembered is a long one, comprising over a thousand names. In order that presents may not in any case be duplicated, a book is kept—a sort of Yuletide register which runs back for fifty years—showing just what each person has received. To the Kaiserin her husband usually gives a handsome article of bijouterie, almost invariably diamonds, while to each of half-a-dozen of his most intimate men friends he sends a coal-black charger. To the King of England, his uncle, he forwards a case of precious Johannisberger, with a few of his latest photographs for the ladies of the family.

If Christmas is an important occasion at Potsdam, it is a festival not less notable at

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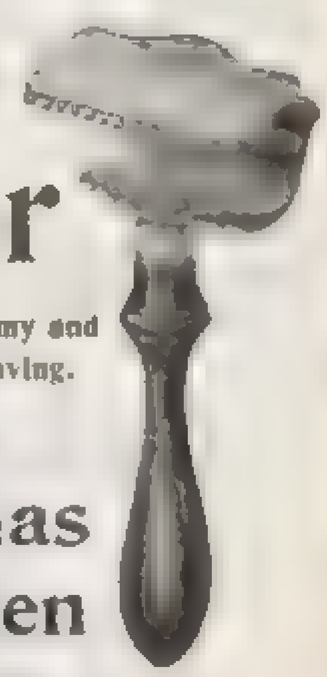

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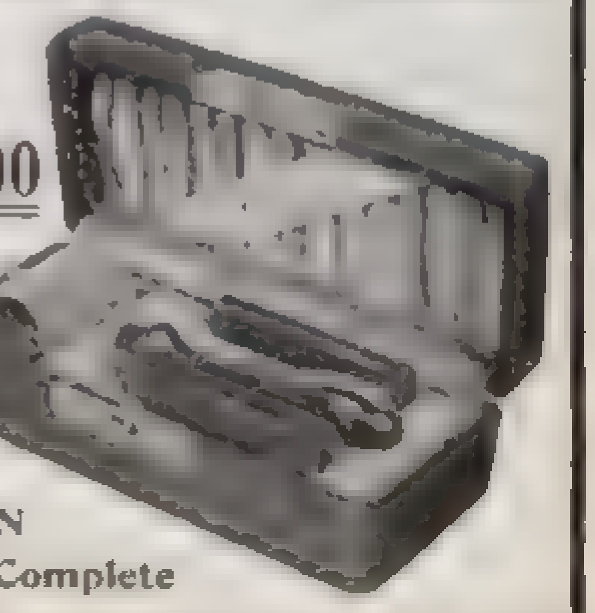

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Sandringham. In that great English country house, neither palace nor castle, Edward VII finds himself more at home than anywhere else in the world, and there he will spend the holiday this year in the bosom of his family. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be there, of course, with their children, and it is reasonable to expect that there will be great romps. In Potsdam half the day will be spent in religious exercises, Wilhelm II being an earnest churchman, but in his uncle's establishment there is more jollity and less piety, and an effort is made at Yuletide to relinquish all cares both as to this world and the next.

There will be trees for the young folks—the Prince Consort, King Edward's father, who was a German, introduced them at the English Court—and the children will hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve. To his wife the monarch will give a dozen bottles of her favorite perfume, lavender water (his invariable contribution), and also a necklace of diamonds or some such trifle in the way of jewelry. Of course, Alexandra already possesses a vastly greater number of jewels than she can possibly wear; but a queen, after all, is a woman, and what woman ever had all the jewels she wanted? There will be presents, you may be sure, for all the family and for the lords and ladies in waiting, the gentlemen of the bedchamber, the mistresses of the robes, the maids of honor, and so on down to the grooms and kitchen-maids. When Victoria was alive, every retainer who had belonged to the household during the lifetime of her husband received at Christmas a piece of plate, with a black-bordered card that read: "With the good wishes of her Majesty and the Prince Consort." She liked, you see, still to associate the Prince with gifts conferred upon those who knew him.

The Dinner at Sandringham

But it is the Christmas dinner that will be the most important feature of the holiday at Sandringham. One hundred plum-puddings—just think of that, and smack your lips!—will be furnished by the royal kitchens, in order that everybody may have plenty and to spare. There is no fear of waste, for whatever is left over will be given to the poor. And such plum-puddings, too! The recipe has been handed down, as carefully as any substantial heirloom, from the time of King James I, who, indeed, is said to have been its originator.

On the sideboards in the great dining-hall, in obedience to ancient tradition and long-established custom, will be placed a huge boar's head crowned with holly, a vast woodcock-pie, and a cold "Baron" of beef weighing two hundred pounds. The beef must be from one of the King's own oxen. It will be cooked on the twenty-second day of December, so as to give it plenty of time to cool, the roasting being done over an enormous dripping-pan in front of an open fire; and finally, when sufficiently chilled, it will be served on an immense silver dish which once belonged to Henry VIII. There is a legend to the effect that Charles II, on a certain occasion, being overcome with delight by the flavor of a loin of beef, drew his sword and, with much solemnity, knighted it in due form—whence the term Sir Loin. Whether this be a true story or not, it is not recorded that a chuck of beef was ever made a Baron.

The Czar of all the Russias is not likely to have a very merry Christmas this year, but he may derive some timely consolation from a dozen quarts of the finest Scotch whisky which, in accordance with long-followed custom, King Edward will send him. A huge stone jar of marmalade, specially prepared by the Queen's cooks, went to him annually from Balmoral Castle when Victoria was alive, but it may be that this tribute has been discontinued. Anyway, the present of Nicholas to King Edward will undoubtedly be, as usual, a dozen boxes of Cuban cigars, of a brand manufactured and put up expressly for the Czar by a firm in Havana. Five hundred boxes of them are shipped every year from Havana, in time for Christmas, and are distributed among relatives and among members of the Russian Court circle.

Not infrequently the gifts picked out by the Czar on such occasions are decidedly odd. For example, he will sometimes present to a favored courtier a herd of deer. When Queen Victoria was alive he would send to her at Christmas a fresh-caught sturgeon, packed in ice, and it is said the royal lady greatly appreciated the luxury. For the imperial children bonbons and toys are ordered from Paris; but the baby heir to the throne, though already a full general, is as yet too young to eat candy or to appreciate the meaning of Christmas—a festival which, it should be realized, is celebrated twelve days later by the Russians, in obedience to the rules of their Church, which put the date at our Epiphany.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, will gather all his grandchildren around him this Christmas, as usual, and will make the day as merry as possible for them. He is getting to be an old man now, and his life has held many troubles; but in the company of the young folks he is able to forget his sorrows, and nothing delights him more than to go shopping for toys and other things likely to give pleasure to small boys and girls. To his fellow-sovereigns, and likewise to a few intimate friends, he sends, as a token of good will appropriate to the festive season, the greatest imaginable luxury in the way of drinkables—a dozen bottles of Tokay from the royal cellars.

Candy from the Sultan

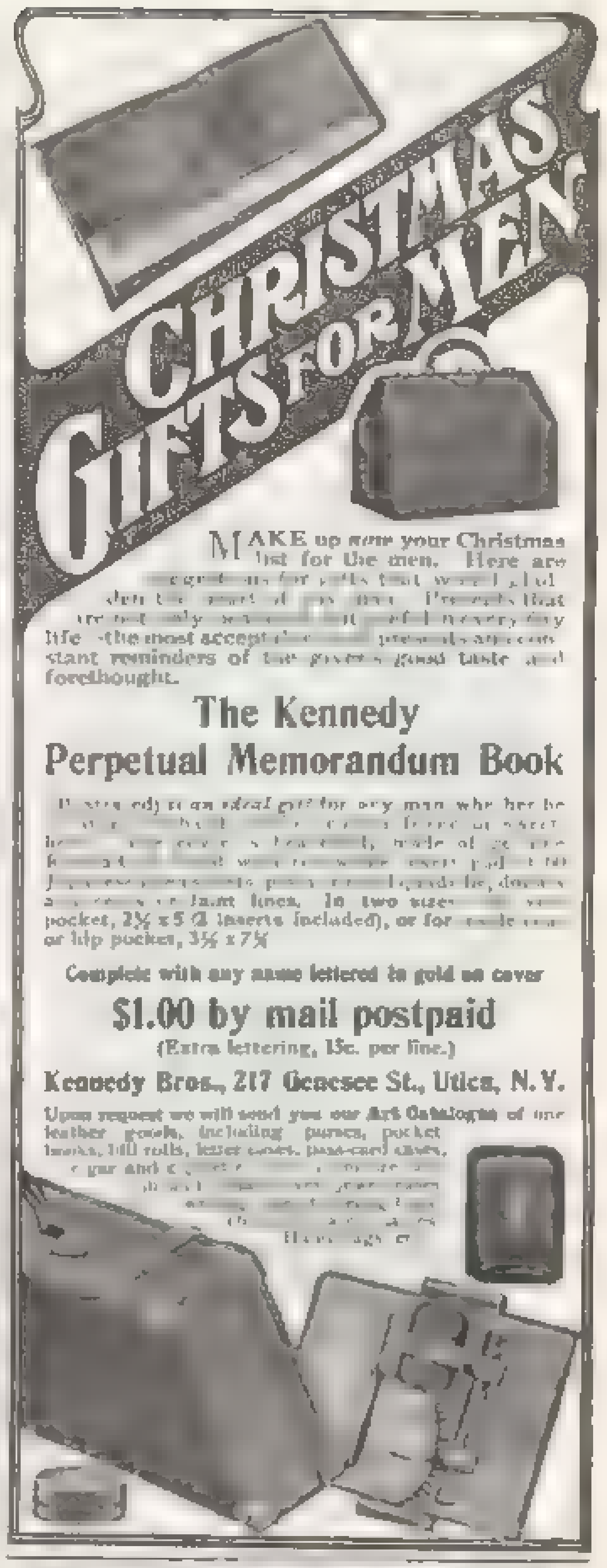
The Sultan of Turkey, of course, being a Mohammedan and himself the Pope of that faith, does not celebrate Christmas; but, as a matter of politeness, he signifies his remembrance of the day by sending to each of his fellow-monarchs—well, what do you think? Why, nothing more nor less than a huge and beautifully-decorated box of candy, of the kind known as "Lokoom," or "Turkish Delight." In eating this candy, which is specially prepared by the Sultan's own confectioner, the recipients have the pleasure of knowing that they are partaking of the favorite sweet of the royal seraglio. A gift, specially appropriate to the person upon whom it is to be bestowed, is put into each box.

If common report does not belie the Belgian monarch, the opera-singers of Paris are often the beneficiaries of King Leopold's Christmas generosity, and to them he is liberal enough, though a notorious niggard otherwise. With most of his family he has quarreled, and his palace at Brussels this year is not likely to be the scene of any cheerful Yuletide festivities. But his choice of gifts, when he does bestow one upon a royal or other distinguished personage, is usually a handsome Brussels carpet.

Christmas in Madrid is a gloomy day, so far as its celebration by royalty is concerned. There is a great deal of religious ceremonial and very little fun. It is said that Queen Christine, when she was Regent, tried to introduce at court the Christmas tree, the sentiment connected with which had been dear to her heart when she was only a little Austrian princess in the nursery at Vienna; but the high clerical dignitaries frowned upon it as an emblem of heathen worship, and the idea had to be abandoned. The royal mother is a woman of simple tastes, and it is recorded that, a year or two ago, when her son, King Alfonso, asked her what she would like for a Christmas gift, she decided in favor of a white bison.

Little Queen Wilhelmina, of the Kingdom of Pays-Bas, as it is known in the language of the diplomats—or of the Netherlands, as we should say it—though she has been a married woman for several years now, still has a Christmas tree and hangs up her stocking for Kriss Kringle to fill. She is very clever with her needle, and to her friends she sends at Yuletide numerous specimens of her own handiwork.

At Rome, as in Madrid, Christmas is a rather solemn holiday, celebrated by religious processions and by masses in the churches. In the evening, however, the King will give a grand dinner, which will be followed by a reception attended by a multitude of political and other dignitaries. The Pope will pass the day quietly at the Vatican, and the potentates and other personages who receive presents from him in recognition of the sacred anniversary will value them rather for the sentiment they convey than for their intrinsic worth. His personal blessing, with an autograph letter, and accompanied by a few jars of wine made from grapes grown on the Pincian Hill, comprise the only gifts which, out of his poverty, he feels able to bestow. His predecessor, Leo, used to send snuff to Queen Victoria every Christmas, recommending it to the royal lady as a sovereign cure for catarrh and other such ailments, and thus it was that her faithful companion and factotum, John Brown, obtained his supplies of the article. But the consignments of sneezing tobacco, it is said, have been discontinued under Pius X.



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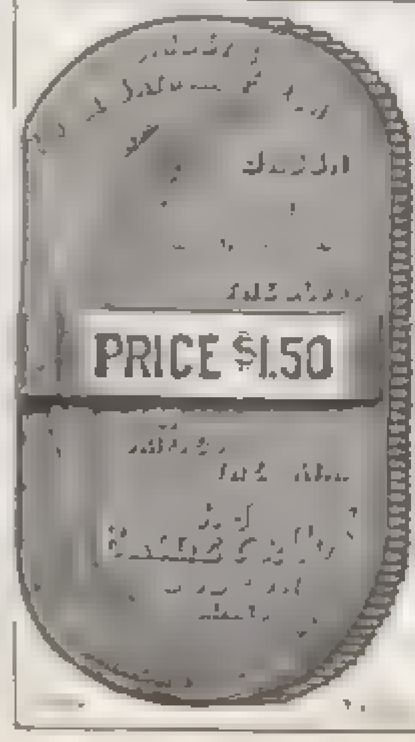

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PLAYER FOLK

Mr. Ben Greet

Backing the Classics

MR. BEN GREET is the last manager in the world to air a grievance against his critics; but it is known to his friends that he has reason for holding no very exalted opinion of those who have written most about him. Almost alone among modern men of the theatre, he believes that good dramatic literature makes good acting plays, and that there is a large public which will patronize it if artistically staged and capably acted.

Three years ago he came to America to make a stand against the modern methods of staging the elder classics, according to which, in order to make way for elaborate and quite irrelevant scenery, scenes are cut and transposed and the performance dragged out so as greatly to impair its force. His first venture was the beautiful and impressive old morality play, Everyman. With one or two exceptions, the critics denounced the production as dull, and the play as sacrilegious, in that it introduced Deity—the yellow journals being loudest in outraged protest. There were only some sixty dollars in the house the first night, and though subsequent performances drew better, the receipts still fell short of a hundred dollars. Mr. Charles Frohman summoned Mr. Greet, and told him that the play would have to be taken off.

Mr. Greet was still convinced that the intelligent public had only to learn what the play was to flock to it; but his entreaties were in vain. Then he reminded Mr. Frohman of a clause in their contract which provided that in such an event he was to be permitted to finance the venture himself. Mr. Frohman is not a disciple of art for glory, but he is a sound business man, and has an iron nerve. He looked Mr. Greet in the eye and asked if he was in earnest. Finding that he was, he decided himself to give the play another try. The result was that it grew steadily in popular appreciation; and though obliged to move about from theatre to theatre, a most trying test of its vitality, won out one of the few substantial successes of the season. Much the same thing happened throughout the country, from Boston to San Francisco. Since then Mr. Greet has presented a large and varied repertory of classical plays. The critics are still indifferent, and often violently hostile. But the public is strong in its support of Mr. Greet and the classics.

Edwin Abeles as an Actress

ONE of the saddest limitations of the actor's art is the impossibility of getting away from one's own physique. A dwarf may write romances about heroes, or a hunchback about Apollo; but the player can never get very far away from his visible self. It is often said that there are so few Juliets because those who are young enough to look the part are seldom old enough to feel it. The elder Sothern had a lifelong desire to appear in romantic rôles, but after Dundreary he knew that his ambition was doomed. Mr. Crane's recent performance in Business is Business was acknowledged to be a creation of consummate imagination and power, but it went for little with the public, which expected to be made to admire and laugh. Francis Wilson, tired of buffooning, and sadly mindful of the defects of his singing voice, made the transition to spoken comedy via the lightly farcical Cousin Billy, but nearly came a cropper because his laughter-compelling knees were in evidence, owing to the Tyrolian costume he wears, and the critics were sorely disappointed because he refrained, for the most part, from barking them on the stage properties.

Edwin Abeles nourishes a tragedy in his breast. He is limited by the peculiarities of his face and figure to rather unpleasant character parts and farcical comedy—and in his field is an artist of infinite skill and humor. But at the Lambs' Club he is known as—an emotional actress of the very first order! When the brief play out of which Edwin Milton Royle made The Squaw Man was first performed there at a gambol, Mr. Abeles took the part of the Indian girl who kills herself out of devotion to her white husband. Those who saw his performance say that it was far finer and more moving than that of the able young actress who takes the part in Mr. Faversham's admirable production of the rewritten play. A few weeks ago the Lambs revived one of Augustus Thomas' early pieces, The Judicial Point, and Mr. Abeles took the part of a middle-aged woman. An audience of actors is the most difficult of all to move, but Mr. Abeles played with such sincerity and power that his great scenes left his comrades shaken and in tears.

Bernhardt on Her Audiences

WHETHER or not Sarah Bernhardt ever spoke of our neighbors the Cubans as "half-civilized negroes who wear evening dress," the report that she did so recalled to a playgoer a not dissimilar incident that he himself witnessed in one of our own Western cities—which one it might prove invidious to mention. The piece was a modern problem play, and at the climax Madame Bernhardt had to deliver to a recreant husband one of those *tirades* which she declaims so brilliantly. The man who tells the story says that as the scene progressed something seemed to go wrong with what she was saying. His French was none too good, but he made out clearly enough that what she was denouncing was not the husband but the chief hotel of that Western city—the badness of its table, the hardness of its beds, and the insolence of its waiters. In all her travels, she said, she had never found a city where the people lived so like pigs. She threw a great deal of animation into this improvised *tirade*, and embellished it with the glowing, golden hues of her marvelous voice. When she concluded, the audience applauded it rapturously

Hard on the Johnnies

EVEN in musical comedy it is more and more evident that the public is ceasing to care as it once did for crowded productions and scenic display. Mr. Herbert Sleath Skelton, an English actor who is now appearing in The Squaw Man, was approached, a year or two ago, by a party of London theatrical men who wanted him to join them in a new venture. He said that he would on one condition, and that was that there should be no chorus.

"What is the use," he said, "of spending hundreds of pounds a week on a string of pretty girls, and buying them a lot of gowns that cost forty to eighty pounds each, just for the benefit of a few Johnnies from the universities who want to cut a dash by ogling them and taking them out to supper?" He stood for a comedy with real characters, and a plot that was not broken into smithereens by eternal song and dance, and that was in consequence capable of arousing genuine human interest and sympathy. He had his way, and the result was The White Chrysanthemum. The incidental music is pretty, and there is here and there a song. The few people in the cast are of the best, both in singing and in acting. With some of the numbers a quartet is introduced, and it is composed of real musical ability. The cost of the whole was not more than that of a "straight" comedy or drama. It was an immediate hit, and in the first few weeks paid for the production entire. It is now "running to velvet," as theatrical men put it.

"Rather hard on the chappies," Mr. Skelton remarks; "but when we get our dividends we somehow don't think of that."

The Road of a Thousand Wonders

Seeing the wonders of the Pacific Coast is no longer a momentous undertaking. The stage coach of pioneer days still rumbles through the valleys, but the traveler of to-day views the marvels of California and Oregon from luxurious trains of the Coast Line and Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific Company

The places we read so much about, the scenic masterpieces that have carried the fame of the Coast Country to the far ends of civilization; the chain of Missions founded by the Franciscan Friars; the sweet pea farms and miles upon miles of blossoms; the Big Trees that were old in Noah's time; the pyramid group of the Santa Lucia Mountains, the snow-capped peaks and glaciers of Mt. Shasta; the table-lands of the Siskiyou Range; the game forests and trout streams of Oregon, and hundreds of other equally amazing sights, are all to be seen on this one road

Beginning at Los Angeles, the map of the road is like a pen line drawn from one historical point to another; from one health giving resort to the next; through a wealth of marine and mountain views outrivaling anything of the kind found in this or other lands. Other journeys may have their single features; other countries their points of interest, but nowhere else is there a railroad 1300 miles long, every league of which offers something unusual to the nature-student, sensation-lover, health seeker, mountain climber, investor, hunter and fisherman.

Stop where you will, stay as long as you like, there is always something to hold you.

Consider that all this feast is on one excursion ticket, and then compare it with the expense of going abroad. Is it a [illegible] wonder that California and Orego[illegible] are becoming more and more the mecca for Americans? Is it any wonder that the *Sunset Magazine* of San Francisco, devoted to the lore of this great country, is so eagerly sought by people everywhere who gladly pay it[illegible] subscription price of a [illegible] It isn't [illegible] who haven't been that all this seems difficult of understanding. For such *a beautifully illustrated book has been published*. If you would like a copy complimentary, send name and address to Chas S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, 915 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, Cal.

LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

Dr. H. C. Rowland
The Fearless Author of The Mountain of Fears in a Venezuelan Forest

Novelist and Wanderer

DR. HENRY C. ROWLAND, whose new novel, The Mountain of Fears, has just been published, is a young man not a little of whose thirty years have been passed on water. The taste for the sea he got, no doubt, at his birthplace, Greenwich, Connecticut, and though, when he left Yale, he studied medicine and specialized successfully in surgery, the *wanderlust* never died. He was a surgeon with our navy first in Cuba and then in the Philippines, seeing some service under fire ashore. Now he has altogether given up medicine for literature, and generally, with his wife, passes a part of each autumn duck-shooting and sailing at Hampton Roads.

Last year Doctor Rowland and his brother sailed his sloop from New York by the inside route, and afterward he and Mrs. Rowland explored the Dismal Swamp in their boat. Yet another expedition was to Venezuela, where the accompanying snapshot was made by Mrs. Rowland. All of Doctor Rowland's books have, by the way, had an Australian, as well as an American, publication, and have gained no small popularity on the Pacific Continent.

Disraeli's Inconsistency

THIS is a Gladstone-Disraeli story which is told by Professor George E. Woodberry, of Columbia University:

Robert Browning, so goes the tale, was once at the opening of a Royal Academy Exhibition when he fell in with Benjamin Disraeli and asked the Earl of Beaconsfield what he thought of the show. At once Disraeli pulled a long face.

"Awful! Awful!" he cried. "It's the most depressing exhibition I have ever had the misfortune to see."

"Why?" said Browning. "I think it pretty good. What fault have you to find with it?"

"Just this," replied Disraeli. "Here are acres and acres of paintings of every sort—portraits, landscapes, seascapes, what-not—and yet, sir, in all this waste of paint in England's London, you will find no single picture which gives any hint of the English spirit. You have French, German, Italian characteristics by the yard, but nowhere do you encounter a token of that robust manliness which is Great Britain!"

At the official dinner which followed Browning sat next to Gladstone and, thus seated, heard Disraeli wind up his speech with the statement:

"But what is, after all, best about this exhibition is that it gives at least an adequate expression to the English spirit. Here, there and everywhere, on these walls, you find depicted that robust manliness which is Great Britain!"

Amazed, Browning whispered to Gladstone precisely what Disraeli had said to him two hours before. The poet smiled, but not so the statesman. Instead, Gladstone's mouth tightened at the long corners, and his chin shot out through the open front of his collar. Then, very distinctly, he uttered only one word. But that one word he spoke in the true Gladstone fashion: and it was: *"Scoundr-r-rel!"*

Where the Publisher Fails

"THE trouble with our American publishers"—so said, last week, an author who has issued successes with a half-dozen firms—"The trouble with our American publishers is that they won't, as a rule, accept a book unless they are pleased with every line in it. Thus they miss many a novel which, with the change of a scene or two, would have made money for them. In other words, our publishers have too narrow a conception of what their business should really be.

"Not so with the English publisher. When he gets hold of a manuscript that has some promising points in it, he'll send around for the author and, over a little dinner, diplomatically suggest that this or that character be changed thus or so, and agree to take the story if the alterations are made. Of course, the author isn't going to do a couple of months' work rewriting without a definite promise of acceptance from the publisher, but that, in most cases, a definite promise pays the publisher has been demonstrated again and again.

"This is a method of procedure which our publishers are reluctant to adopt, but why they are reluctant I could never see—especially as about the only man in America who did adopt them made the success of The Red Badge of Courage and David Harum."

How to Refuse Your Own MS.

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN has had, he says, only one strange experience in all his career. But that experience was surely worth living for: he once refused his own manuscript.

It fell out thus:

While Mr. Harriman was writing a daily department of jokes and humorous verses for the Detroit Free Press, he had a serious moment and dashed off a special article which he straightway sent to a literary agent in New York. Some months later Willis Abbott asked Harriman to succeed him as editor of The Pilgrim, and Harriman took the job. One of the first manuscripts submitted to the new editor came from the literary agent and proved to be Harriman's own serious special article.

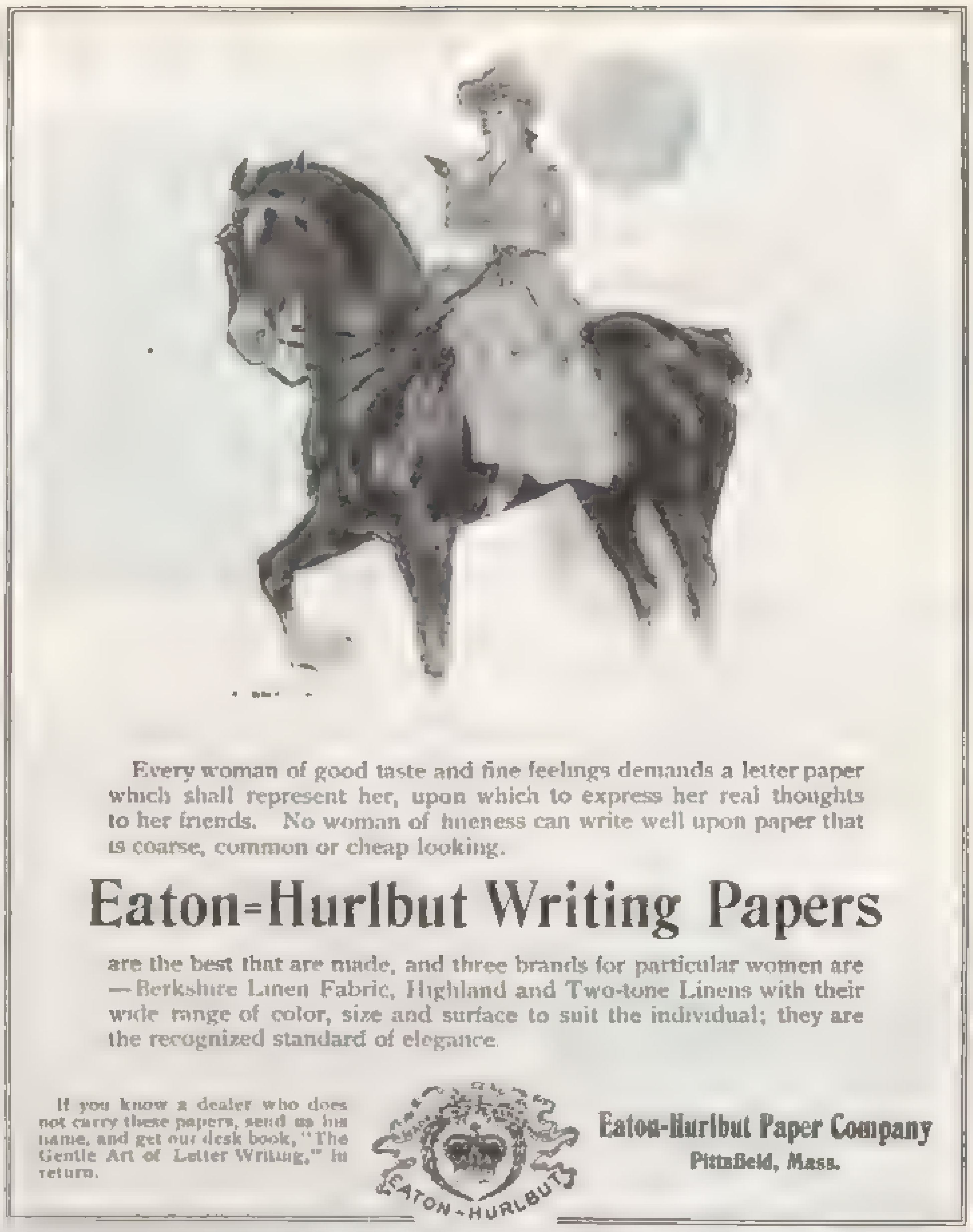
"I read it over," says Harriman, "and, really, it was worse than I thought it could be, so I dictated the following letter to the agent:

> "*Dear Sir:* I have read with much interest the manuscript which you have been good enough to submit to this magazine—Big Bears in the Little West, by Karl Edwin Harriman—but regret to say that, although Mr. Harriman seems to me to be a young man of much promise, his style is not yet quite up to the requirements of my periodical.
>
> "Very truly yours,
> "KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN."

A Stupid Hero

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the Irish poet, has at last confessed that, as has long been suspected, he is the original of Ulick Dean in George Moore's still much-discussed novel, Evelyn Innes. But Mr. Yeats is not over-proud of the distinction.

"I don't mind what Moore makes me do," he recently complained to a friend; "I don't mind that, because a man's actions are matters between himself and his own conscience. But a literary man's words are an affair between himself and his public—and oh, how I have a grudge against Moore for the stupid things he makes me say!"



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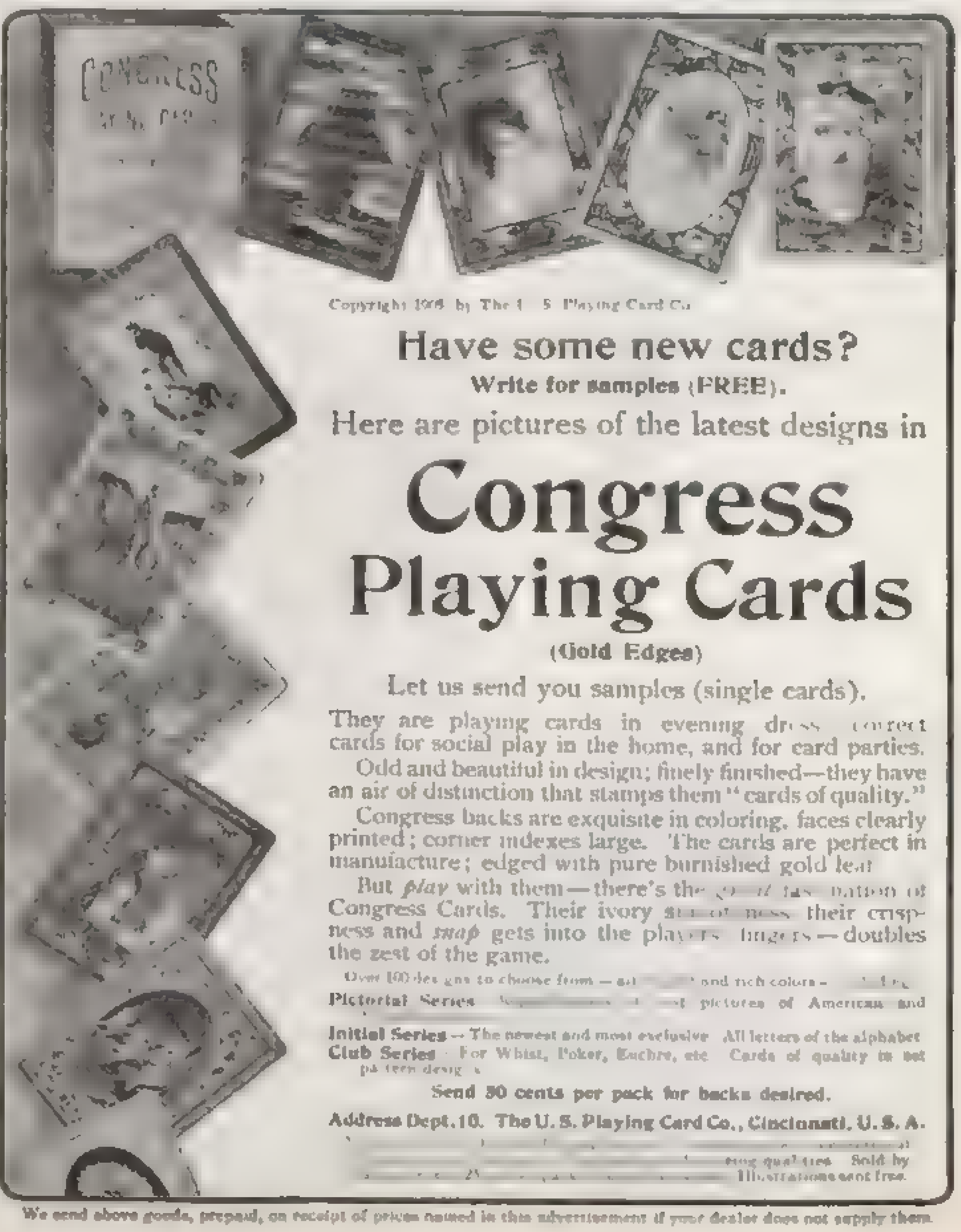

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We send above goods, prepaid, on receipt of prices named in this advertisement if your dealer does not supply them.

Rambler Cars of steady service for 1906

IN SELECTING our line for the coming season it was early decided that Surreys, Types One and Two, were beyond any question of retirement and that but few improvements were possible. Therefore, these models with some slight alterations will be continued. To these are added Type Three, which is practically an elaboration of Type One, the power plant and chassis remaining the same, except somewhat lengthened to accommodate a larger and longer body.

These models are equipped with the tried and proven Rambler power plant, comprising our double opposed motor and planetary pattern transmitting gear, and are too well known to the trade and public to require extended description at this time.

Prices: Type One $1,200, Type Two $1,650, Type Three $1,350, all with full equipment of lamps, horns, tools, etc.

"The Latest of the Ramblers," the strictly 1906 product, comprises four models. Model Fourteen is a modern medium weight touring car equipped with a four-cylinder vertical motor 20-25 horse power, with sliding type transmitting gear, giving three forward speeds and reverse.

Final drive is by propeller shaft and bevel gear to the differential on the rear axle.

A notable feature is the method of connecting and bracing this shaft in which the universal joint is at the forward end and is entirely enclosed, running in an oil bath.

The external design is along most modern lines with a wheel base of 106 inches.

The selling price of this model is $1,750 with complete equipment.

Model Fifteen is a heavier car with similar but more powerful equipment, the motor being 35-40 horse power and the final drive by individual chain to each rear wheel. The body is practically the same as in Type Fourteen but longer and larger, the wheel base being 112 inches.

Model Sixteen is a most luxuriously appointed Limousine on the Model Fifteen chassis, selling at $3,500.

The Rambler runabout for 1906 is a fitting heir to the reputation gained by the earlier Ramblers of this type. It is equipped with a double opposed motor of 10-12 horse power, placed longitudinally in the frame and driving through the Rambler planetary gear. As a Runabout with 3 inch tires it will sell at $800 and with detachable tonneau and 3½ inch tires at $950.

Catalogue and full descriptive matter will be mailed upon request, but a careful personal examination of these cars at our various branches and agencies, will convince you that whatever may be your requirement, in service or price, the Rambler is the car you need.

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Odditles and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

SERVICEABLE SAWDUST—You May Build with It, Blot with It, Eat It or Drink It.

MANY ways of putting sawdust to profitable use have recently been discovered, one of the most important being the manufacture of artificial woods which—the sawdust being mixed with tar-resin and pressed at a high temperature in moulds—may be cut, planed and bored like ordinary wood. It takes a beautiful polish.

Mixed with a binding material, sawdust is poured into moulds and thus formed into an imitation of wood-carvings that is extremely handsome. In the same way mouldings and decorative work of various kinds are produced, including panels for the walls and ceilings of houses. By such means "wood architecture," as it is called, for chamber decoration, is made extremely cheap, the most artistic designs being reproduced at trifling cost.

What is known as "wood marble" is made from a mixture of the sawdust of fine hardwoods with ivory waste, to which pigments are sometimes added, waterglass and glue being employed as a binder. The substance thus produced is cut into veneers, which take a high polish, and which resemble in appearance the finest marbles.

Oxalic acid, which is an important commercial article, is produced nowadays almost exclusively from sawdust. What is known as "wood meal," which is fine sifted sawdust, is used to imitate pollen in the manufacture of artificial flowers. Beech sawdust is utilized for polishing gold, and in France wood meal is employed to dry up ink, in place of the old-fashioned sand, and as a substitute for blotting-paper. For this purpose, the dust of hardwoods is chiefly used, and commonly it is dyed and perfumed, so as to be pretty and agreeable for a woman's writing-desk.

Sawdust is the source of much of the cellulose now employed for the manufacture of explosives. Eventually, however, its most important usefulness is likely to be in the production of sugar and alcohol. Sawdust is practically pure cellulose, and the latter is convertible into sugar, which, by processes already well understood, can be transformed into alcohol.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN—He is Useful When Domesticated, and the Government Will Try to Save Him.

EFFORTS are to be made, under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, to reintroduce, and to some extent to domesticate, the species of grouse commonly known as the "prairie chicken" in parts of the country where formerly it was plentiful, but in which it has been exterminated.

That such a plan is practicable is indicated by the success of an experiment made three-quarters of a century ago in Kentucky by the naturalist Audubon, who secured sixty prairie hens and, clipping their wings, turned them loose in his garden and orchard, which contained about four acres. The birds quickly became tame, and "walked about the garden like so many barnyard fowls, mingling occasionally with the domestic poultry." In those days, according to Audubon, prairie chickens could commonly be purchased for a cent apiece; at the present time they are worth from three dollars to five dollars a brace, and the supply at that price does not equal the demand.

An additional reason for the reintroduction of this bird, so much prized by the epicure, lies in the fact that it is most valuable as a destroyer of weeds and insects. So efficient is it in this way that its presence might be said to add appreciably to the value and productiveness of any farm. It is one of the noblest of game fowls, affording admirable sport, and for this cause alone its threatened disappearance is greatly to be regretted.

The booming call of the prairie chicken is the dominant spring note on the plains of the West. In the nuptial season, the birds assemble every morning at daybreak on little hillocks, and the cocks strut about with wings drooping and widespread tails. The rivalry of the males at these gatherings often leads to fierce fights, but eventually all find partners and make nests among the standing grass. About a dozen eggs are laid in a clutch. In the autumn the coveys usually congregate in packs, which have been known to number as many as one thousand birds.

FARMING THE ALLIGATOR—A Paying Industry in Which There is Always a Demand for the Supply.

THERE are two alligator farms in this country—one at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and the other at Palm Beach, Florida. They are managed by enterprising persons who make a business of furnishing large specimens to zoölogical gardens and parks, as well as for advertising purposes. Little alligators are supplied for private aquariums, and, as a "side line," alligator teeth, jewelry and leather goods are kept in stock.

The most picturesque branch of the business, however, is the artificial incubation of alligator eggs, which are hatched in large numbers in ordinary chicken incubators. At the Arkansas farm about five hundred of the reptiles are kept on hand, confined in a large inclosure through which runs a creek. The females begin laying late in July, making their nests on the sandy beach, from which the eggs are transferred to the incubators.

The demand for baby alligators, both alive and stuffed, is large and unfailing. In summer, the alligator farmers go hunting for the reptilian game, trapping as many as possible. To rear the creatures from the egg to any considerable size is out of the question, inasmuch as it takes an alligator at least a century to grow up; a fourteen-foot specimen may fairly be supposed to have reached an age of two hundred years.

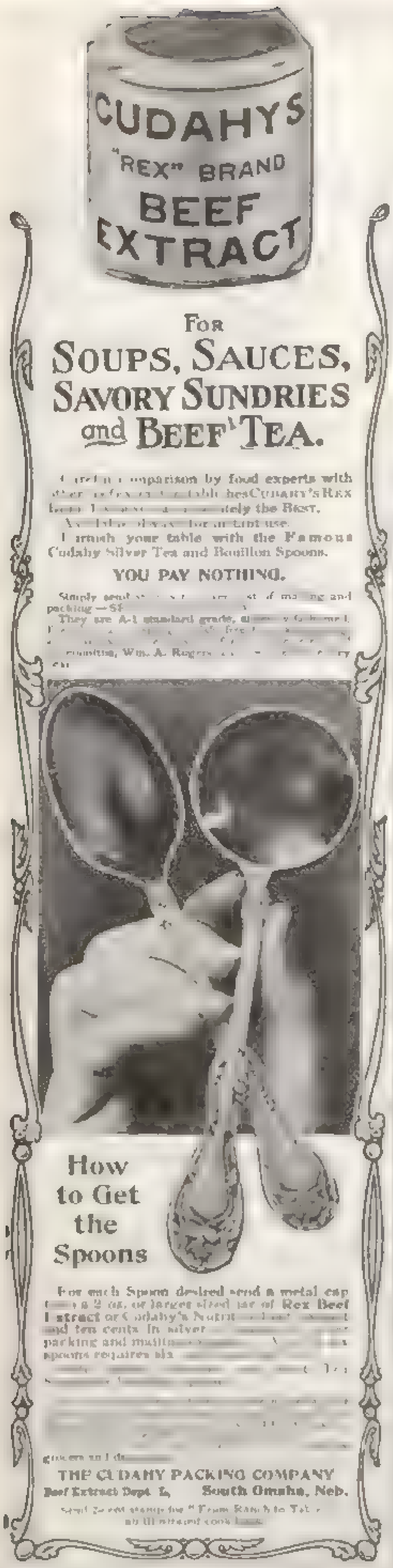
For crocodiles the hunters go to Biscayne Bay, in Florida, which is said to be the only place in America where they are found. The American crocodile seems to be pretty much the same as the Egyptian, though it does not attain so great a size. As a special curiosity, it commands, as might be expected, a higher price than the every-day alligator of commerce. Its habits are much the same as those of the alligator, and its eggs, which look like goose eggs, are hatched by incubator in a similar fashion.

DISCREET UNCLE SAM—When Your Letters Go Astray, He Sees that No Harm Comes of Them.

THE Dead-Letter Office at Washington is the depository of a multitude of secrets. In the course of a year many hundreds of thousands of letters are opened there and their contents read. Not a little of the matter contained in these communications is of a private and confidential nature, and some of it might do a great deal of damage if made public. But there has never been a case in which information of the kind has been divulged.

When possible, often by the utmost exercise of ingenuity in deciphering illegible addresses and hunting for missing individuals, letters are finally delivered or else returned to the writers. But there are not infrequent instances where the return of compromising missives might make serious trouble, and in such cases, at the discretion of the officials in charge, they are burned. For example, a married woman might imprudently mail her photograph, with a too affectionate inscription, to a man of her acquaintance, with every reason to fear unpleasant consequences in the event of its coming back from the Dead-Letter Office.

In cases of this sort discretion must be exercised. It is important that people recover their lost letters, but it is of far greater consequence, now and then, that Uncle Sam should refrain from sending them back, burying in his bosom, so to speak, the secrets they contain. Where photographs are concerned, the Dead-Letter Office assumes the functions of a censor, and all that are judged to be improper are carefully bundled up and consigned to the maw of a furnace, which in the course of a year reduces to harmlessness an immense amount of material that might be injurious to the happiness of countless individuals.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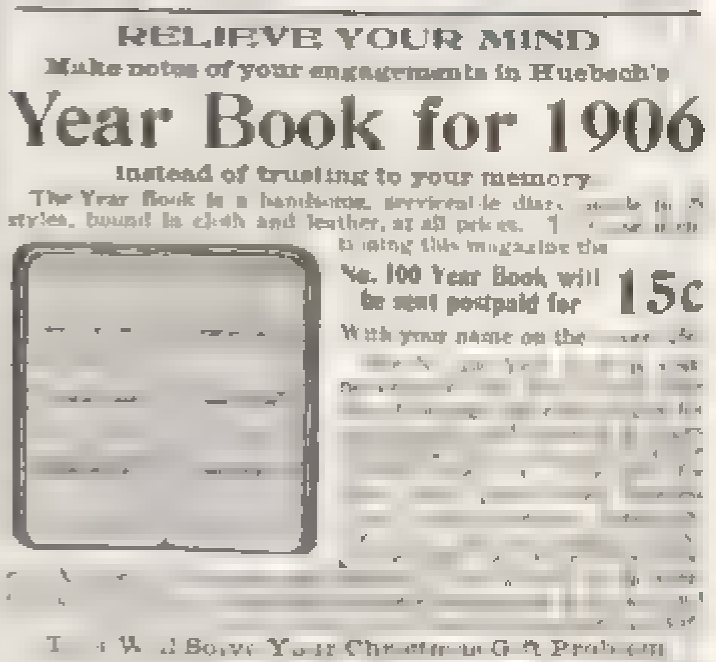
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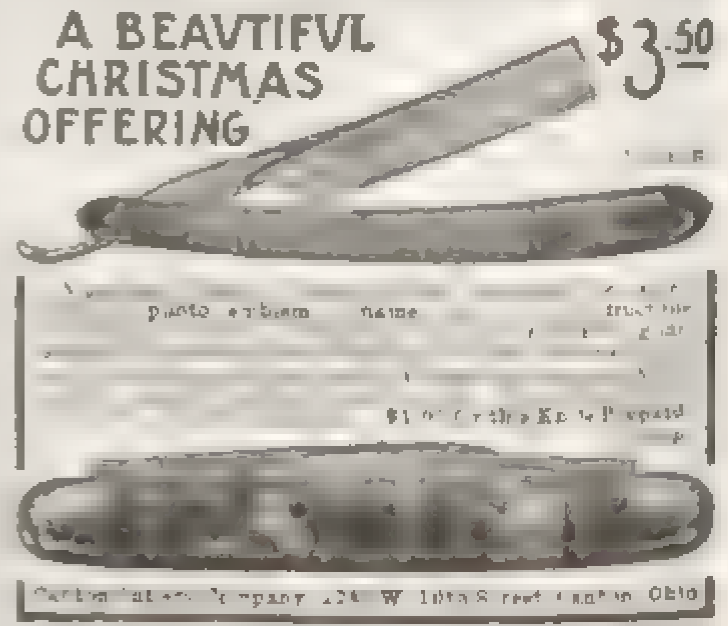
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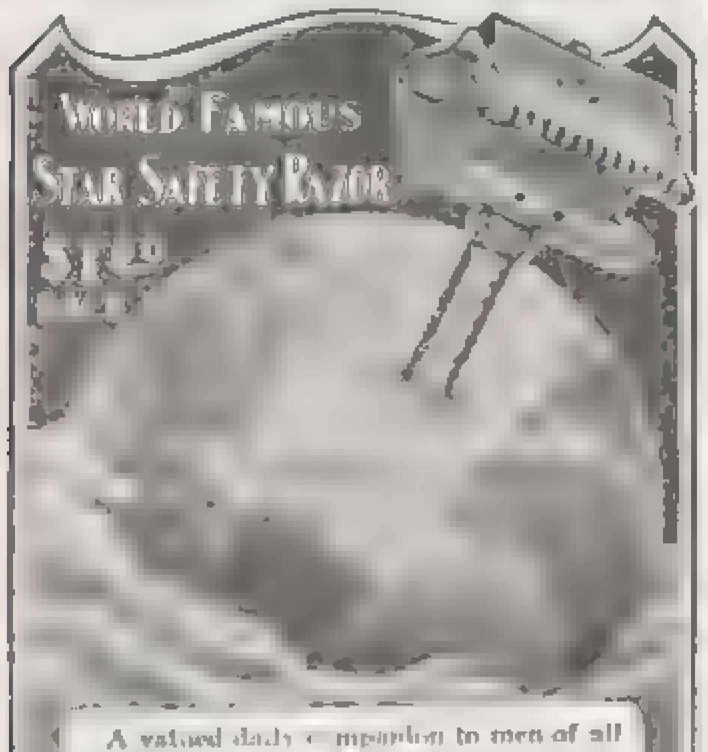
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Diversions of a Humorist

Eugene Field Among His Friends

BY FRANCIS MADISON LARNED

BALZAC says in La Grande Breteche that a man who has no hobby does not know half the good to be got out of life, and that a hobby is the happy medium between a passion and a monomania. He speaks, in this connection, so enthusiastically of Sterne that one cannot help wishing that the author of Cousin Pons might have known Eugene Field, for Field had a unique and indomitable hobby that kept himself and his friends busy a good part of the time. This hobby consisted in the exploitation of curious, bizarre and outlandish things—that is to say, small, portable objects of that kind. I say "exploitation" rather than "collection," for, after the object had served its purpose, he retained interest in it generally only as a souvenir of the past fun it represented. There was a little of the conventional collector about him, and, for that matter, he was an expert in converting conventionality into fun-making material.

I met him one day on the street as he was coming from the famous "Saints and Sinners" corner. The long ulster which he wore was open in front and its pockets were stuffed with books over which his hands exercised a jealous guard. As he came swinging along, something queer about the appearance of his necktie caught my eye. A nearer view showed that he wore a scarf-pin about the size and shape of a domino, which bore as a design, against a background of black enamel, a white enamel gravestone under the drooping branches of a white enamel yew tree. Some expression of astonishment at this dismal ornament escaped me, whereat Field chuckled and said:

"Fool thing, isn't it?"

At about this time he had in some way acquired a handful of Bavarian peasant wedding rings—huge affairs of German silver liberally bejeweled with bits of colored glass. These he affected to hold in the highest esteem, and, for a time, he constantly wore four or five of them on his fingers. As his hands, owing to pen sketching, were usually much stained up with different colored inks, his "prehensile members," as he called them, arrayed in these enormous rings, presented, as he intended they should, an effectively grotesque appearance.

Another cherished possession which served Field in good stead was a silver watch as large around as a hardtack biscuit. This watch in the process of winding made a noise very like that of a house being moved on rollers through the streets. Whenever Field found that a serious discussion or earnest work was going on, he would at once fish this watch out of his pocket, consult it anxiously and then proceed solemnly to wind it. This performance effectively ended anything of a serious nature and served as a prelude to proceedings which to Field had some real import. He could, when he chose, command a peculiarly deep, crackling-like tone of voice, and he usually had recourse to this in making the few preliminary remarks which outlined the particular kind of foolery that he proposed to take in hand; for the supply of "fool things" sometimes gave out, but the hobby went on just the same. It was an adjustable, adaptable hobby, and if there were no Bavarian wedding rings or gravestone pins or minstrel watches to be had, Field at once invented some foolery of his own and thus kept the hobby in good working order all the time.

"One of 'Gene's Pranks"

Some one has said that a spirit of playfulness is characteristic of genius, and we have all heard simplicity extolled as one of the most admirable attributes of real greatness. It is, perhaps, reasonable to suppose that a spirit of playfulness might be one of the manifestations of this simplicity. Still, one can recall so many great men about whom nothing "playful" is recorded that the generalization is not satisfying. Doubtless some time the learned societies at home and abroad, realizing that this important question has been in abeyance long enough, will appoint a commission, with power to take testimony and summon witnesses, and will pronounce final and authoritative judgment. Could Field have appeared before such a commission his testimony would have been extremely interesting, not only to the committee itself, but also to people in general. In his case, however, it might better, perhaps, be called a spirit of "prankfulness," for, among his intimate friends, no phrase was oftener on the lip than "another of 'Gene Field's pranks." Much of his fun-making was spontaneous, but some of it was the result of astonishing care, forethought and patience. Yet, while he hugely enjoyed perpetrating jokes on others, he was extremely sensitive to jokes on himself, and he would take instant alarm at the slightest indication that he himself was to be made a target. Wherever he appeared the rôle of Master of the Revels seemed his by divine right, and no one had the temerity to think of interfering with his prerogative—much less of attempting anything in the way of retaliation. But occasionally he got "what was coming to him."

I remember a dinner of the Forty Club at which Field was in particularly fine form. Nearly every one present, to his confusion, had received more or less attention from Field, and he had the whole company practically stampeded. When the dinner was finished, the late Major Moses P. Handy, who was toastmaster, arose and began one of his inimitable, rapid-fire, after-dinner talks. He had spoken but a few minutes when he stopped abruptly, saying that he must not talk any longer, for he had met Mr. Field in the hall as he was coming in and, at Field's earnest solicitation, he had promised at the earliest opportunity to call on Field to recite some of his own poems. At this a great shout went up all around the table. Men tossed things in the air and grasped one another's hands enthusiastically, and a scene of mock congratulation and rejoicing began, which lasted several minutes, over the fact that, as one victim put it, "at last we have found some one who can put Mr. Field out of business."

Meanwhile, Field's usually pallid face turned crimson, his physical dimensions seemed to shrink perceptibly, and he was the picture of dismayed embarrassment. When he arose the spectacle of his confusion provoked another outburst. Altogether, it was a fearful ordeal, and his victims, perceiving that they had him on the run, showed him no mercy. Later, of course, he regained his composure, but his lips were sealed for the rest of the evening.

Vengeance on Moses Handy

Field's vengeance, however, was swift and terrible. Major Handy was, at that time, Chief of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion at the World's Fair. Always an eagerly sought dinner-guest, he was, in this position, literally buried in invitations. Field had noted this and had rallied him about it, accusing him of having brought no wardrobe except evening clothes and of being in profound ignorance as to the location of the Bureau of which he was the chief. A few days after the Forty Club dinner there appeared in Field's "Sharps and Flats" column what purported to be an account of a dinner given by "Cardinal" Bemis, of the Richelieu Hotel, to a distinguished visitor to the Fair who hailed from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and who had never been West before. The dinner was an extremely elaborate one and only six covers were laid. Terrapin was served as one of the courses, and when the guest of honor from Maryland had tried it he expressed astonishment that canned terrapin could taste so nearly like the fresh article. The "Cardinal," who was very proud of the cuisine of his hotel and very jealous of its reputation, looked at the guest in blank astonishment. Whereupon the guest with emphasis repeated his remark. The "Cardinal" then assured him that the terrapin was fresh terrapin and that nothing canned of any sort had ever been served in his house. The guest was incredulous and continued to marvel at the excellence of the canned terrapin.

The "Cardinal" repeated his assurances most seriously, but the guest merely smiled

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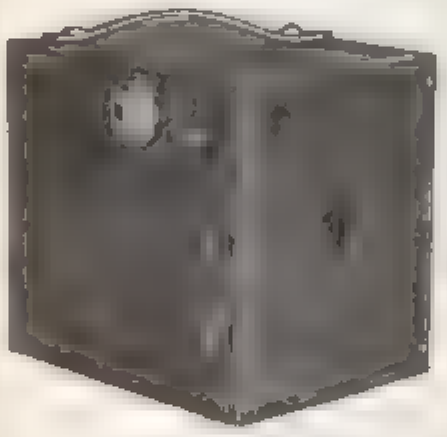

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indulgently, and said something about the manifest impossibility of serving fresh terrapin a thousand miles from the coast. The "Cardinal," now thoroughly aroused, turned suddenly to a waiter and said:

"Henry, go down into the cellar and bring up one of those live diamond-backs that are crawling around on the floor down there."

The waiter departed and presently appeared with a terrapin on a silver serving-tray. At the "Cardinal's" command he set the tray in the middle of the table. The terrapin moved slowly around on the platter, apparently scrutinizing each one of the guests, and when it caught sight of Major Handy—bowed to him!

Each Man His Own Critic

Field was a diligent attendant at the theatres, and he got an enormous amount of "copy" out of them for the "Sharps and Flats." Very often he would spend evenings making the rounds, dropping into each one for a little while. We were both on the same paper at this time, I being dramatic editor, and my "stuff" and his "Sharps and Flats" were printed usually on the same page. At "first nights" chance seemed always to make us meet somewhere between the acts and have a little chat—he asking me how I intended to treat the play and what I thought of it. After a while I began to realize that, some way, we never seemed to agree in print about a play. If I gave a piece a "good send-off," I was sure to find somewhere in the "Sharps and Flats" a paragraph or so strongly intimating that the play was the veriest rubbish; whereas, on the other hand, if I "roasted" a performance the "Sharps and Flats" would contain a conspicuous description of its great merits. This puzzled me, as I could not recall that, in chatting at the theatre, we ever disagreed particularly in our estimate of a play. Suddenly it flashed upon me that this was "another of 'Gene Field's pranks," and the next time I met him at the theatre I told him just the reverse of what I really thought. The following morning, for once, the "Sharps and Flats" and the regular dramatic column were in entire accord. Field immediately perceived that I had "tumbled to his game," and he chuckled greatly over the fact that he had succeeded in fooling me for a considerable time. The idea of having two absolutely contradictory estimates of a performance on the same page of the same paper had appealed so strongly to his sense of the ridiculous that he had cheerfully gone to the trouble of returning to the office to insert his dramatic paragraph into his column.

But trouble counted for nothing when he was exercising his hobby—in fact, to use an expression of his own, he had "a besotted infatuation" for it. At the office, in those days, the mail was not distributed, but was left in a large general box from which each member of the staff helped himself to his own. One night, while I was "sitting through" a new play, and at a moment when the lights were lowered and every eye and ear was strained toward the stage, I felt a touch on my arm and, as I turned, an usher shoved a large package into my hand and softly and silently disappeared. Examining the package hastily as soon as it was light enough, I found that it was a mass of letters and typewritten notices from advance-agents—the kind of stuff that comes to every dramatic editor by the bushel for use at the end of the week and most of which is summarily consigned to the waste-basket. Mystified I thrust the package into my overcoat and, later, forgot all about the incident.

About a week afterward, in exactly similar circumstances, I was again presented with an even larger mass of mail matter of the same kind in the same way. This roused me to the fact that Field was at his favorite amusement of "prank playing." As I went out I looked up the head usher, whom we both knew very well, and asked him how long since the theatre had become a sub-station of the post-office department. He was much confused, but finally frankly confessed that Mr. Field had given him the letters, telling him that it was of the utmost importance that I should receive them at once, as they contained most important news. He had therefore scanned the end seats in the orchestra until he had found mine, to which he forthwith dispatched one of his aids with the package. In my mind's eye now I can see Field chuckling in the foyer as he saw the messenger start on this preposterous errand.

I had been the victim of a series of such pranks and for some time had been meditating plans of revenge. It was a difficult matter, for Field was very wary and suspicious, and he had, besides, caused it to be generally understood that he would regard any attempt to retaliate as in extremely bad form—he wanted, in short, the whole field to himself.

Finally a company, with all the principal members of which Field was well acquainted, came along for a month's engagement. Field obtained a box for the entire series of performances, and, having marshaled a coterie of carefully chosen friends, began to give nightly theatre-parties. Relations between this box and the stage were quickly established and developed until the whole performance practically was "played" to the box, much to the amusement of those in the audience who understood the situation or who knew Field even by sight. I had heard of these proceedings and on several occasions had witnessed them. The fun was certainly growing fast and furious—so much so that Field and his friends had become the real audience. One morning I met him on the street, and as we bent our steps toward an old book-shop I said something about being sorry for what had happened at the Grand. He demanded what I meant. I asked him if he had not yet been to the office, to which he replied that he had not.

"Why," I said, "they have suspended your entrée to the theatre for the rest of this engagement at the request of the stage-manager, who complained that the goings-on in that box of yours had so demoralized the company as seriously to interfere with the proper production of the play."

Field flushed, stopped abruptly, and, looking at me sternly, said:

"Do—do you mean to say that's so?"

"You'll find out all about it when you go to the office," I replied.

We walked on in silence for a little way, and then Field exclaimed in great distress:

"I wouldn't have that happen for anything in the world!"

I made no comment, and we turned into the book-shop. But his snap was all gone and I saw that his examination of the books was purely perfunctory—his mind was "otherwhere."

Finally he said in an impatient tone:

"Let's get out of here!"

Out we went, and at the next corner I made some excuse and hurried away on an imaginary mission, Field stalking gloomily toward the office.

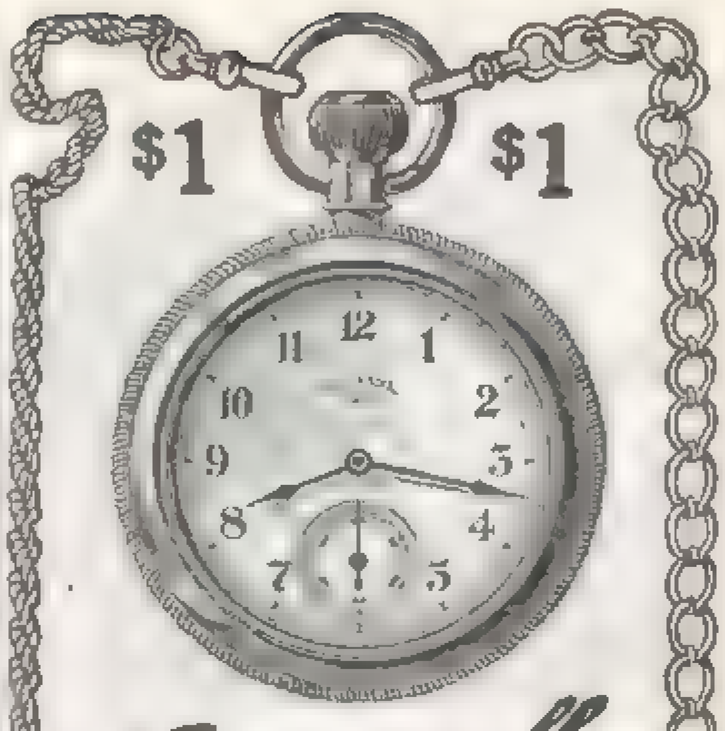
An Offended Poet

We didn't see each other again that day, but the next day when I met him the only recognition my "Hello, Field!" received was a stern flash of a look. The following day, a particularly cordial "How'd'" was entirely ignored. Another time a polite "How do you do, Mr. Field?" was apparently unheard. The third day afterward, however, I found a note on my desk in the familiar style suggesting that we go somewhere together at a certain hour. When we met no reference whatever was made to what had happened and our old relations were renewed.

Another theatre-going incident that I remember was an occasion when Field was giving a little box-party at one of Rosina Vokes' plays. Mrs. Field, who was present, although of a cheerful disposition and having an admirable sense of humor, was, in Field's eyes, absurdly responsive to stage pathos. At a moment when the situation in the play had become very sad and tender Mrs. Field raised her handkerchief to her eyes. She was sitting in front of Field, but he had evidently been watching her, for he instantly leaned over to me and in a satirically sympathetic but very audible whisper said: "Mrs. Field's catarrh is troubling her again!"

Besides writing poetry and prose and making pen-and-ink sketches, Field dabbled occasionally in the culinary art. He was by no means an epicure, except in theory, and he subjected his delicate stomach to grievous gastronomical hardships at times, but he had a considerable knowledge of cookery and sometimes he practiced it.

One summer, when his family was in the country, and there was not even a servant in the house, he asked me and two other friends to dine at his home—his proposition being that he, alone and unaided, would prepare, cook and serve the dinner. We accepted, of course, and turned up at the appointed hour. Field appeared at the



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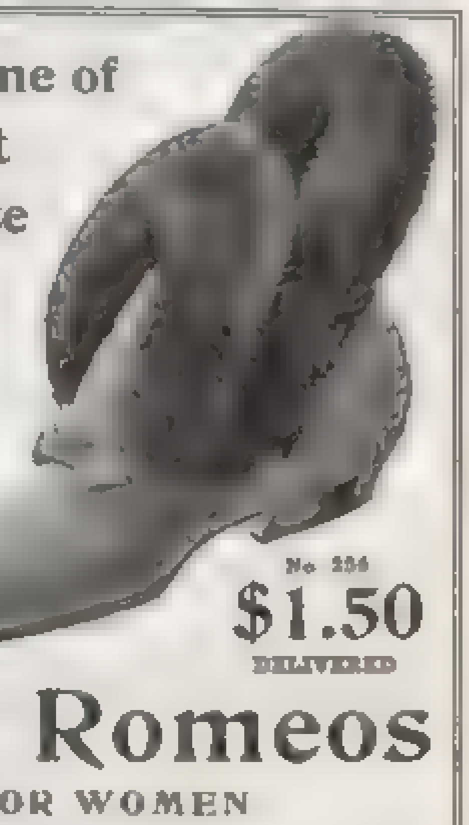

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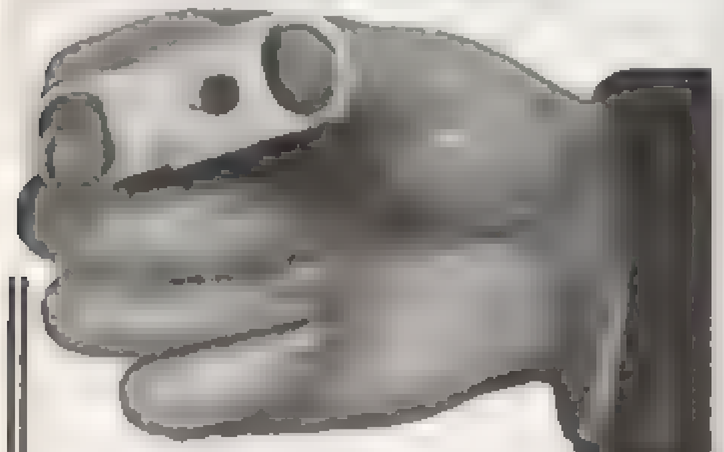

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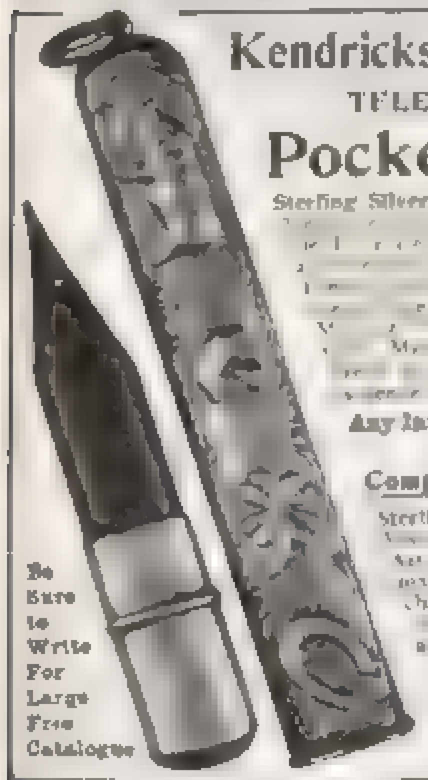

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door in a big white apron with a towel over his arm and a French chef's cap on his head. He led us into the library and vanished, reappearing from time to time long enough to make some remark or to condole with us over having been so cunningly entrapped. At length, with a profound bow, he announced in French that dinner was served and we took our seats. The table was laid with great care and attention to detail. At each plate was a pretty boutonnière and a menu-card with infant Bacchi holding glasses in their hands and grouped around a wine-vat. The menu, which was written on the card in his own copperplate hand, was as follows:

Cream of Terrapin
Bluefish
Little Potatoes *Cucumbers*
Porterhouse Roast
Mashed Potatoes *String Beans* *Peas*
Salad
Peaches and Cream
Crackers *Cheese* *Coffee*
Cigars

He begged to be excused from partaking of anything himself, alleging that his whole attention must be given to "superintending the service." It was a great success—everything was extremely well cooked and had "come out all right"—excepting the roast beef gravy, which, in attempting to thicken and serve separately in a gravy-boat, he had reduced to a gluelike lumpy-looking mixture. The result puzzled him greatly, and his facial contortions and jabberings to himself in French about it were so ludicrous that eating was suspended in a general fit of laughter. Finally, after we had risen from the table, he invited us with impressive ceremony to "inspect the kitchen." He opened the door to it, and an appalling sight met our eyes. A more riotous disorder and rampant confusion of cooking utensils and pantry-stores would be impossible to conceive.

Tables, chairs, stove, shelves, window-sills and the floor were so strewn with them that to take a step into the room was out of the question. After we had gasped with astonishment at the scene, Field closed the door with a proud and happy chuckle, which I knew implied that our astonishment was nothing compared to that which would be expressed by others when the door was again opened.

Fishing at Home

Several years before he died Field was severely ill from pneumonia at his home. It was finally known, to the relief of his friends, that he was improving, and, learning later that he was convalescent and permitted to see people, I called at his home to congratulate him on his recovery. I was shown to the sick man's chamber, and there he lay, propped by pillows, in a half-sitting posture, opening his mail, which had been sent to him from the office. I took a seat at the bedside and we chatted as he continued to open letters and comment on them in humorous asides, for, in spite of his weakened condition, his spirits were buoyant and lively.

As I glanced about the room I noticed on a table at one side of the foot of the bed an unusually large aquarium, well stocked with fish. I wondered at its being there, and concluded that, as it was about on a line with the patient's eyes, it was intended that the movements of the fish should furnish a diversion for the sick man.

We chatted on, and, at length, the letters having been run through, Field began to fumble under the bed-coverings on the far side of the couch. Finally, he drew forth a slender bamboo rod about five feet long, which was duly equipped with line, sinker, hook and bait. Raising himself up in bed he manœuvred the rod until the hook dropped into the water of the aquarium. Instantly a bit of a fish seized the bait and Field dexterously yanked it out of the aquarium. Solemnly unhooking the fish—the hook was so baited as to do no injury—he cleverly tossed his catch back into the aquarium, none the worse for its startling experience. Then he settled back on his pillows and eyed me narrowly, and, although I tried to conceal my astonishment, I could see that my amazement at such a proceeding on the part of a man who just emerged from the shadow of death gratified him immensely as a sincere tribute to the indomitable hobby.

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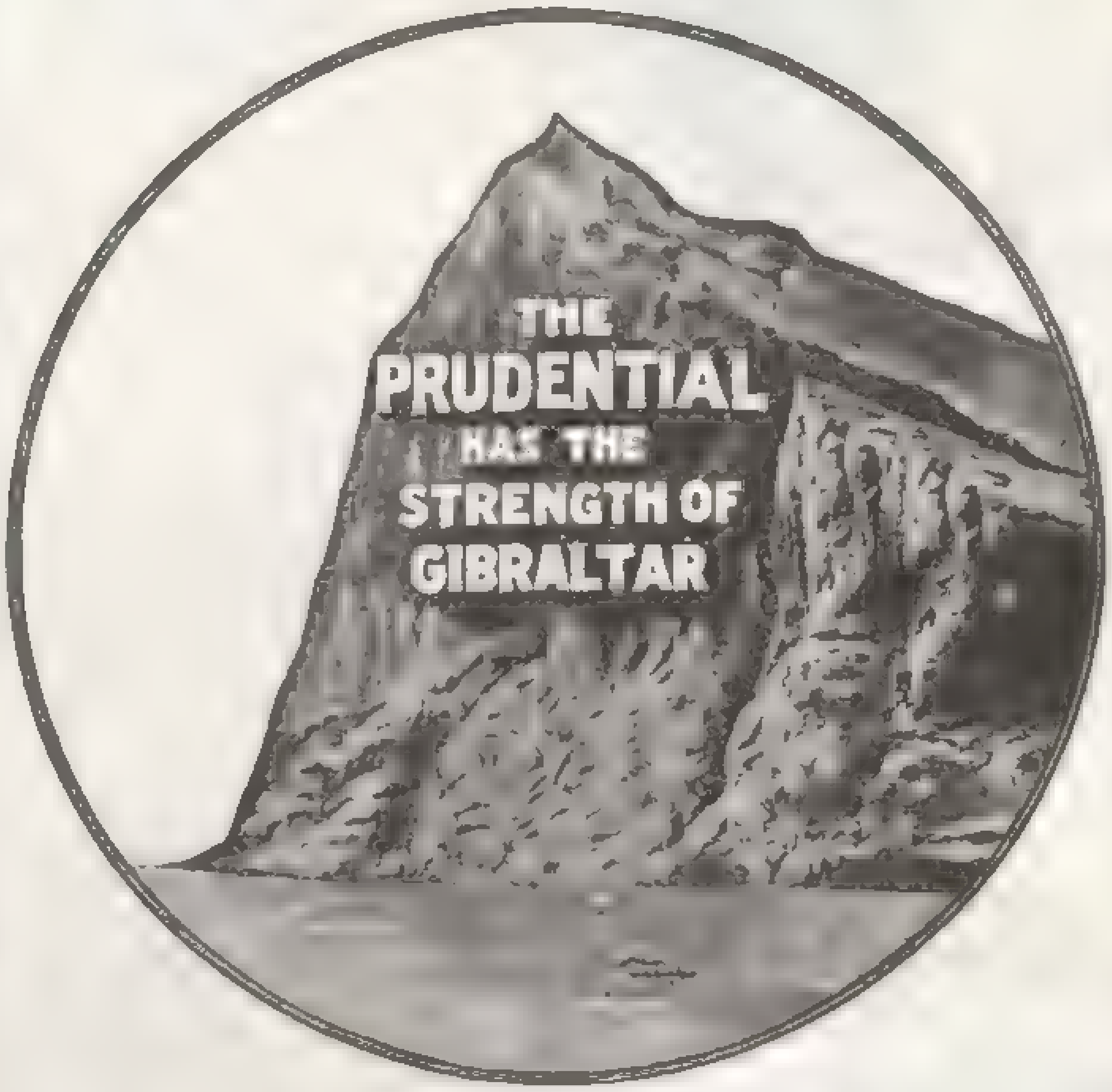

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Yuletide Rubáiyát

Oh, see the Christmas Tree with Tinsel gay;
And little Fairies, too, in bright array:
  And, as a Candle lights a Fairy's Gown,
The big Fire Engines dash around our way.

Note, too, the Youngster looking so profound
And working hard, yet making not a sound:
  A whir, a whiz, and his new Watch is wrecked;
And he has seen the little Wheels go 'round.

Behold the costly Presents all about
Where Joy has put each Angry mood to rout:
  While scores of Gifts are going up and in,
Pa's Pocketbook is going down and out.

—*Perrine Lambert.*

Rank Imitation

WASHINGTON is full of impostors of every variety. An old fellow met an official of the Smithsonian Institution in the surrounding Mall the other day, and grasped the opportunity to unfold a tale of woe, representing himself as a boyhood friend of the famous Confederate General Pickett and his wife. Mrs. General Pickett resides in Washington, and, as she is a personal friend of the official, he took the fellow to her, with a view to helping the unfortunate if he was genuine. After a moment's conversation, Mrs. Pickett remarked:

"You remind me of a guinea-pig." The man looked blank, till she added "You know, it isn't a pig at all and it doesn't come from Guinea."

Frivolous Definitions

Reputation—What the world thinks about us; character is what our wives know about us.

Gossip—The counterfeit coin of conversation.

A Secret—Confidential information that one woman gets another woman to keep for her.

Platonic Friendship—Entertaining Cupid unawares.

Inspiration—A word used by poets in mistake for perspiration.

A Theatrical Angel—Known by the company he keeps.

The Leisure Class—Tramps and the very rich.

The Dreamer—To-morrow I made a fortune.

Optimism—A habit that women have of looking upon the bright side of things; mirrors, for instance.

The Engagement Ring—Matrimony's promissory note.

Dimple—The perfection of a blemish.

A Contented Woman—One living in the present, for the future and without a past.

Her Affinity—The man a woman travels all the way to South Dakota to get a divorce from.

Divorce—The correction of an error.

Poet—A good confider, but a poor provider.

The Ideal Woman—One who can keep house, her temper and a servant.

Money—The root that most men are willing to dig for, regardless of soiled hands.

Education—What a man gets in return for alimony.

Rouge—Face suicide.

Spinsterhood—Sometimes a fault; always a misfortune.

Failure and Success—Failure sees an opportunity; success seizes it.

The Egotist—A man so satisfied with his appearance that he never looks into a mirror.

The Modern Drama—All work and no plays.

Trousseau—The clothes a girl wears for the first three years after marriage.

—*Harry A. Thompson*

Not So Bad as it Seemed

A DISTINGUISHED Southern statesman, in his best days the Beau Brummel of Washington, who was never known to pay a bill if he could avoid it, went into a fashionable restaurant one evening and ordered a dinner for which he was charged a little over five dollars. He had done the same thing before, and the proprietor decided to teach him a lesson. He explained to the cashier that he had not the money with him, but would drop in and pay. The cashier shook her head and referred him to the proprietor in his private office, where the statesman—whom every one in Washington knows—repeated his statement.

"It has reached the limit," said the proprietor. "You don't go out of here with that dinner until you pay." The statesman laughed and was turning away, when the proprietor said sharply:

"You stop where you are! Do you see that?" He drew something from his hip pocket, half-concealed by his hand, exposing only the end of a blue barrel. The statesman staggered back against the door. "I thought so," the proprietor continued. "Now you understand. You don't take another dinner out of here unless you pay for it. That's a pistol and means business."

The statesman recovered himself in an instant, saying:

"Nothing but a pistol? I was afraid it was a stomach pump!"

"Poor Richard" Revised

"Poor Richard's" wise saw we would dare to improve
  By keying it up somewhat higher:
"To men who hold office one single 'remove'
  Is fully as bad as a 'fire.'"

Mrs. Sherlock Holmes

She was a great detective, but when costumed like a man
She'd always give the fact away and spoil her clever plan
By asking just one question that disclosed the true, innate,
Inborn, eternal feminine: "Is my disguise on straight?"

—*Nixon Waterman.*

His Conundrum

THE young man had been invited to attend a church social, and when he arrived he found that it was a "Conundrum Party," and that each person was expected to propound at least one conundrum of his own devising.

When his turn came he asked to be excused until later in the evening, saying that he must have time to think up a good one. So he was passed over until the very last, when the master of ceremonies asked him if he were ready.

"I am," he said. "Why is this conundrum like the first meal you eat on your first trip across the ocean?"

And when everybody said they would give it up he said that was the answer.

A Color Scheme

He held in his hand her answer—
  Would he lose the rich prize or win?
His love, you see, was an heiress,
  And our hero was nearly all in.

A delicate pink suffused him,
  A sort of a lavender hope,
And he pictured a rosy future
  As he opened the envelope.

One glance at the words she had written
  And his face grew an ashen gray—
A mauve with a dash of roan
  And crossed with a brindled bay.

Then purple with deep vexation—
  A sort of a booze maroon—
He read on fast to his finish,
  Where she punctured his little balloon.

"I know that your blood is blue, dear,
  And your character white as snow;
But the long green talks to this lady,
  And you haven't a copper, you know."

His frown of an inky blackness
  Gave way to a mortified red,
That changed to a deep magenta
  As he pondered what she had said.

As he rose from a deep brown study
  His grief he could not contain.
His golden dream had vanished
  And he gave a yell o' pain.

—*Allison Yewell.*

A Conjecture

Whenever, o'er the swellest streets
  The stork flies into view
The loud reception that it meets
  Is one incessant "Shoo!"

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

PIERCE

This is a rather good picture of the Great Arrow Vic[illegible] H. P., with semi-enclosed top, made by the George N[illegible] Price, $5 0[illegible] Semi-enclosed top, extra, $350. [illegible]

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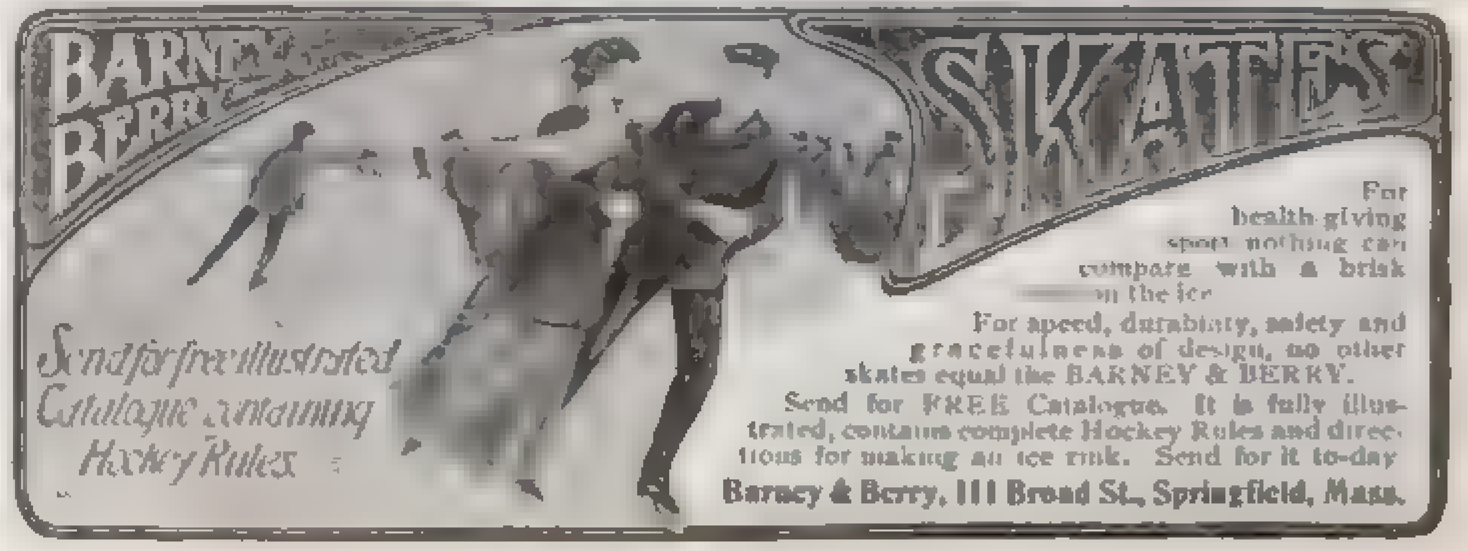
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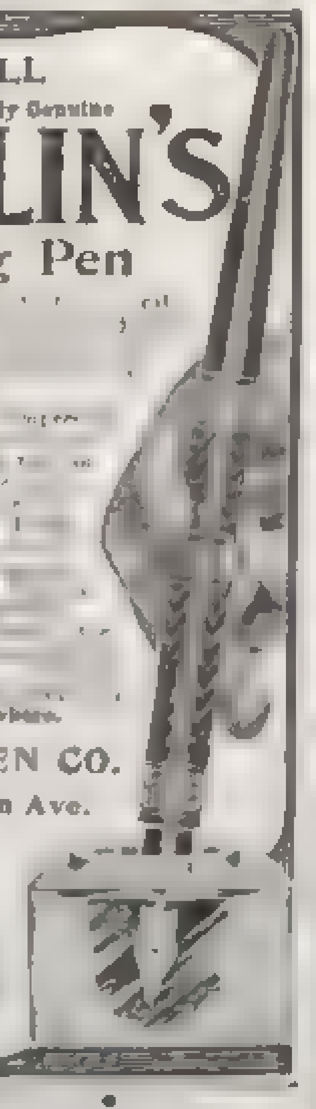

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Dennison Manufacturing Company,
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St. Louis

The Touch of Circumstance

(Continued from Page 7)

could see was for Molly to become an inmate of a charitable institution and for Mrs. Diamond to find a home with some relative. But he could not so much as hint such a thing to Mrs. Diamond. He was not a young man, and the premiums on the insurance policy he had taken out to preclude a similar blow to his own family were so heavy that unless his own practice increased a great deal he could do very little for Mrs. Diamond. He was quite unselfishly glad of the unexpected luck. It solved the problem.

Mrs. Diamond greeted him excitedly.

"I told you I was sure he had left something somewhere. Of course," she added exoneratingly, "you couldn't tell it was in an old desk in the attic."

Not thinking of the workings of Providence, his heart sank as he heard her. But Billy had been very careless; also convivial in his habits. Vantine hoped against hope.

"I am very glad," he said, as heartily as he could, avoiding her eyes. "Let us have a good look at them."

It was nothing more than the dramatic instinct, born in most women, that made her check her heart's impulse and give him the papers first, instead of the stocks.

He studied them very carefully, very deliberately, to give himself time to think of the phrasing of the death-sentence. He was relieved when he looked up to see that there was no expectancy in her eyes.

"These are mostly old brokers' statements," Vantine explained deprecatingly. "They are of no value. This one—er shows, in fact, that he was indebted to—but he doubtless paid that, fifteen years ago. And if he didn't it's outlawed, anyway. They are," he finished gently, "of no especial importance."

"How about these?" And her soul and all that was in her soul was in her eyes as she handed the bundle of stock-certificates to him. His face brightened. There was a lot of them. If even one of the number was of any value whatever it would help.

"Ah!" he was incautious enough to say, "that's more like it."

She smiled victoriously. A second later, seeing her smile, he bitterly regretted his words. He saw at a glance that they were absolutely worthless. As he turned them over on his knee he recognized most of them. He himself had bought the selfsame stocks, some of them at the selfsame time that Billy did—wildcat mining stocks, good enough to gamble with in the old flush times, good enough at all times for the promoters of worthless holes in the ground and non-existent mines and manufacturing companies that never got far enough to manufacture anything, not even debts—only beautifully engraved certificates. One after another he scrutinized them—skipping not a letter, not a vignette, not one curlicue of the elaborate borders, studying the seals, intently, critically, as though to establish their genuineness; and all the time thinking of the gratuitous cruelty of such a blow at such a time after such a hope! He could think of no sweet words to do the stabbing with. He could not tell her they were absolutely worthless—absolutely worthless, and she thought they were worth a fortune! He must go away on any excuse. He would have to write it to her. Even that was bad enough. But to tell her, now, here, by word of mouth?

Impossible!

He finished his examination and looked at her. One look was enough. It certainly must be done by mail.

"Er—Mrs. Diamond, I'll have to take these with me. I'm not very well posted in some of these mining stocks, and I can't say if—er—how much they are worth." He made up his mind that she would get more than the rag-picker would allow. But he also realized it was utter fiendishness to give her any encouragement. To lend plausibility to the lie he was acting, he continued to act. "This one," he said, laying aside one of the certificates, very gravely, "is absolutely valueless. And so is this one. And this." Happening to look up, he saw her face. He finished hastily. "But I can't tell about the rest. I—I—hope they may turn out to be of some value." He hated himself so heartily for lying that he blurted determinedly: "But you must not be too hopeful."

She was very pale.

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Free to Business Men

"Y and E" Pad Calendar for the new year is ready. Send in your request on your business or professional stationery enclosing 4c stamps to pay postage. Anyone else may also secure one by sending 10c (stamps or silver).

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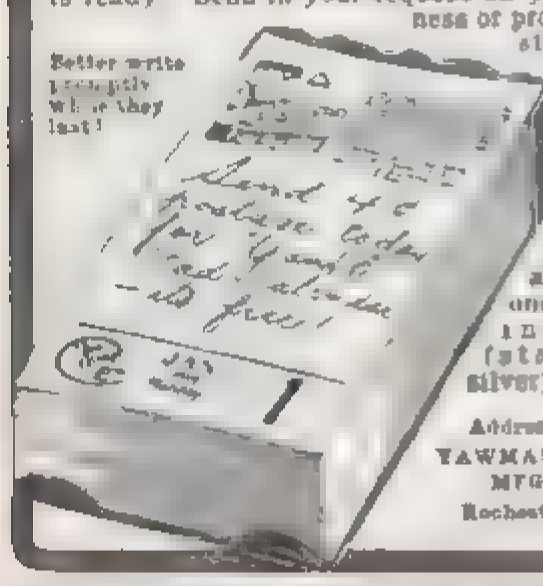
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"But," she said, so low that he barely could hear her, "there's $720,000 par value."

"Yes, I know, dear Mrs. Diamond. But, you see, some of these were wildcats, downright swindles, you know, that never had any value. They didn't cost Billy much, perhaps a few hundred dollars. He and I often laughed over the things we bought. Everybody bit in those days, brokers and all."

"There's twenty-one stocks there," she said mechanically. "Twenty-one! Surely, Mr. Vantine, surely some of them, *one* of them, must be ——"

"I hope so, Mrs. Diamond. I—er—hope so," he said, so much more cheerfully than he had intended that he began to ask himself how much he could afford to pay for that one certificate that she thought must be worth something. "But it would be false kindness to give you any hope."

"Oh!" she gasped. She stared at him wide-eyed, hypnotically, her lips parted breathlessly.

"Indeed, you must be prepared for the worst," he told her gently, encouraged that the truth was dribbling from him without fatalities on either side; "then whatever happens will not mean disappointment. I'll send you a formal receipt for these from the office, and I'll let you know just as soon as possible if there is a market for them."

She nodded. She wished to say that she had a list of them and that she would expect nothing so that she would not be disappointed, whatever he might write. But she could not say anything. She bowed her head again, to hide her speechlessness.

"As Saturday is a half-holiday in Wall Street I'll leave now to try to find out something to-day. And, if I can't, I'll do it Monday. So, if you'll excuse me, I'll hurry off. Good-by, Mrs. Diamond. Don't bother to come to the door."

She held out her hand. It was ice-cold to his touch. She bowed to him, still speechless. As he closed the street door behind him he thought he heard a sob. He did not wish to make sure about it. It was all very well for Billy to be dead. He did not have to write uncomfortable letters to a poor broken-hearted woman. And yet it was Billy, dead, to whom Mrs. Vantine owed the $50,000 insurance policy and the disillusionment, that same night, concerning the real value of the million dollars of mining stocks among the old papers of Mr. Ashley Vantine.

He met his friend, T. H. Lampson, who was also his broker, coming out of his Wall Street office.

"Hello, Tom," said Vantine, "I was just going to see you."

They shook hands.

"I've got some stock I want you to——"

"Too late. This is Saturday; everything closes at twelve."

"I know that. Don't be so blooming previous." And Vantine explained his errand.

"Great Heavens, you don't say so!" said Lampson. "I thought Billy ——"

"Yes, we all thought so, hang him. I wish I had him here. I've aged ten years in ten minutes. Tom, you can't imagine how that poor woman looked when I told her I didn't think they were worth much. But perhaps one of them is worth something. I'll have to tell her it is, anyhow."

"Sure! You can't do anything else. Count me in on the deal, will you? Do you think she'd mind if I saw some of the fellows and ——"

"So long as it never comes to her knowledge I don't see why you shouldn't. But only his intimate friends, Tom. You know he was a good fellow and ——"

"Sure. Too bad! If he only had ——"

"Easy come, easy go. Lots like him. Can't blame him. Here are the stocks. Not one worth the paper it's printed on. All old-timers; got a trunkful home, myself."

Lampson put the certificates in his pocket and said apologetically:

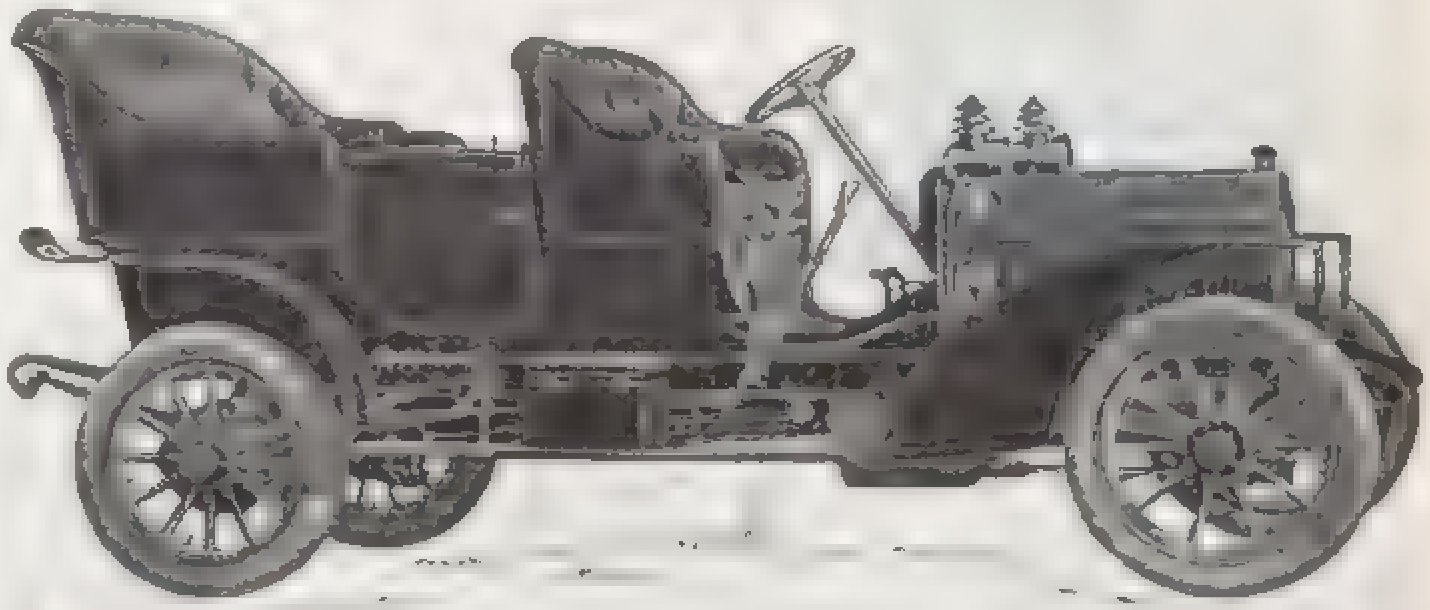
"Got to take 'em home. The safe's locked and the cashier has already gone to the vault with our securities."

Vantine laughed.

"No fear of thieves. But if you lose the whole bunch it will cost you five thousand. Let's have a drink."

Lampson was going to a dinner that night, and, as was his wont, prudently took a nap after luncheon. He threw Mrs. Diamond's entire fortune on his dressing-table without examining it. When he awoke the hour was late and he had barely time to dress.

Packard



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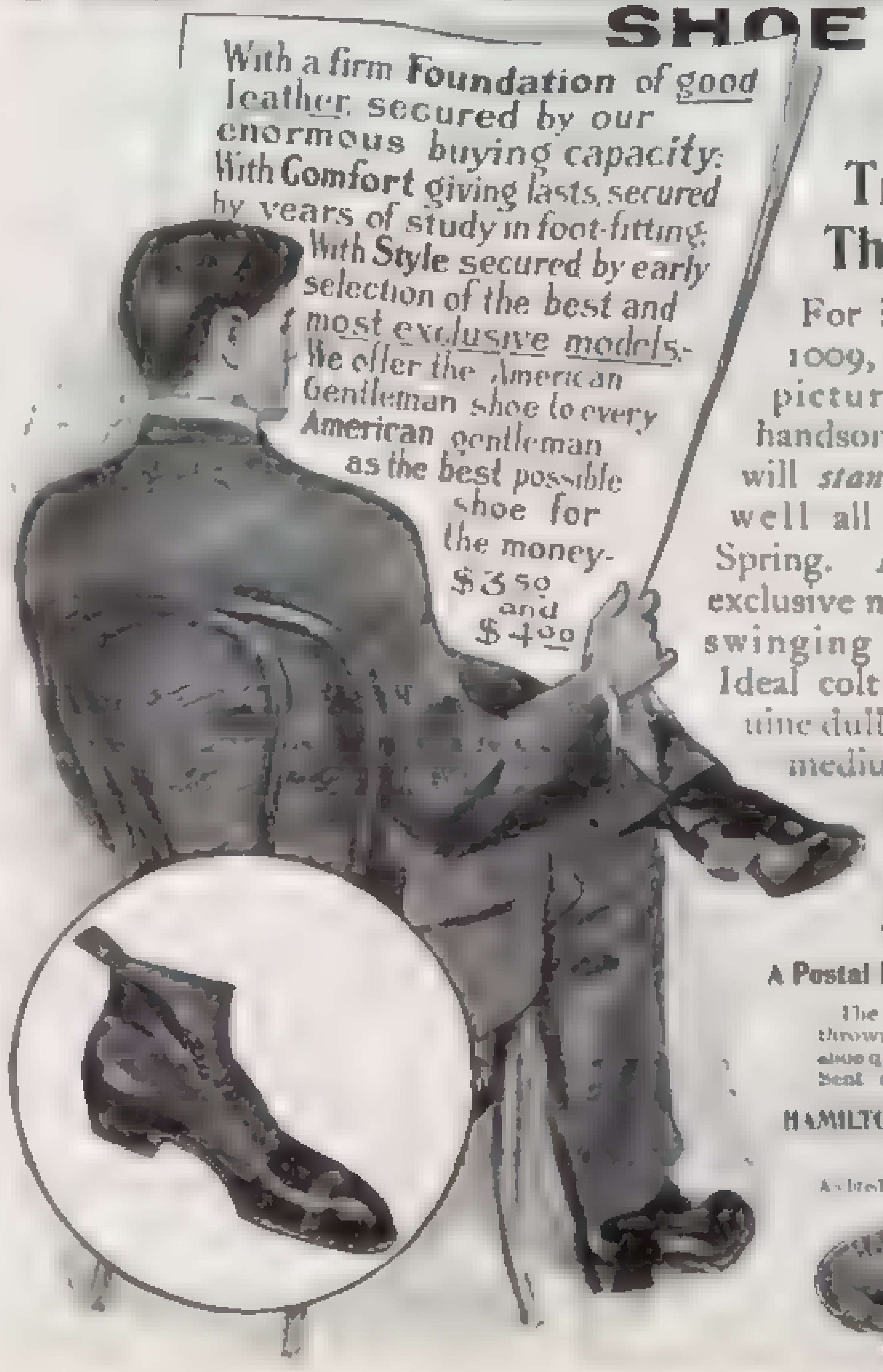
With a firm Foundation of good leather, secured by our enormous buying capacity: With Comfort giving lasts, secured by years of study in foot-fitting: With Style secured by early selection of the best and most exclusive models. We offer the American Gentleman shoe to every American gentleman as the best possible shoe for the money. $3.50 and $4.00

Try a Pair This Winter

For instance, No. 1009, shown in the picture. This is a handsome shoe that will *stand up* and look well all Winter and Spring. A very late and exclusive model with easy, swinging lines. Patent Ideal colt Blucher; genuine dull Kangaroo top; medium weight sole and the beautiful "Empire" toe. Ask your dealer.

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HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.
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HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO.

He went out, leaving the certificates lying on the table.

He returned after midnight, too sleepy even to see if the securities were where he left them.

He told Vantine later that it was through no sin of gluttony that he dreamt of rats trying to gnaw his toes while he was bound to a stake. It was a bad-luck dream—a sign of abysmal trouble. Indeed, the nightmare awoke him. It was daylight, and it was raining, and it was Sunday. He tried to go to sleep again but he couldn't. Soon afterward he rose.

Of a sudden, as his glance swept idly over his dressing-table, he missed the package.

"Great Scott!" he muttered, and hastily began to look for the missing securities.

They were lying behind a shaving-mirror. They were worthless, but he was relieved to find them. He had been very careless and women were very queer. He would not have them for customers for anything. He sat down and began to look over the stocks.

At one time or another the wise and the wayward, the brokers and the broken, everybody in Wall Street and out of it, had bought wildcat mining stocks. Lampson knew a great deal about them from his own experience and from that of his customers.

These certificates were familiar. They were utterly worthless. One after another he examined them. The only one of which he was not entirely and absolutely certain was that of the O. K. Silver Mining Company, of Leadville, but the date on it was sixteen years old. The company was probably out of existence. He had never heard of it. It was no bonanza or he would have seen it mentioned in the newspapers or heard the stock quoted somewhere. He would ask downtown, and he would write to one of the Leadville banks and make sure, as a matter of form. Poor Billy's wife! Of course, all the fellows would chip in.

His man, who had heard him moving about, came in with the morning papers to tell him his bath was ready, and Lampson rose to go. But he paused and unfolded the very last of the twenty-one certificates. To the end of his days, in telling the story, he stoutly maintained that something made him do it just as he was about to put it with the others without looking at it—something; he could not tell what, but it was *something!* He was just going to his bath and *something* . .

He looked.

"My God!" he shouted.

He looked again.

He swore—a streak that drove the blood from his man's face. It was not particularly picturesque profanity, but it was fluent, and his business had given him strong lungs.

"Is there anything, sir?" began the valet apprehensively. There was no reason why he should have looked guilty; but he did.

"Yes. Fetch me the telephone-book at once," commanded Lampson sharply.

He took another look. It was a certificate for one hundred shares of the stock of the New York Terminal Railroad Company—the little road that possesses the only entrance into Manhattan Island—a little road worth its weight in gold to a great railway system. The date of the last transfer, when J. K. Godfrey & Co. sold it to William E. Diamond, was nineteen years old. It did not pay dividends in those days.

Was it good?

If it was it was worth about $40,000 at the last market price. It paid ten per cent. per annum, and the dividends were guaranteed by the great railway to which the little road was absolutely indispensable. It was as safe as a government bond, gilt-edged, gilt throughout.

Lampson was one of the veterans of the Street. He had been through mad panics and crazy booms; he had lost millions twice, and had nearly made millions seven times; he had failed once but had climbed back, paid his debts, and now owned a comfortable fortune. His most valuable asset was his coolness under fire, his calmness in a turmoil. But never in the twenty-nine long years of his Stock Exchange career had he been so excited.

The valet came in with the telephone directory, and Lampson turned to "V" to look for Vantine's number. But he checked himself, and looked at the certificate again—the face and the back of it

Was it good? Could it be some old issue, long since retired or exchanged for something else? Had the road been reorganized? J. K. Godfrey & Co. had failed and gone out of business. Doubtless that was the reason

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The ease and facility with which sweeping is accomplished with a
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Sweeper is astonishing to women who [illegible] For sale by all first-class [illegible]
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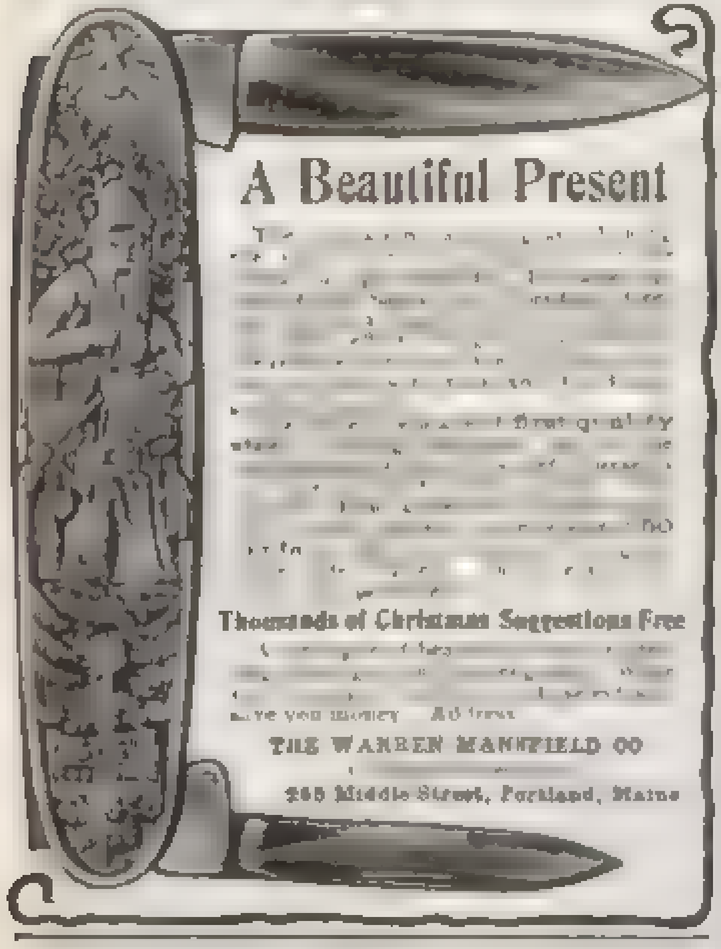

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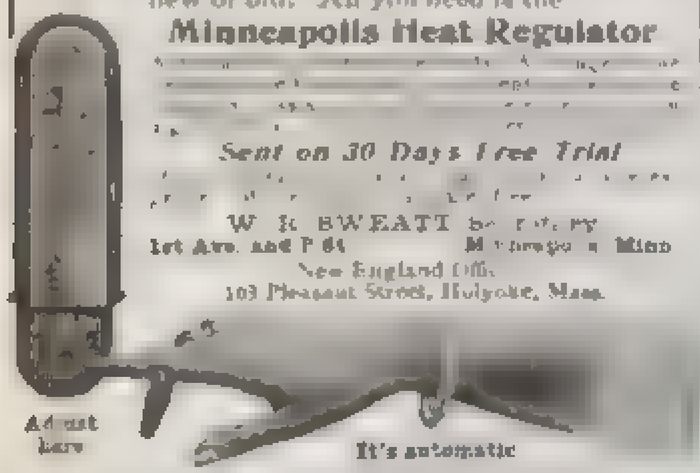

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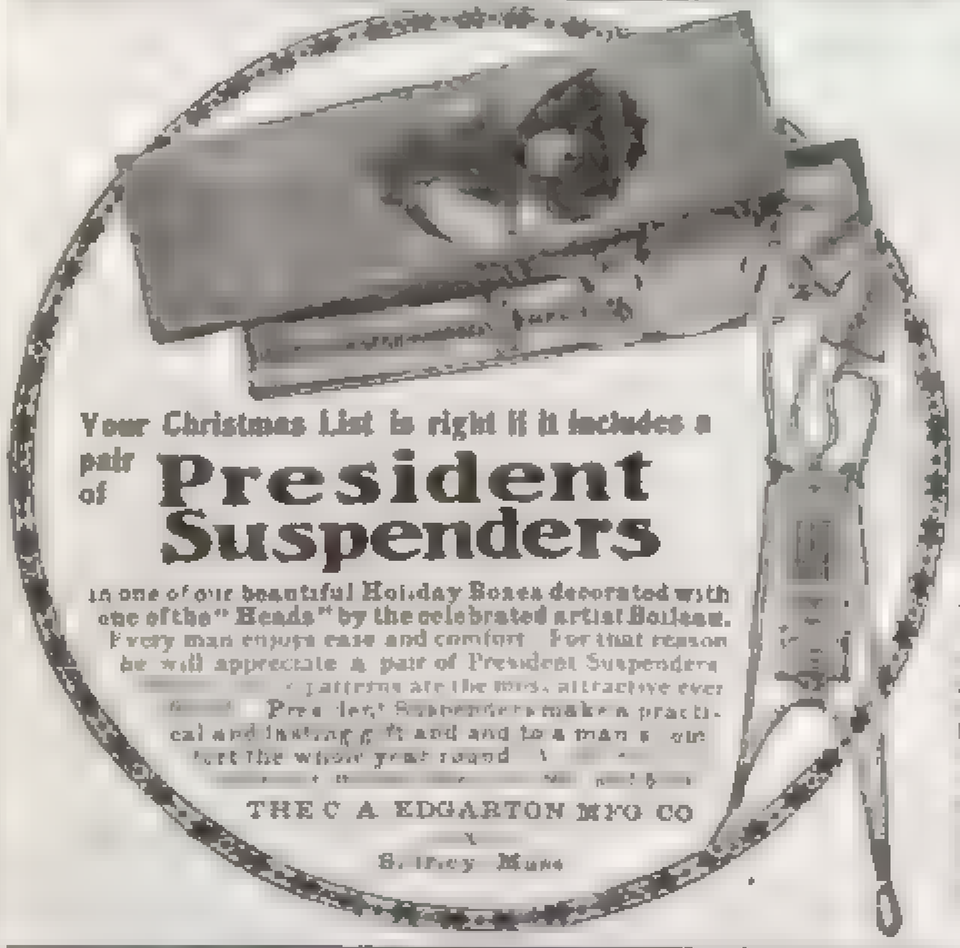

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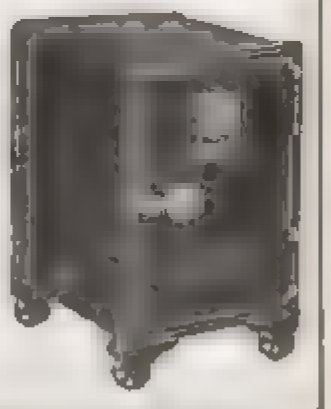

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this certificate had not been traced by the company's officials. Was the certificate rightfully Bray's?

He was almost certain that the certificate was good, that it meant at least $40,000 to Mrs. Diamond. As a sporting proposition he stood ready then and there to bet even money on it. But he could not be absolutely sure until the next day. It was Sunday.

He rang up Vantine and made the servant get him out of bed.

"Hello? Ashley? This is Tom. I say, what do you think? I found 100 Terminal in the bunch—I found—one—certificate for—one hundred shares of New York City Terminal—it pays ten per cent. It's guaranteed by the New York Midland—What? Yes. I'm *pretty* sure, Ashley. But we'll go to the transfer office to-morrow morning, and—All right. Had breakfast yet? Well, come over at once and have it here—I'll wait—Sure! Tickled to death!"

Vantine and the broker excitedly discussed the find, and while they hoped, and indeed they were almost certain, the certificate was good, the lawyer would take no chances.

"Another disappointment would kill her. I don't dare send her a message now, much as I'd like to. Tom, do you know what it means to lose the husband, and then the house, to find herself with an invalid daughter, accustomed to every care that money can buy, suddenly a pauper, and suddenly discover what she thought was a fortune and to lose that fortune? And for me to tell her now that she is rich and maybe have to tell her to-morrow that it was another mistake? I can't do it, Tom—unless you agree to give me $10,000 in case this stock turns out to be n. g. It would kill her!"

But he was mistaken. Mrs. Diamond had placed the matter in other hands. Before falling asleep that night, worn with weeping and weak with sorrow, Mrs. Diamond's last prayer had been—*aloud*, that she herself might hear her own words, but not loudly enough for Molly to hear. And these were the words:

"Only one of them! Only one! Lord, pity the widow and the orphan. You must provide for them! Lord, You MUST *provide for them. Their sole hope is in You. I know You will, Lord. I know it! Only one of the twenty-one, Lord! Only one! For Molly's sake, Lord, for her sake."*

She naturally prayed as she would have talked to one she saw and loved and had faith in, who was so near that he must hear; all night she prayed, until the blessing of sleep descended upon her in the grayness of that Sabbath morning.

Lampson's electric cab took him and Vantine to the Great Midland Station early Monday morning. They walked quickly to the Terminal transfer office, and approached the transfer clerk.

He was a little old man, white-bearded and white-haired, with light-blue eyes. It was very evident that the New York Terminal Railroad was doing business by the grace of his august self. Also, he must have played marbles with the founder of the road in the early thirties.

"I'm Mr. Lampson, of Thomas H. Lampson & Co., 6 Wall. Is this certificate any good?"

The little old man looked reflectively at Mr. Lampson, of Thomas H. Lampson & Co., 6 Wall. Perceiving by Thomas H. Lampson's silence that T. H. L., 6 Wall, was obtuse, the little old man said, in a thin, piping little voice, rebukingly, with a funny little half-nod, half-bow: "Good-morning, sir."

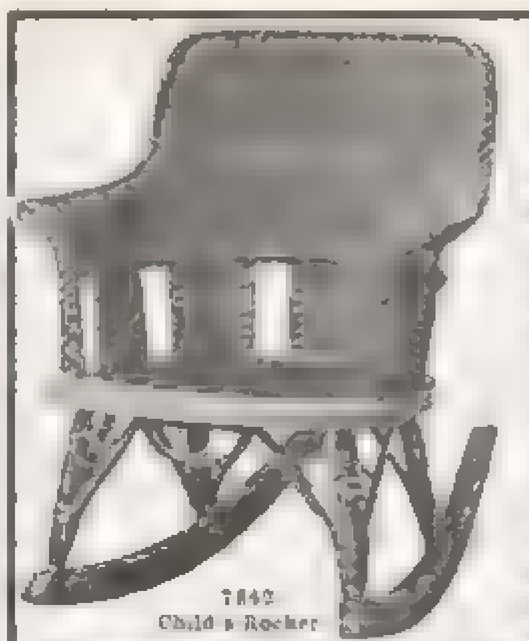
"Good-morning," put in the nervous Vantine conciliatingly. It was his funeral.

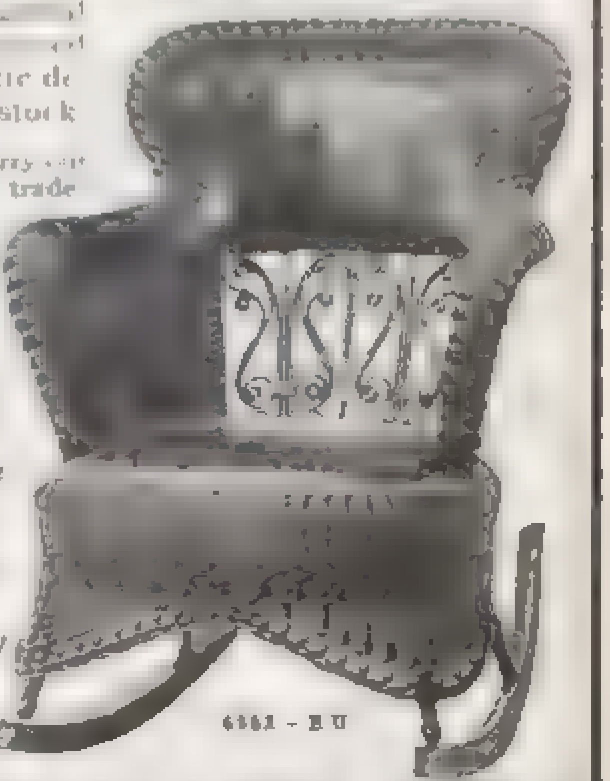
The little old clerk took the certificate very deliberately, shot another rebuking look at the frowning Lampson, elevated his snow-white eyebrows, and unfolded the certificate. He turned it over to see the indorsement.

"Well—I'll—be—d——d!" he gasped. His little blue eyes under the snowy brows gleamed excitedly—round turquoises set in paraffin, they looked like. Ignoring the two men before him he turned to a stout, bald-headed clerk on his right and shouted shrilly: "Hey, Jim, here's that missing hundred Terminal. What do you think? After all these ——"

"Is it any good?" interrupted Lampson impatiently.

"Is it?" said the little old chap, looking benignantly at the broker. He began to hop curiously senile little jumps, as though he were dancing on a spring mattress. The





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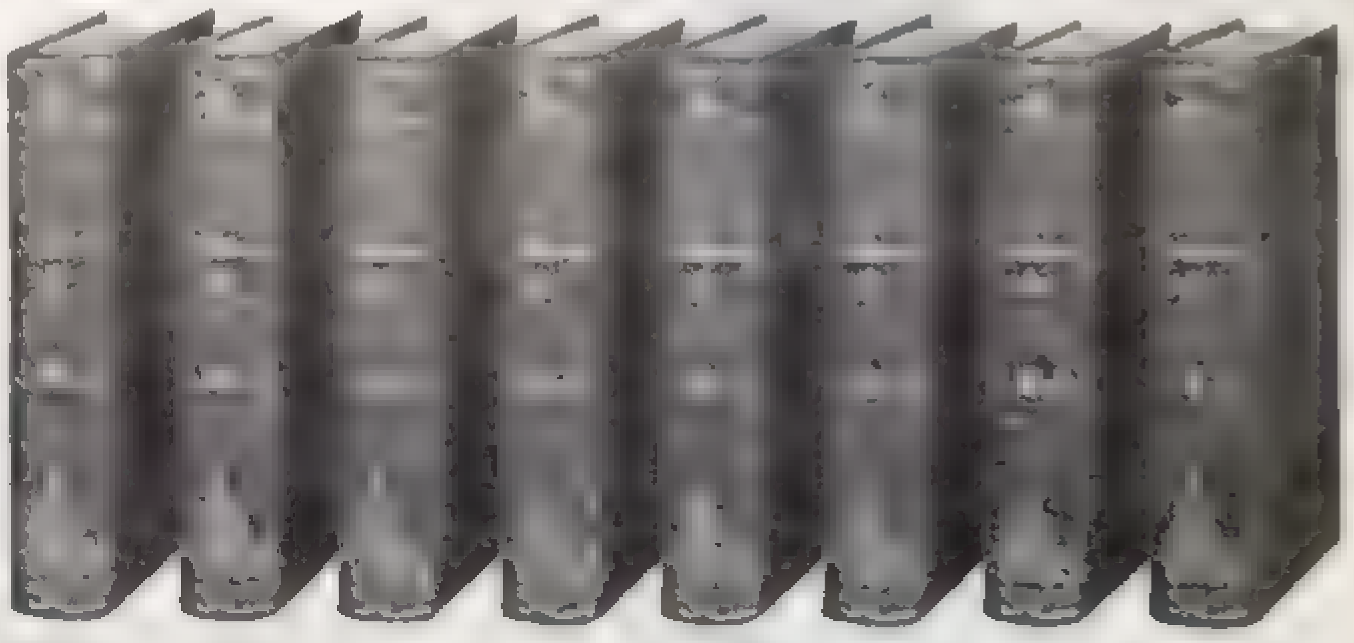

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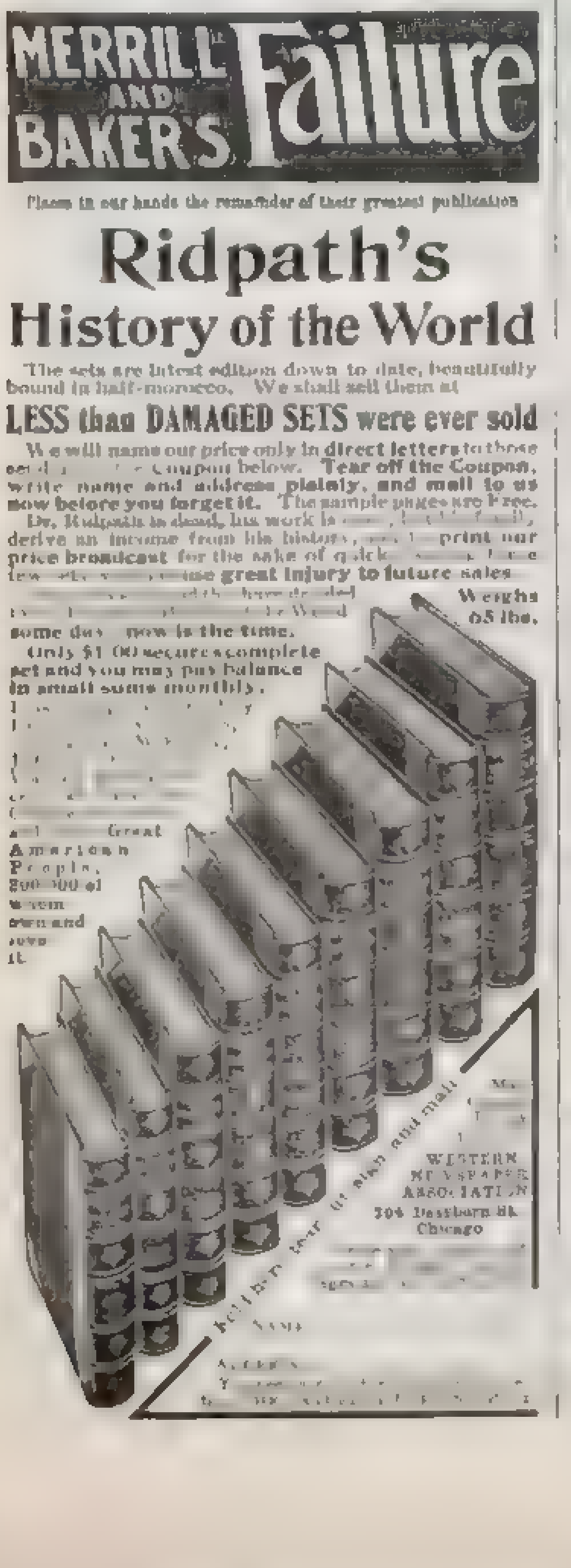
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stout clerk laughed good-naturedly, and the old man, not ceasing to hop, jerked words out of himself: "What—d' I tell—you—Jim? I—*knew*—it!"

He became calm. He asked his stout colleague: "What do you think of that?" Then he shook his head wonderingly.

"Please, Colonel, is it any good?" asked Vantine nervously.

"Is it any good?" echoed the little old man. "Well!" He paused. After Vantine became aware that the old clerk was addicted to the use of tobacco in its masticable form, he continued very deliberately: "Well, I wish it was mine. Why, my boy, we've been trying to locate this for twenty-three years. There's all the accumulated cash dividends and two scrip dividends. Whose is it? Say, Jim, don't that beat the Dutch? Well, well! I knew it would turn up before I died. But I was beginning to feel shaky, I tell you. I was eighty-nine last May. He! He! He!" He laughed. He looked strong; but you never can tell about these hearty nonagenarians. They're here to-day and to-morrow——

"Mrs. Helen Diamond, of——" began Vantine.

"Here," pushing a small pad toward the lawyer, "write the name and address of the owner."

"Good-morning, Mr. Lampson," said a short, ruddy-complexioned man who had just entered. They shook hands and Lampson introduced Vantine to Mr. Morrison, treasurer of the New York Terminal Railroad Company, to whom Vantine told the story of the certificate, which Morrison began to examine curiously. All the clerks in the office were listening respectfully. The lawyer was so glad that he considerately spoke loudly enough for them to hear

"Well, well," said the little old chap, who did not seem to be awed by any one, not even death, "it beats the Dutch, don't it? After all these years! I knew I'd live to see it turn up."

Morrison put in: "If Mr. Vantine had only waited a little while longer you'd have completed your century."

"I'll do it, anyhow, to spite you youngsters," chuckled the old man.

"Are you sure this certificate——" began Vantine. Lampson laughed and nodded happily. But Vantine shook his head stubbornly.

"I don't say a word to her until I've got the new certificate and a check for the accumulated dividends in my clutches. I'm taking no chances."

"Would the lady care to sell this?" asked the treasurer very politely.

"No," answered Lampson very quickly.

"Won't you come into my office, gentlemen, while the new certificate is made out? It will be for 160 shares——"

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Lampson shook Vantine's hand madly. The ruddy-faced treasurer smiled sympathetically and observed casually: "If she should ever care to dispose——"

"If she ever does she won't, see?" smiled Lampson, with a dismissing wave of the hand.

With the check and the new certificate in his pocket Vantine went forthwith to Mrs. Diamond's house. She became very pale when she saw him.

"Mrs. Diamond," shouted Vantine at the top of his voice, wishing to make sure she would hear the news, "it's $1600 a year and $23,800 in cash besides. I'm so glad——" and he handed to her the one certificate she had prayed for—just one!

"I knew it!" quavered Mrs. Diamond. She sat down.

Vantine laughed. Mrs. Diamond thereupon began to weep softly.

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THAT a taut rope is none the wiser.

That, though night falls, day breaks.

That a pen has to be driven, but a pencil is lead.

That sailors never box the compass on the spar deck.

That the fellow with a literary bent is usually broke.

That a tree is cut down before it is easily cut up.

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That the man with lantern jaws is seldom a brilliant talker.

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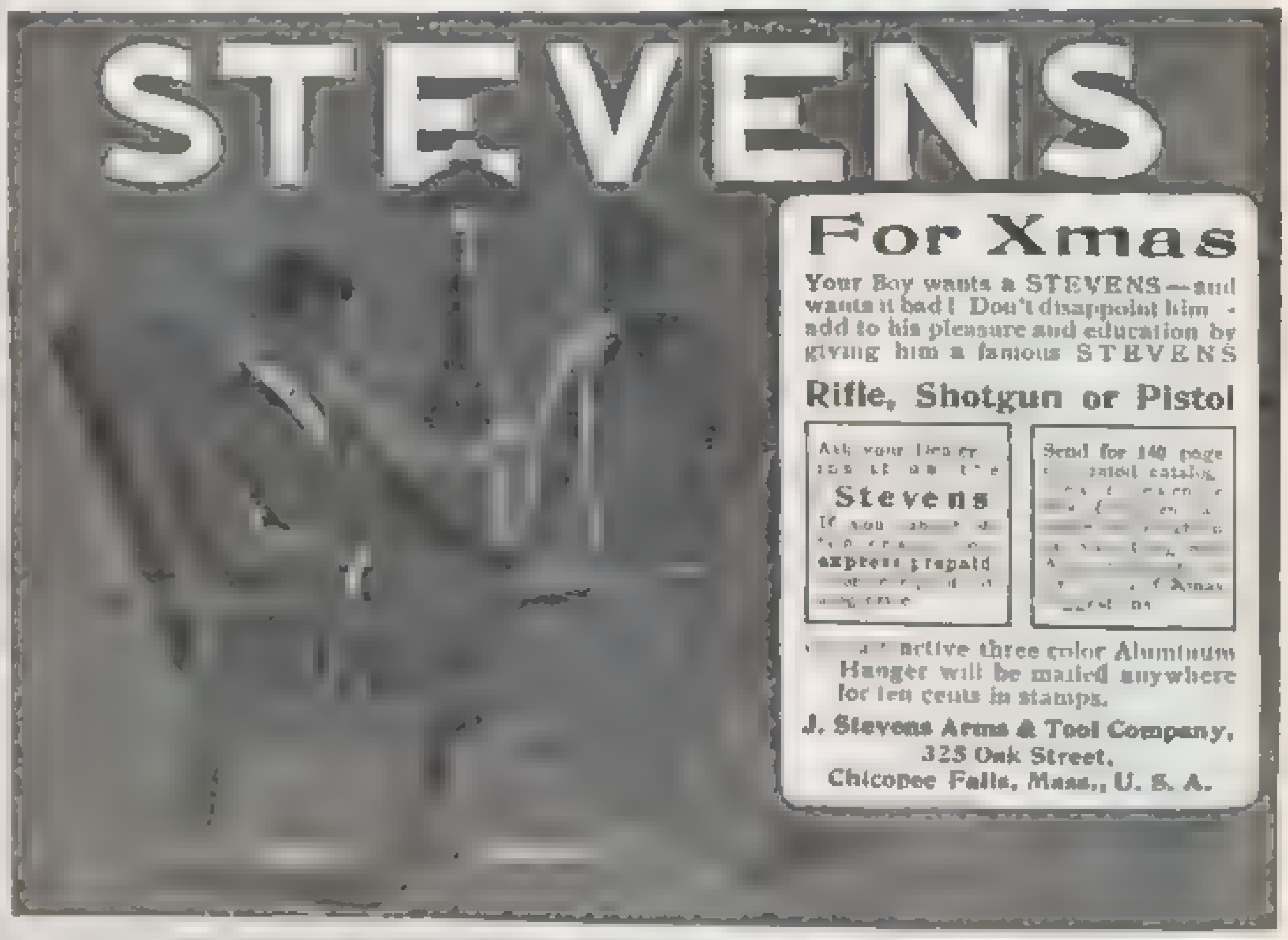
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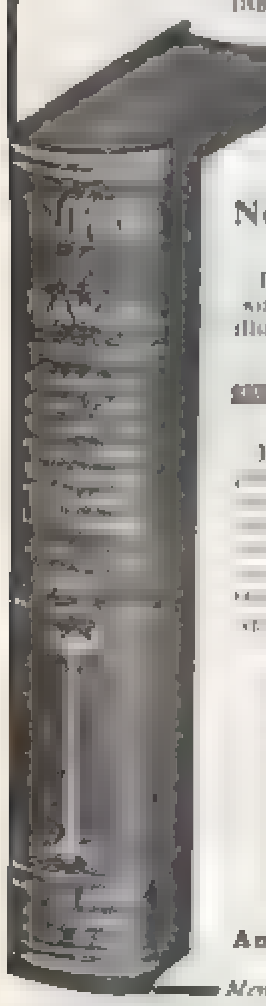

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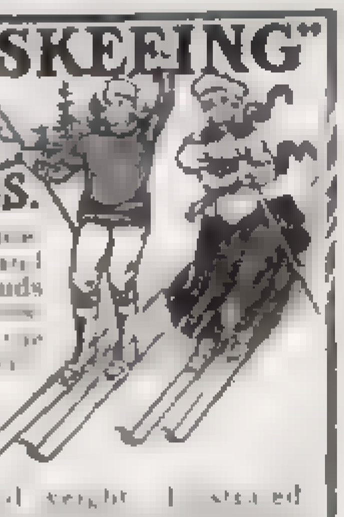

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¶ When the Letters of a Chinese Official were first published there was considerable speculation as to the identity of their author. Many readers held that the implication of the title was truthful and that the excellently reasoned criticism of Occidental manners and beliefs was indeed the reflection of a mind coming fresh to our distractions and prepossessions. Others, more influenced by evidences of style and quality of thought than by logical form, believed they detected a deliberate assumption of the alien viewpoint and pronounced the author a cultivated Englishman, in all probability a university graduate, very likely widely traveled, and certainly on terms of intimacy with the best minds in many languages and races. The book made no great stir. It was one of that class which unfortunately most appeal to those who least need to read it. But where it was appreciated it left its mark and has been remembered.

All question of its authorship has now been definitely settled by the appearance of A Modern Symposium (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*), by the author of Letters of a Chinese Official, H. Lowes Dickinson. The subject-matter is at once recognized as kindred to the former volume. A company of eminent men associated in one of those little clubs, which, since the days of Ben Jonson, have meant so much to English letters, meet for discussion at the country house of one of the members. Cantilupe, who was to have read the paper of the evening, comes unprepared, and, in punishment, is called upon by the chairman to confess why he has been a lifelong Tory and why he is now retiring from public activity. It is a confession of political faith, and his uncompromising assertiveness draws an instant rejoinder from Remenham, the Liberal leader. To him replies Mendoza, the Conservative.

Then one by one arise the Socialist, the Anarchist, the Poet, the Philosopher, the representative of every shade of belief and thought, building and enriching the fabric of the discussion. It is really an extraordinary performance. Each speaker expands into an actual personality, with tricks of speech and instincts of mind legitimately his own.

One is reminded of those undergraduate hours when it was the habit of the lecturer to disinter some ancient schoolman from the dust of his own learning, clothe him with the presentment of actuality, warm him into life with the breath of sympathy—and then disintegrate him into dust again under the resolvent criticism of the next schoolman. One by one the arguments, impartial, candid and admirably presented, succeed each other.

It would be difficult to recall any exercise of recent years in political philosophy conducted with such skill, such literary tact, such effacement of the author's personality in that of his characters, and such vital imagination. The symposium deserves attention at greater length than it is possible to give here from every one at all interested to study whence he has come and at all curious to speculate whither he is tending

¶ NOBODY HAS UNDERSTOOD and presented the French Canadian quite so well as William Henry Drummond. Here and there Gilbert Parker has achieved some distinction in this or that minor characterization, but no writer seems to feel the type quite so intimately, or appreciate it quite so delicately, as Mr. Drummond. This was first demonstrated in his book of verses, The Habitant, and is now repeated in his new collection, The Voyageur (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*).

¶ HELEN RUTHERFORD ELY'S helpful little volume, A Woman's Hardy Garden, is now followed by a sequel, Another Hardy Garden Book (*The Macmillan Company*), which should prove equally helpful to amateur gardeners. This second work is illustrated by photographs from the author's own garden, which show that, to admirable purpose, she practices her own preachments

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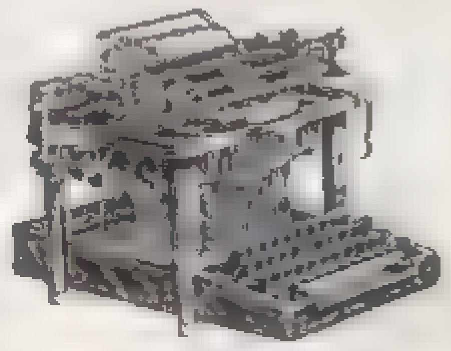

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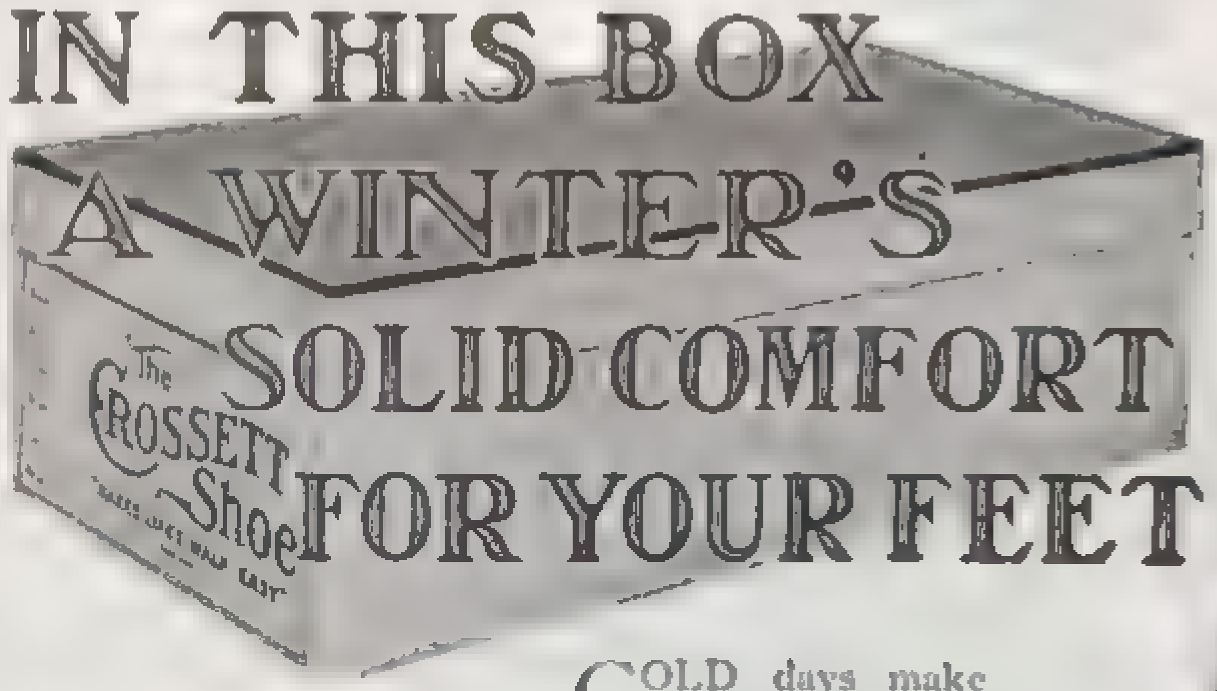

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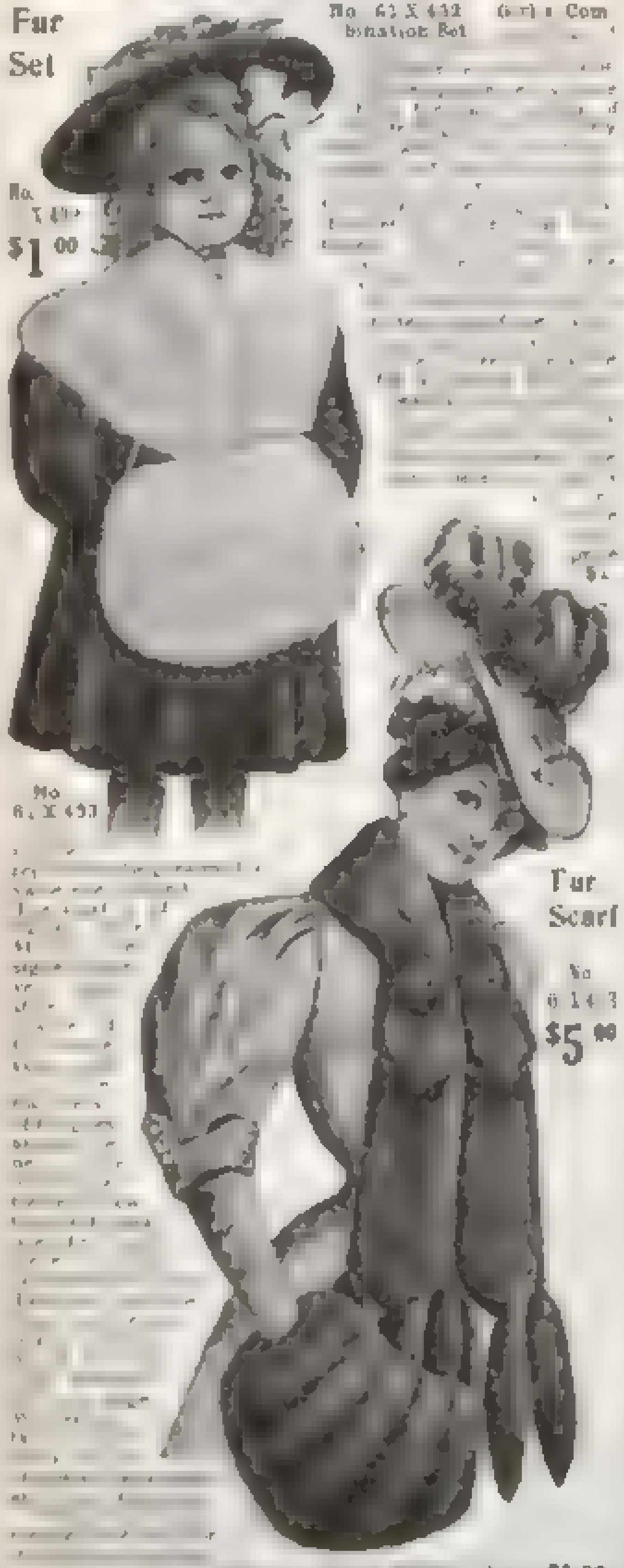

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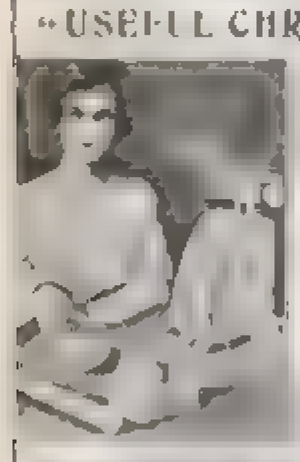

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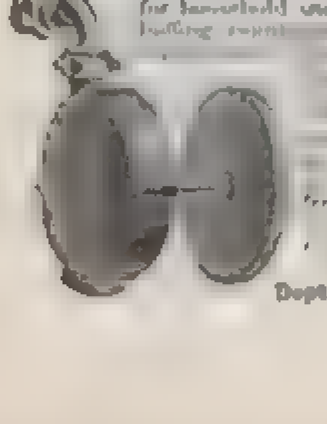

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 15)

because I had deserved one, but because she didn't like Mrs. Gregory's "downright" tongue, and couldn't stop her.

Mrs. Gregory took it up. "I was thinking of what we had all just been saying during our visit across the way — and with which you are not going to agree — that our young people would do much better to let us old people arrange their marriages for them, as it is done in Europe."

"Oh, dear!"

"I said that you would not agree; but that is because you are so young."

"I don't know that twenty-eight is so young."

"You will know it when you are seventy-three." This observation again came from Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael, and again with a gentle and attractive smile. It was only the second time that she had spoken; and throughout the talk into which we now fell as we slowly walked up and down High Walk, she never took the lead; she left that to the "downright" tongue — but I noticed, however, that she chose her moments to follow the lead very aptly. I also perceived plainly that what we were really going to discuss was not at all the European principle of marriage-making, but just simply young John and his Hortense; they were the true kernel of the nut with whose concealing shell Mrs. Gregory was presenting me, and in proposing an exchange of thoughts she would get back only more thoughts upon the same subject. It was pretty evident how much Kings Port was buzzing over all this! They fondly believed they didn't like it; but what would they have done without it? What, indeed, were they going to do when it was all over and done with, one way or another? As a matter of fact, they ought to be grateful to Hortense for contributing illustriously to the excitement of their lives.

"Of course, I am well aware," Mrs. Gregory pursued, "that the young people of to-day believe they can all 'teach their grandmothers to suck eggs,' as we say in Kings Port."

"We say it elsewhere, too," I mildly put in.

"Indeed? I didn't know that the North, with its pest of Hebrew and other low immigrants, had retained any of the good old homely saws which we brought from England. But do you imagine that if the control of marriage rested in the hands of parents and grandparents (where it properly belongs) you would be witnessing in the North this disgusting spectacle of divorce?"

"But, Mrs. St. Michael ——"

"We didn't invite you to argue when we invited you to walk!" cried the lady, laughing.

"We should like you to answer the question," said Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael.

"And tell us," Mrs. Gregory continued, "if it's your opinion that a boy who has never been married is a better judge of matrimony's pitfalls than his father."

"Or than any older person who has bravely and worthily gone through with the experience," Mrs. Weguelin added.

"Ladies, I've no mind to argue. But we're ahead of Europe; we don't need their clumsy old plan."

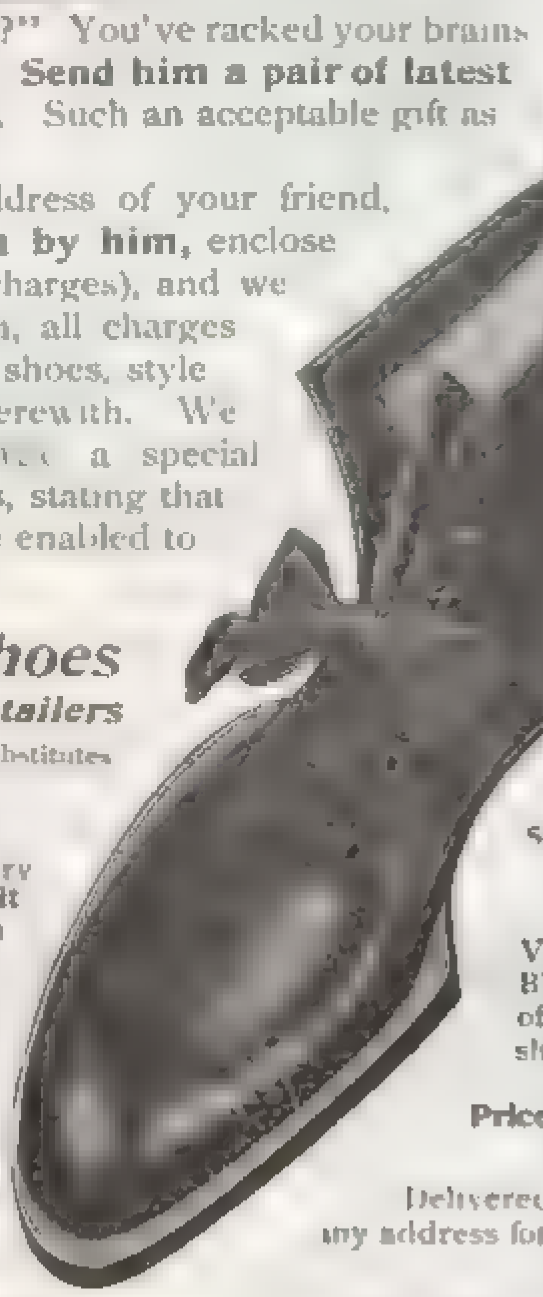
Mrs. Gregory gave a gallant, incredulous snort. "I shall be interested to learn of anything that is done better here than in Europe."

"Oh, many things, surely! But especially the mating of the fashionable young. They don't need any parents to arrange for them; it's much better managed through precocity."

"Through precocity? I scarcely follow you."

And Mrs. Weguelin softly added: "You must excuse us if we do not follow you." But her softness nevertheless indicated that if there were any one present needing leniency, it was myself.

"Why, yes," I told them, "it's through precocity. The new-rich American no longer commits the blunder of keeping his children innocent. You'll see it beginning in the dancing-class, where I heard an exquisite little girl of six say to a little boy: 'Go away; I can't dance with you, because my mamma says your mamma only keeps a maid to answer the doorbell.' When they get home from the dancing-class, tutors in poker and bridge are waiting to teach



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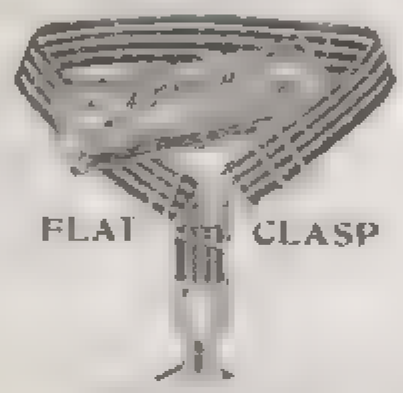

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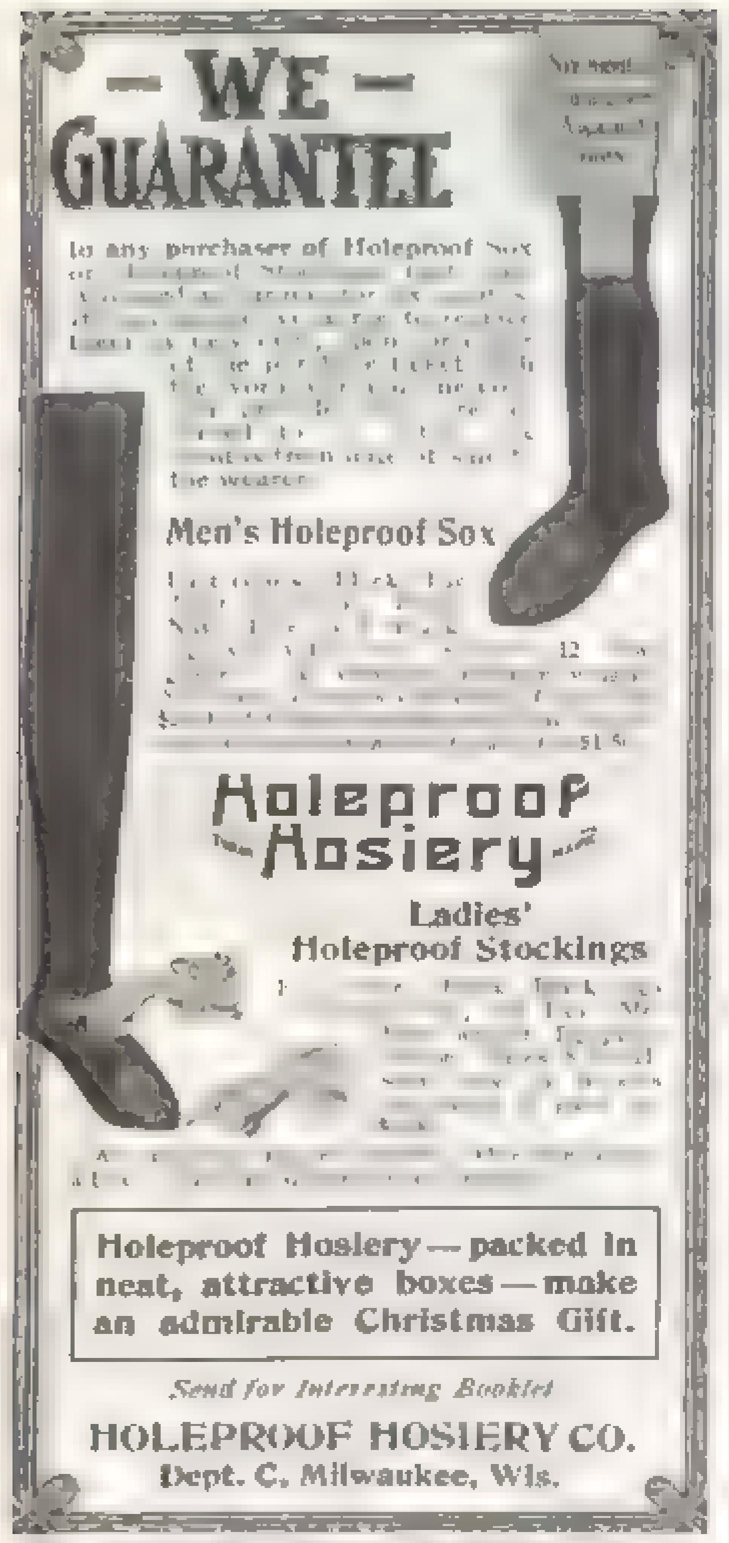
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them how to gamble for each other's little dimes. I saw a little boy in knickerbockers throw down the evening paper ——"

"At that age? They read the *papers?*" interrupted Mrs. Gregory.

"They read nothing else at any age. He threw it down and said: 'Well, I guess there's not much behind this raid on Steel Preferred.' What need has such a boy for parents or grandparents? Presently he is traveling to a fashionable boarding-school in his father's private car. At college all his adolescent curiosities are lavishly gratified. His sister at home reads the French romances, and by eighteen she, too, knows (in her head at least) the whole of life, so that she can be perfectly trusted; she would no more marry a mere half-millionaire just because she loved him than she would appear twice in the same ball-dress; and if you desire to pay correct ballroom compliments you no longer go to her mother and tell her she's looking every bit as young as her daughter; you go to the daughter and tell her she's looking every bit as old as her mother, for that's what she wishes to do, that's what she tries for, what she talks, dresses, eats, drinks, goes to indecent plays and laughs for. Yes, we manage it through precocity, and the new-rich American parent has achieved at least one new thing under the sun, namely, the corruption of the child."

My ladies silently consulted each other's expressions, after which, in equal silence, their gaze returned to me; but their joint scrutiny gave me quite different things. It was with expectancy that Mrs. Gregory looked at me—she wanted more. Not so Mrs. Weguelin; she gave me disapproval; it was shadowed in her beautiful, lustrous eyes that burned dark in her white face with as much fire as that of youth, yet it was not of youth, being deeply charged with retrospection.

In what, then, had I sinned? For the little lady's next words, coldly murmured, increased in me an uneasiness, as of sin:

"You have told us much that we are not accustomed to hear in Kings Port."

"Oh, I haven't begun to tell you!" I exclaimed cheerily.

"You certainly have not told us," said Mrs. Gregory, "how your 'precocity' escapes this divorce degradation."

"*Escape* it? Those people think it is well, provincial—not to have been divorced at least once!"

Mrs. Gregory opened her eyes, but Mrs. Weguelin shut her lips.

I continued: "Even the children, for their own little reasons, like it. Only last summer, in Newport, a young boy was asked how he enjoyed having a father and an ex-father."

"Hmph!" said Mrs. Gregory. "Vice-father is what I should call him."

"Maria!" murmured Mrs. Weguelin, "how can you jest upon such topics?"

"I am far from jesting, Julia. Well, young gentleman, and what answer did this precious Newport child make?"

"He said (if you will pardon my giving you his little sentiment in his own quite expressive idiom), 'Me for two fathers! Double money birthdays and Christmases. See?' That was how *he* saw divorce."

Once again my ladies consulted each other's expressions; we moved along High Walk in such silence that I heard the stiff little rustle which the palmettos were making across the street; even these trees, you might have supposed, were whispering together over the horrors that I had recited in their decorous presence.

It was Mrs. Gregory who next spoke: "I can translate that last boy's language, but what did the other boy mean about a 'raid on Steel Preferred'—if I've got the jargon right?"

While I translated this for her, I felt again the disapproval in Mrs. Weguelin's dark eyes; and my sins—for they were twofold—were presently made clear to me by this lady.

"Are such subjects as—as *stocks*" (she softly cloaked this word in scorn immeasurable)—"are such subjects mentioned in your good society at the North?"

I laughed heartily. "Everything's mentioned!"

The lady paused over my reply. "I am afraid you must feel us to be very old-fashioned in Kings Port," she then said.

"But I rejoice in it!"

She ignored my not wholly dexterous compliment. "And some subjects," she pursued, "seem to us so grave that if we permit ourselves to speak of them at all we cannot speak of them lightly."

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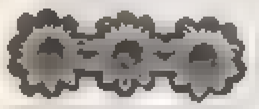

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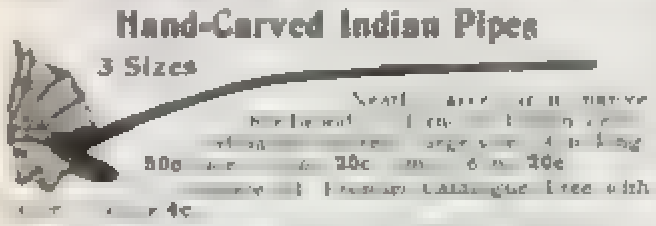

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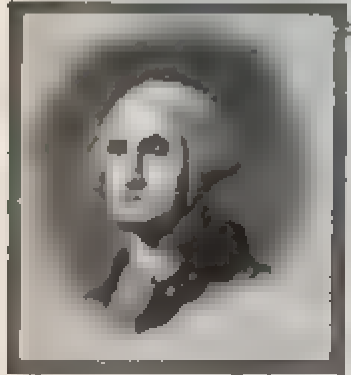

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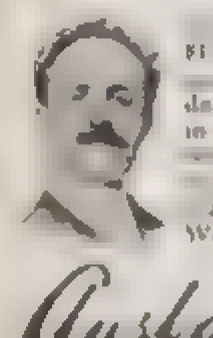

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No, they couldn't speak of them lightly! Here, then, stood my two sins revealed; everything I had imparted, and also my tone of imparting it, had displeased Mrs. Weguelin St. Michael, not with the thing, but with *me*. I had transgressed her sound old American code of good manners, a code slightly pompous no doubt, but one in which no familiarity was allowed to breed contempt. To her good taste, there were things in the world which had, apparently, to exist, but which one banished from drawing-room discussion as one conceals from sight the kitchen and outhouses; one dealt with them only when necessity compelled, and never in small-talk; and here had I been, so to speak, small-talking them in that glib, modern, irresponsible cadence with which our brazen age rings and clatters like the beating of triangles and gongs. Not triangles and gongs, but rather strings and flutes, had been the music to which Kings Port society had attuned its measured voice.

I saw it all, and even saw that my own dramatic sense of Mrs. Weguelin's dignity had perversely moved me to be more flippant than I actually felt; and I promised myself that a more chastened tone should forthwith redeem me from the false position I had got into.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gregory to Mrs. Weguelin, "we must ask him to excuse our provincialism."

For the second time I was not wholly dexterous. "But I like it so much!" I exclaimed; and both ladies laughed frankly.

Mrs. Gregory brought in a fable. "You'll find us all 'country mice' here."

This time I was happy. "At least, then, there'll be no cat!" And this caused us all to make little bows.

But the word "cat" fell into our talk as does a drop of some acid into a chemical solution, instantly changing the whole to an unexpected new color. The unexpected new color was, in this instance, merely what had been latently lurking in the fluid of our consciousness all through; and now it suddenly came out.

Mrs. Gregory stared over the parapet at the harbor. "I wonder if anybody has visited that steam yacht?"

"The Hermana?" I said. "She's waiting, I believe, for her owner, who is enjoying himself very much on land." It was a strong temptation to add, "enjoying himself with the cat," but I resisted it.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gregory. "Possibly a friend of yours?"

"Even his name is unknown to me. But I gather that he may be coming to Kings Port—to attend Mr. John Mayrant's wedding next Wednesday week."

I hadn't gathered this; but one is at times driven to improvising. I wished so much to know if Juno was right about the engagement being broken, and I looked hard at the ladies as my words fairly grazed the "cat." This time I expected them to consult each other's expressions, and such, indeed, was their immediate proceeding.

"The Wednesday following, you mean," Mrs. Weguelin corrected.

"Postponed again? Dear me!"

Mrs. Gregory spoke this time. "General Rieppe. Less well again, it seems."

It would be like Juno to magnify a delay into a rupture. Then I had a hilarious thought, which I instantly put to the ladies. "If the poor general were to die completely, would the wedding be postponed completely?"

"There would not be the slightest chance of *that*," Mrs. Gregory declared. And then she pronounced a sentence that was truly oracular: "She's coming at once to see for herself."

To which Mrs. Weguelin added with deeper condemnation than she had so far employed at all: "There is a rumor that she is actually coming in an automobile."

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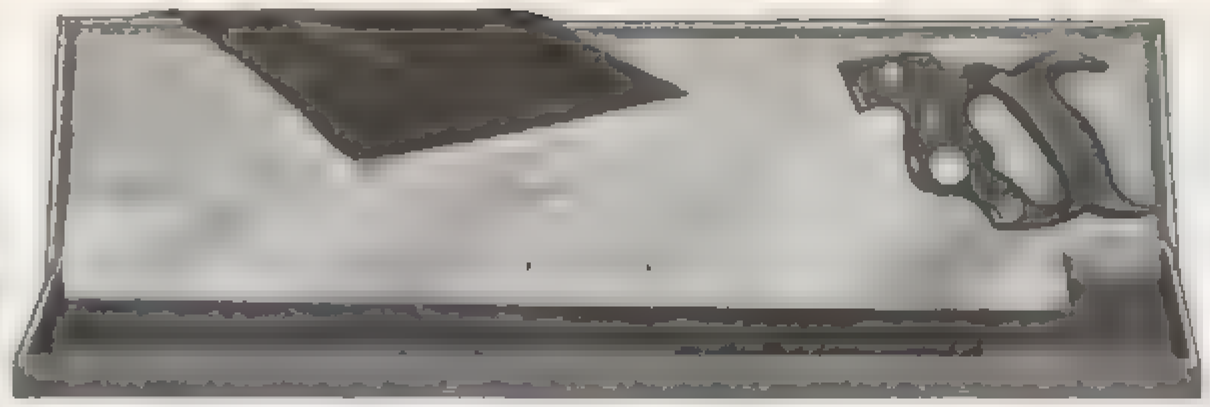

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Randolph, '64

(Continued from Page 5)

came a confused murmur of voices, mingled with occasional shouts. The voices grew louder, and shortly there came a loud cheer, followed by the tramp of many feet. I stepped to the window and saw through the dusk a cluster of men moving slowly up the sidewalk by Massachusetts Hall. In a moment I realized that the time might be at hand for the application of my roommate's recently declared principles. With a distinct feeling of apprehension I drew in my head and was about hurriedly to suggest a walk, when there came the sound of flying feet, and Moses, with scared face and starting eyes, burst into the room.

"'Oh, Marse Dick,' he cried in a trembling voice, 'dey's a-comin' ter kill yer an' tek me away from yer. Dey's goin' ter hurt yer dreffull Doan' let 'em do it, Marse Curtis!'

"Dick had risen quietly and was now engaged in lighting the lamp upon the centre table, while I shut and locked both door and windows. Jim got up from his place beneath the table and watched us uneasily. The noise of the crowd drew nearer. Then suddenly I heard a sharp click behind me and turned to see Randolph holding one of the silver-mounted pistols which he had taken from its case upon the mantel. He was calmly engaged in loading.

"'Look here, Dick!' I cried, 'for Heaven's sake put that back!'

"Before I could say another word our assailants entered the hallway of the building. There came a babel of voices, followed by a loud pounding upon the door. We returned no answer. Then there were shouts of:

"'Run him out!'

"'Liberty for ever!'

"'No slaves in Harvard!'

"'Smash in the door!'

"This last suggestion was accompanied by a yell and a rush against the door, which swayed inward, and, the lock snapping, burst open. There was an instant's hesitation on the part of the men outside; then they began to surge through the narrow doorway. Randolph quickly raised his pistol.

"'Back!' he shouted. 'Leave the room!' Instinctively they retreated. I can see them now, crowding out through the doorway. Just here (where I am sitting), in the full light of the lamp, stood Randolph, the barrel of his pistol glistening wickedly. There was a cold gleam in his eyes and a drawn look about his mouth. Before him stood Jim, tail switching, and lips curled back in a snarl that showed all his sharp teeth, while in the background cowered Moses, fear pictured upon every feature, his eyeballs gleaming white in the shadowy doorway of the bedroom.

"'I warn you, gentlemen,' said Randolph haughtily. 'I order you to leave the room. I shall shoot the first man that crosses my threshold.'

"'Bosh!' cried a voice. 'Hear him!'

"'D——d slave owner!' shouted another.

"'Throw him out!'

"Watkins thrust himself forward.

"'Bah! I'm not afraid of any rum-drinking Southerner! He hasn't the nerve to shoot!'

"'Look out!' called some one.

"There was a sudden rush from outside and Watkins either sprang or was pushed (probably the latter) through the door. At the same instant there was a flash, a report, a snarl, a loud cry, a tumult of feet. The smoke cleared slowly away, showing the door empty. Across the threshold lay a sophomore, while over him stood Jim, motionless, with his feet on the man's chest and his teeth close to his face.

"Randolph laid the smoking pistol upon the table and pointed grimly to a splintered crack in the strip above the door.

"'Come here, Jim!' he called. The dog unwillingly drew away, still eying the man on the floor, who, finding himself unhurt, began to blubber loudly.

"'You are free, suh,' remarked Randolph scornfully. 'Don't let me detain you.'

"Watkins slowly and fearfully scrambled to his feet and then, like a flash, vanished into the darkness.

"'Golly, Marse Dick,' exclaimed Moses in an awestruck voice. 'I thought you'd killed dat gem'man, sho'.'

"'Give us a glass of brandy, Moses!' said his master, extinguishing the light. 'Where are they, Jack?'

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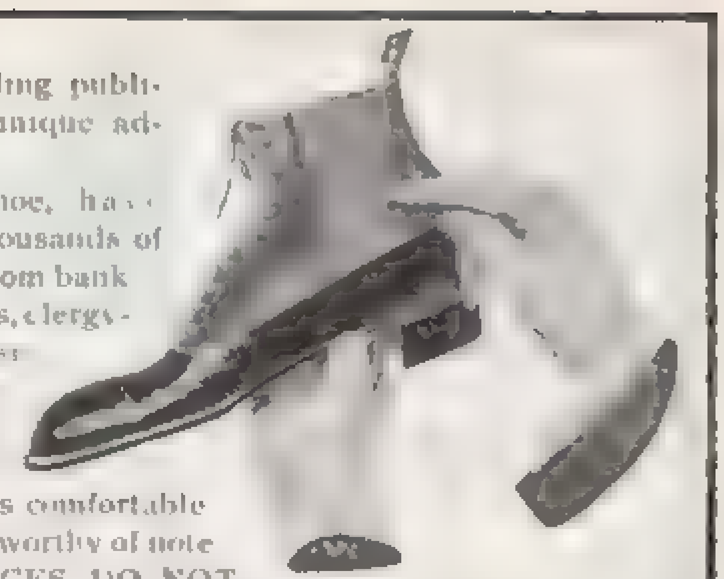

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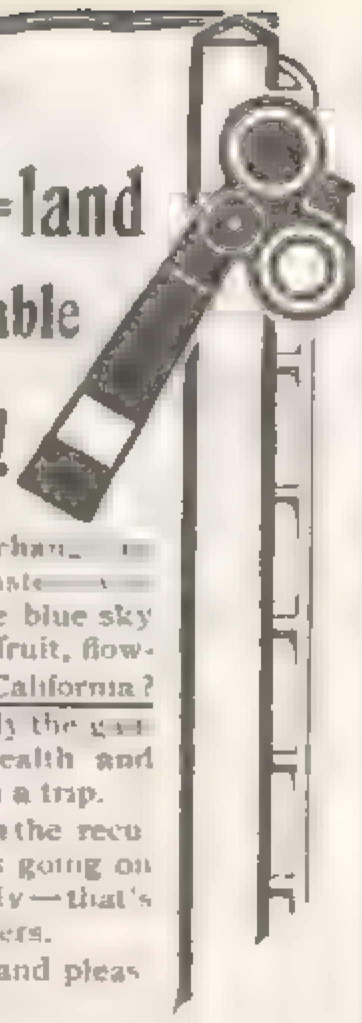

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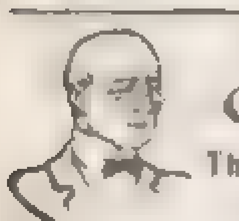

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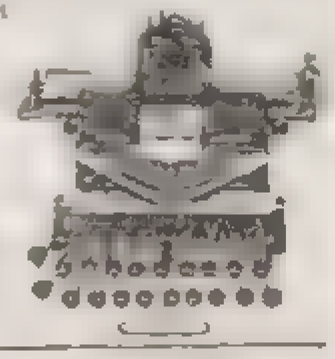

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"I raised the window and looked out. The sophomores were gathered in an excited group about Jim's victim, gazing at our window, and talking loudly among themselves. Randolph reloaded the pistol and stepped to the door.

"'Pleased to see you at any time, gentlemen,' he said. 'But just now I want to go to bed and don't like noise. Don't let me keep you. While I sometimes miss a single bird I'm not so bad at a covey. Now off with you!'

"Again he whipped up the pistol into position. It looked even more wicked in the starlight than it had done inside. With one accord the crowd broke and ran, Watkins well in the lead.

"Randolph came inside, lighted the lamp, and tossed off the brandy.

"'By gad, suh,' he drawled with a laugh. 'They really thought they were going to be murdered. You Yankees don't seem gifted with any sense of humor. Here, Moses, run around to my friends' rooms and give them my compliments and invite them all to the tavern for a bowl of punch.'"

Ralph clapped his hands together.

"Right in this very room!" he cried, "right in this room!" Then he jumped to his feet and again critically examined the door. "Just as fresh as ever!" he remarked delightedly. "Why, but that Randolph was a ripper! And to think it all happened right between these four walls and we never have heard a word about it before!"

"Tell us some more about him," said I. "What did the faculty say?"

"The faculty considered the case," replied Mr. Curtis, "but we never heard from them in regard to it. Of course the story got all around the college and Watkins was unmercifully guyed. But he had his turn."

"How was that?" inquired Ralph. "Do go on."

"I don't know," returned Mr. Curtis. "What do you think of Randolph?"

"The best ever!" pronounced Ralph with conviction.

"It's hard to resist such an enthusiastic audience—and so insistent," smiled Mr. Curtis. "Well, they let him alone after that, and he pursued the even tenor of his way and increased in wisdom and stature and in favor—at least with man.

"I can only tell you about Randolph's leaving college, and that takes me to those sadder times of which I spoke. It was late in the spring, when none of us longer had any time or inclination to think of college distinctions or college jealousies. We were all overwhelmed at the thought of the impending conflict. Already most of the Southerners had departed for their homes.

"You see, I'm trying to give you an impression—a picture of a chap I believe to have been one of the truest gentlemen that ever came here—I feel you're entitled to know whose room it is you occupy and to share in these memories which are, after all, the best thing left in my lonely old bachelor existence. When I tell you the rest and how we parted never to meet again you won't be able to get a true understanding of it unless you can grasp the real spirit of the times, the environment, the intensity of the whole affair.

"Here I was rooming with a flamboyant Southerner who fully intended to enlist as soon as his native State should declare herself, when four of my uncles had already joined the Union Army. Of course I wanted to go but my father wouldn't hear of it. The whole miserable business only drew Randolph and me the closer together. I do not think that his performance with the pistol had increased his popularity; in fact the sympathies of the undergraduates seemed on the whole to be with Watkins, and the general sentiment that he was the aggrieved party. If Dick had taken his medicine in good part it would doubtless have been better for him in the end. You see, it gave his enemies a handle and they made the most of it. Neither did he abate any of his [illegible] of which I have spoken but simply out of bravado, I suppose, rather let himself go. His cravats increased in brilliancy, his waistcoats multiplied their colors, and he was always careering around on Azam through the Yard and Harvard Square. He had a trick of riding suddenly out of nowhere, and appearing at recitations on horseback, turning his beast over to Moses at the door until the lecture had concluded. I have known Randolph at this period to keep his horse waiting an hour in order that he might ride him the length of the Yard. Don't get the impression that I am criticising him unfavorably; I am merely endeavoring to

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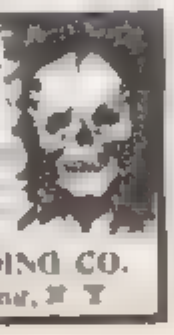

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give you the point of view of the outsiders who didn't like him. By April the class was pretty evenly divided on the Randolph question. To half of us he was a rather Quixotic hero—to the rest a sort of cheap poseur. Watkins was untiring in his innuendoes, and in this he was aided to a considerable extent by the bitterness of the feeling between North and South. Of course, everything possible was being done to conciliate the Southern States, and it was the aim of the entire North to avert if possible an open rupture. At the theatres the most popular music was the old Southern airs and plantation melodies, and the audiences conscientiously cheered when Dixie was played. Naturally this was vastly gratifying to Randolph, who failed, it seemed to me, to realize its significance. I don't think that any one really believed actual hostilities would occur.

"Then like a lash across our faces came the firing on Sumter. The whole North gasped and then the blood boiled in our veins. Right here under these trees the war fever burned hottest.

"That night will never be forgotten by the class of '64. A huge gathering of students filled the Yard, lights twinkled in all the windows, torches flared here and there among the tree trunks, while between Stoughton Hall and where Thayer now stands, just in front of these very windows, the fellows concentrated in a solid mass, cheering the Union again and again, and flights of rockets burst high above the trees, sending down their floating canopies of sparks. Into that big elm, out there, some of the seniors were hoisting a transparency, bearing upon one side the words 'The Constitution and Enforcement of the Laws,' and upon the other 'Harvard for War.'

"I was sitting in this window—Randolph in that. Perhaps I should have been out on the grass shouting with the others, but the loneliest fellow in Cambridge was at my side. Poor old chap! No wonder he was gloomily silent. Outside the cheering continued and the rockets roared away over the tops of the old buildings, until the students, forming into an irregular procession, marched away singing patriotic airs, some to go to their rooms, but most to pass the remainder of the evening at the tavern, discussing the President's proclamation.

"Dick got up quietly and came over to the window. 'Jack,' he said sadly, 'the game's about up with me. I can't stay here any longer. Now that war is an actuality, I must go home, and the sooner the better.'

"'But Virginia hasn't seceded,' I answered, 'and most likely won't. If she does there will be time enough for you to go.'

"'Virginia *will* secede,' he replied, 'and blood will be shed in this cursed quarrel within two weeks. I can't stay here when I might be at home helping on the cause. I shall think you are acting from interested motives,' he added, smiling.

"'What does your mother say?'

"'That's the trouble. She wants me to stay.'

"I read the letter which he handed me. It was plain enough. The good lady desired to keep her only son out of harm's way just as long as possible, although through it all I could perceive her consciousness of the futility of any idea of preventing Randolph from taking an active part, in the event of the secession of his native State. I urged parental duty and the foolishness of taking for granted something that might not happen at all. He, of course, was keen for fighting anyhow, but he was prepared to stand by his State's decision.

"Of course, you couldn't blame a woman for wanting to keep her only son from throwing his life away. From the very first I had a presentiment that that was what it would amount to, and I was for doing all I could to help her carry out her purpose.

"But as the days dragged on it became harder and harder to keep Randolph in Cambridge. You see, by that time he was practically the only Southerner left there, and he found himself in a strangely awkward, not to say painful, position. Even some of his friends, while their manner toward him remained the same, ceased to come as frequently to our room.

"We kept trying to deceive ourselves all along about the seriousness of the crisis. None of us did much studying—Randolph, none at all. He rode about the country or sat in his room reading his last letters from the Hall, fretting to get away from Cambridge. Nor did his continued presence pass uncommented upon by the more fiery of our student patriots.

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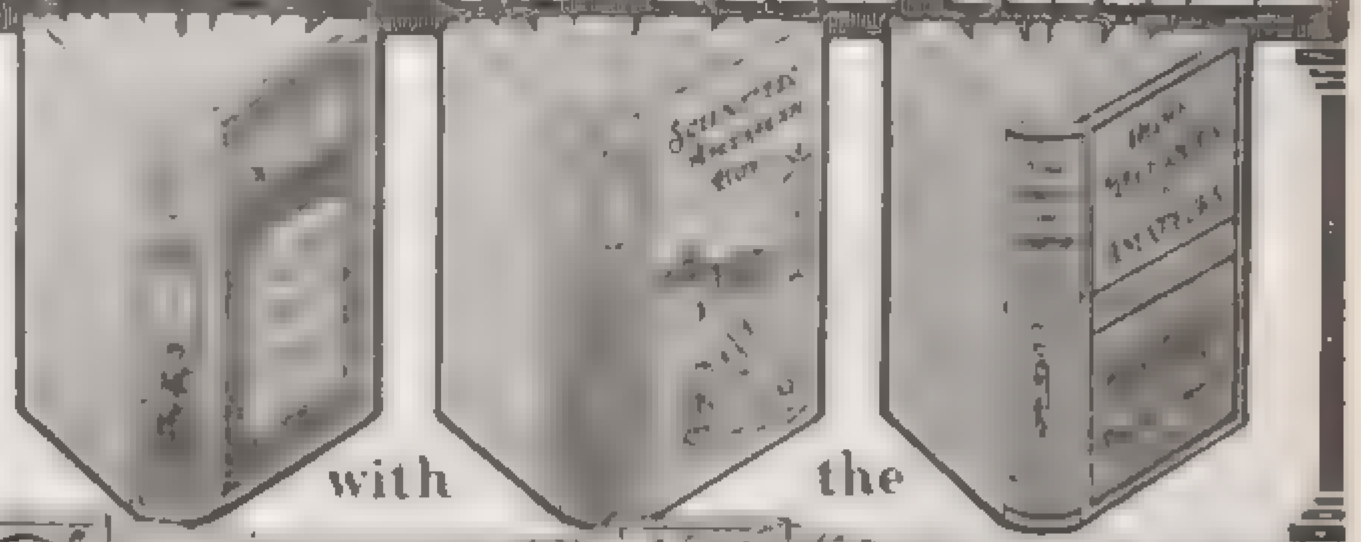

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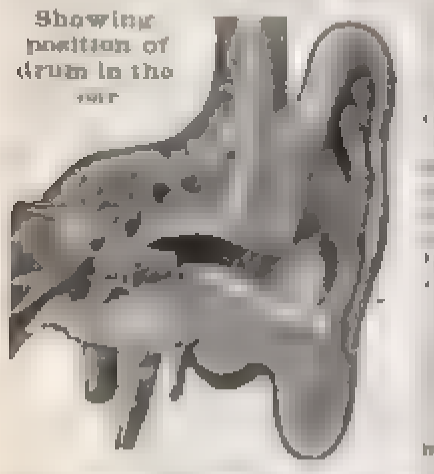

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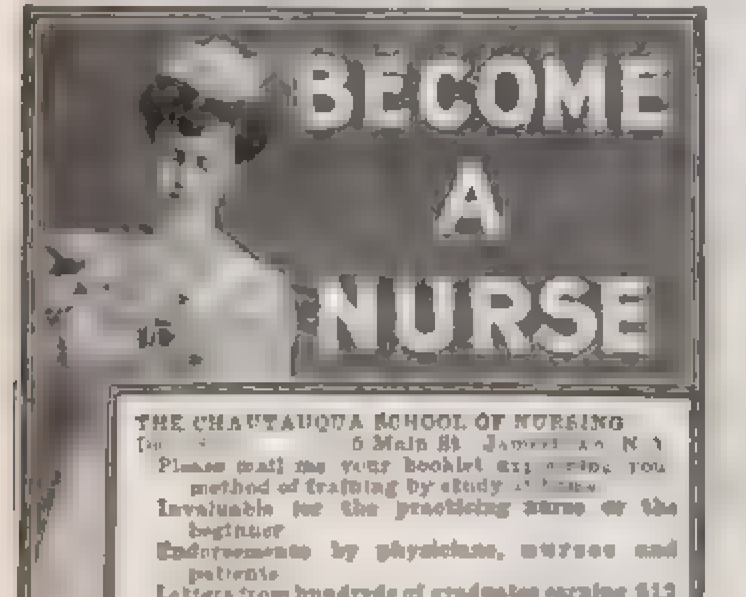

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"Several anonymous letters suggesting that his presence in Cambridge was undesirable had been left at his room, while, quite accidentally of course, it frequently happened that the sidewalk in front of our windows was selected as the forum for vehement denunciation of the South, of slavery and slaveholders. Randolph gripped his pipe grimly between his teeth and held his head higher than ever. Once he actually tried to address a meeting in front of the post-office on the Inherent Right of Secession. But he was groaned down. While few of us had been Abolitionists we were now all Unionists, and '*Harvard was for war.*'

"After this experience I noticed a change in his demeanor, for there were among that shouting, hissing crowd several who had been his friends. Although he must have known that Virginia's supposed loyalty was but a pretext on the part of his mother to keep him out of danger, his devotion to her was such that he remained without a word to bear the whips and scorns of time and the humiliation of his position, waiting manfully until the official action of the government of Virginia should set him free.

"It must have been exquisite torture for a chap of his high spirit to be obliged to hear his principles and those of his father denounced on every side, and the South that he really loved with all his heart charged with treachery and infidelity.

"In those days the top story of Dane was used by the upper classmen and the members of the Law School as a debating-hall, their discussions being frequently marked by personalities and a bitterness of invective unparalleled even in the national Senate and House of Representatives. After the firing upon Sumter these meetings grew more and more turbulent, and were held almost daily.

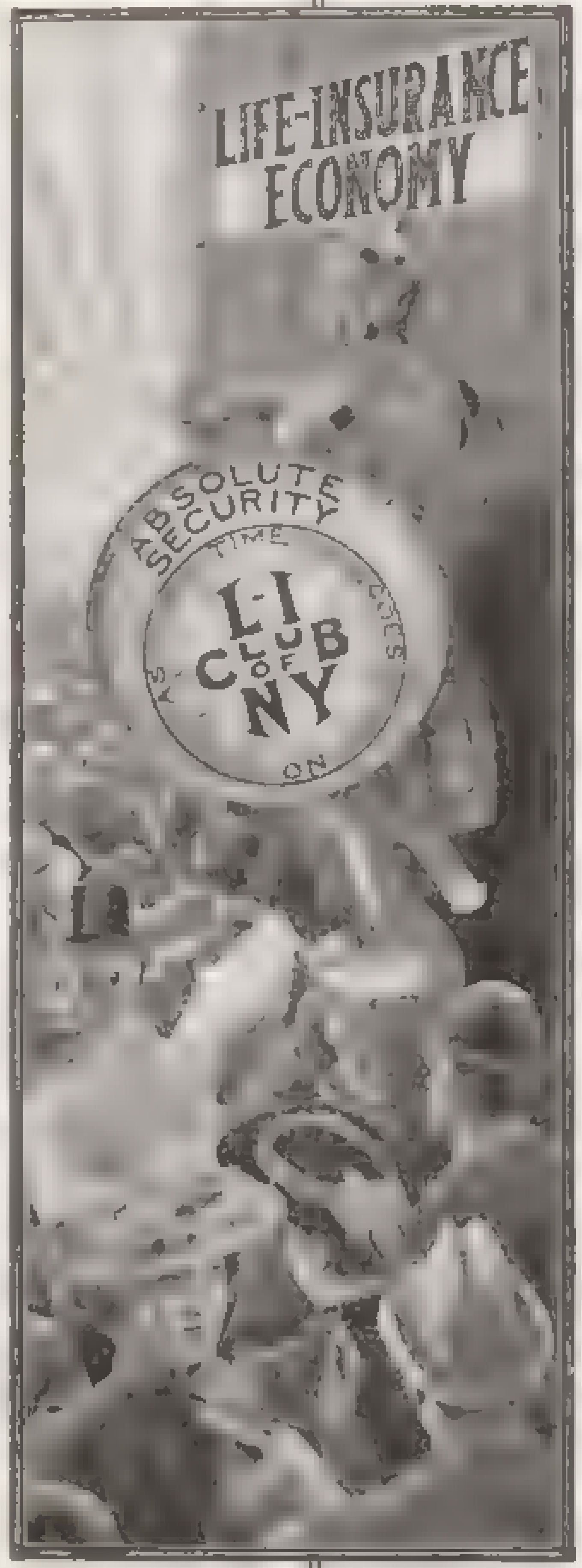
"Randolph had at last made up his mind that he would wait but a week longer at the latest, and had notified his mother of his decision. He intended to leave Cambridge on the eighteenth of April, and nothing that I could say had been able to shake his determination. I am inclined to believe that the action of Virginia on the question of secession would not have made any difference to him at this time. We had watched the departure of the Sixth and Eighth Massachusetts regiments for Washington, and you can easily imagine how irksome his enforced inaction must have been. All his arrangements had been completed and he and Moses were to leave Boston on an early morning train for the South.

"The morning of the seventeenth dawned clear and brilliant. I left Dick and Moses packing books and dismantling the room, and walked across the Yard to a recitation in Massachusetts Hall. After that I remember I attended a lecture in some scientific course, chemistry, I believe, in University, and about eleven o'clock wandered over to the Square to see if there were any fresh war bulletins. A group of excited people was gathered about the telegraph office gesticulating toward a strip of foolscap pasted in the window, and it was really unnecessary for me to push my way among them and read what was written there: '*Virginia secedes.*' The words had almost a familiar look—we had waited for them so long.

"With the intention of telling Randolph the news I hurried across the Square. I did not get far, however. Just on the other side, tethered to a post in front of the door of Dane Hall, stood Azam. He whinnied when he saw me, for by this time we were old friends. His presence there could only mean that Dick was inside, and with a qualm of apprehension I pushed open the door and started up the stairs. From above came the hum of voices followed by confusion and silence. Then as I reached the landing I caught the tones of a familiar voice—Randolph's—and hurrying up the flight leading to the second story breathlessly opened the door into the hall. It was packed with students and hot almost to suffocation, while the grins on most of the faces of those near me showed plainly the state of their feelings toward the speaker.

"In the middle of the room, in a sort of cleared space, stood Randolph dressed with his customary braggadocio in riding-boots, spurs and gauntlets. Whip and hat lay before him upon the floor. The crowd were jeering, and his face was flushed with an angry red—a thing I'd never seen before.

"'Virginia has seceded,' he shouted, challenging the whole room with a defiant glance. 'I thank God for it! Had she remained three days longer in the Union I



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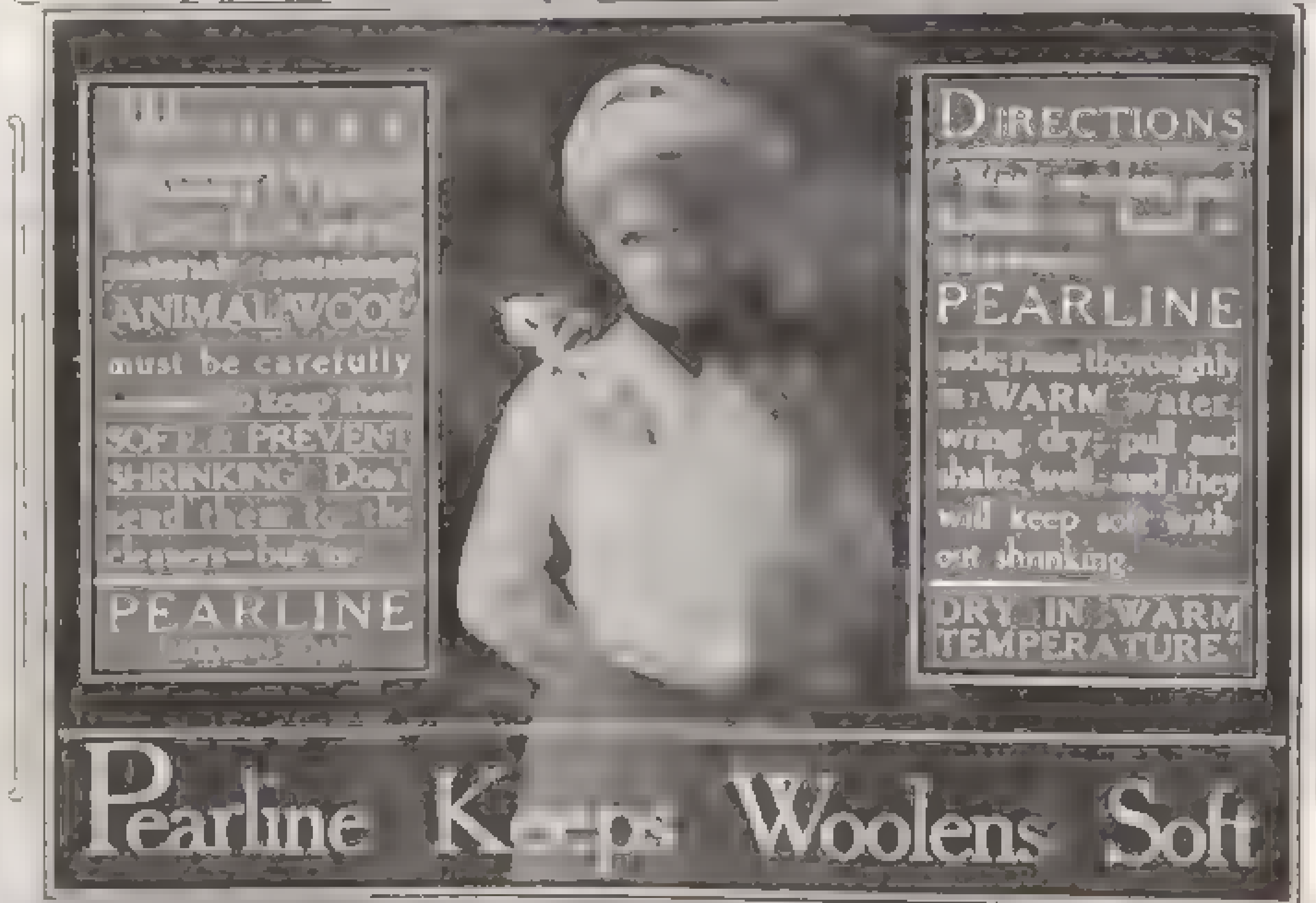

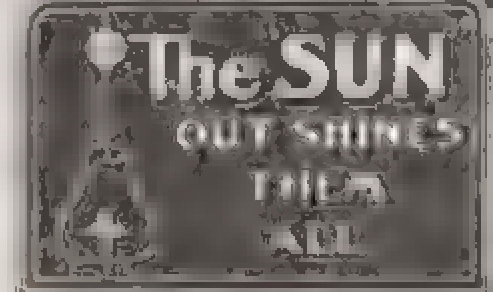

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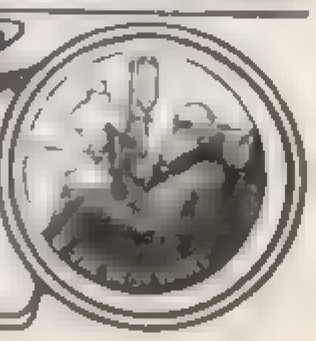

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should have felt my native State humiliated. She has been the last to take up the sword against oppression. Now may she be the last to lay it down. For the last decade the rights of Virginia and of the South have been trampled under foot. She has borne slander and insult. She has bowed to an unlawful interpretation of the Constitution and unjust administration of the laws. She has seen her lawful property snatched from her outstretched hands. They tell me she has rebelled I rejoice that Virginia has resisted! Who dares say that a sovereign State, who by her assent alone was joined to a union of other States, has not the right to separate herself from them when such a partnership has become intolerable!'

"He was being continually interrupted by hisses and groans and sarcastic comments from all sides, but he continued unabashed:

"'Do you realize that you who once threw off the yoke of England have yourselves become oppressors and are trampling the sacred rights of others wantonly under foot? That you have become destroyers of liberty? Virginia!—Virginia!——' His voice broke. Absurdly theatrical as it all was, I believe he had some of the fellows with him. Then Watkins shouted:

"'She is a traitor!'

"'That's a lie!' replied the orator fiercely.

"I never quite knew how Watkins had the nerve, but I suppose he thought that Randolph was down and out, and he may have really believed that poor Dick was just a swaggering braggart, after all. Anyhow, before any of us realized what had happened, he had sprung forward and struck Randolph in the face with his cap, exclaiming:

"'Take that, *you reb!*'

"An extraordinary stillness fell upon us. I thought for a moment that Randolph would fall, for he turned deathly pale and his hands twitched as if he were going to have an epileptic fit. He swayed, recovered himself, tried to speak, choked, and finally said in a hoarse whisper:

"'I suppose you understand what that means?'

"Then, in the silence, he stooped, picked up his whip and hat, and looking straight before him strode out of the hall. I followed automatically.

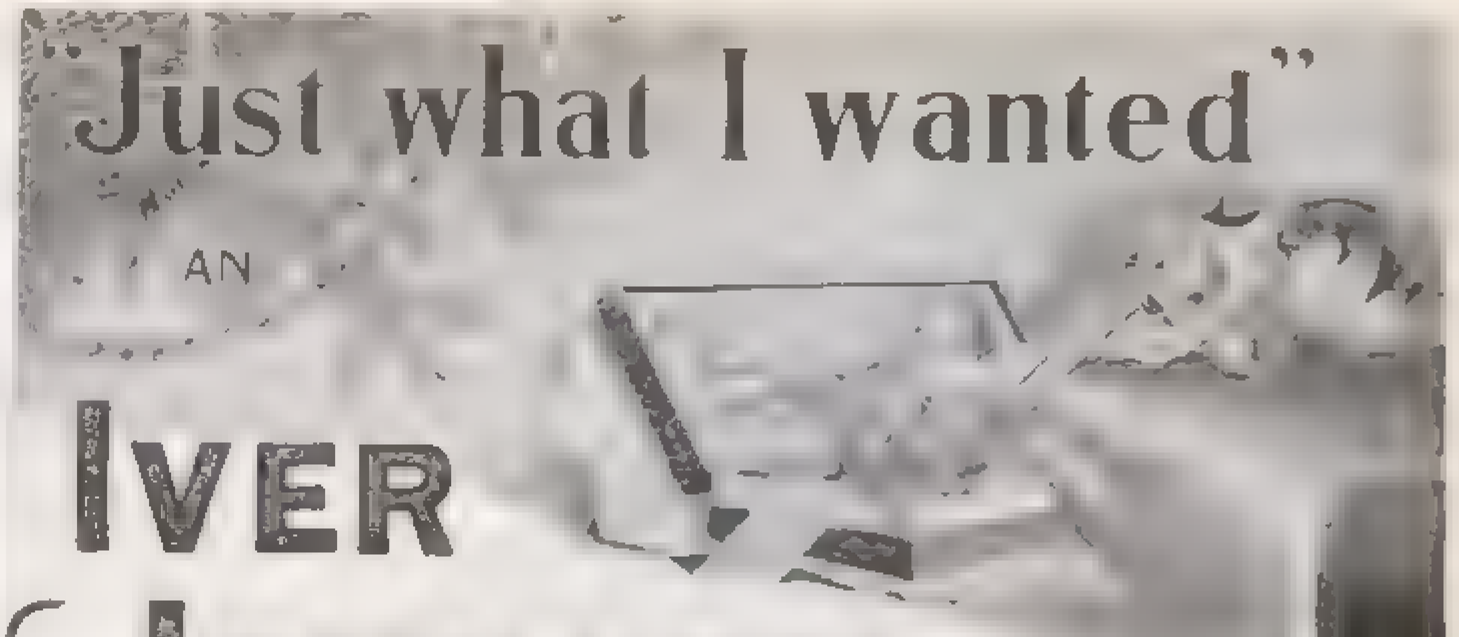
"The door behind us shut out a tremendous roar of laughter, in which could be distinguished cries of 'You're done for now, Watkins!' 'Better make your will, old chap!' We were hardly clear of the building before the whole meeting adjourned with a rush, pounding down the stairs with such impetuosity that it is a wonder they didn't carry the rickety structure along with them.

"Shades of John Harvard and Cotton Mather! A duel was to be fought in Harvard College! The rumor flew from the college pump to the tavern; it sprang from lip to lip—from window to window; sneaked by professors' houses in silence; and burst into garrulity upon the steps of Hollis and Stoughton. If you had asked one from the jocular groups gathered in front of the different buildings and upon the gravel paths what was to pay, he would probably have replied with a twinkle in his eye, '*Virginia has seceded.*'

"I must confess to you that I felt like a fool. It was the same feeling that I had experienced in a lesser degree when my cavalier had kissed the hand of old Mrs. Podridge, but now it was clear I was playing Sancho Panza in earnest. I had followed Dick to the room and pleaded with him in vain. He was impervious to argument. There could be only one thing done under the circumstances. There was no question about it at all. He failed utterly to comprehend, or at any rate pretended to, my alleged attitude in the case. Why hadn't he thrashed Watkins then and there? Simply because by so doing he'd have made himself nothing more or less than a common brawler. It was not a case of a street fight, but of insulting a man's honor.

"Of course I might have thrown him over. But somehow I couldn't leave Randolph to face the music all alone, and I knew well enough that laughter would be far harder for him to bear than the actual hatred or disapproval of his associates. And then he was going away the following morning and I might never see him again.

"I'd hoped, and in fact expected, that Watkins would laugh in my face when I submitted Randolph's challenge. It would have been quite in keeping with the fellow's character and past performances, but he took the wind entirely out of my sails by



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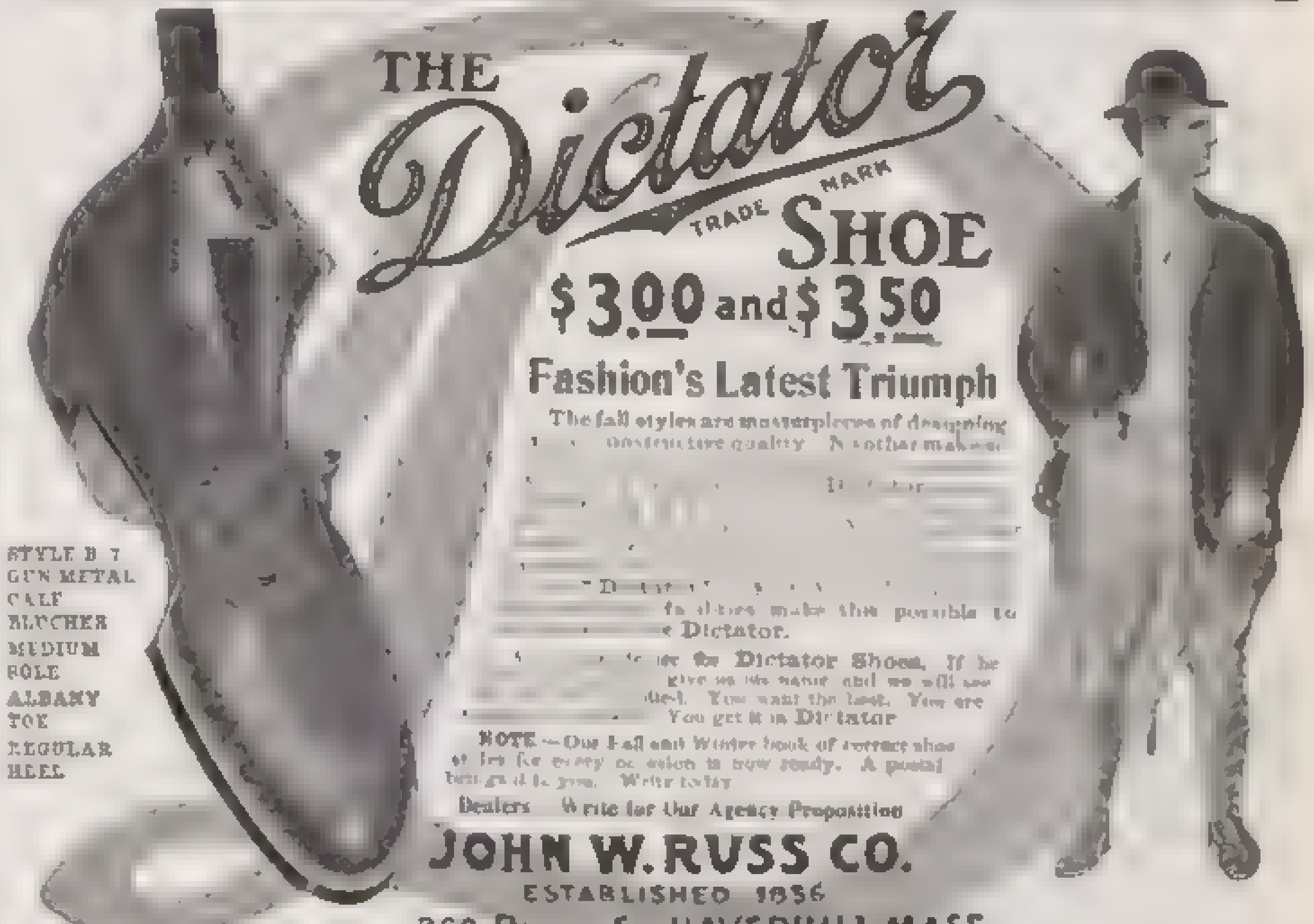

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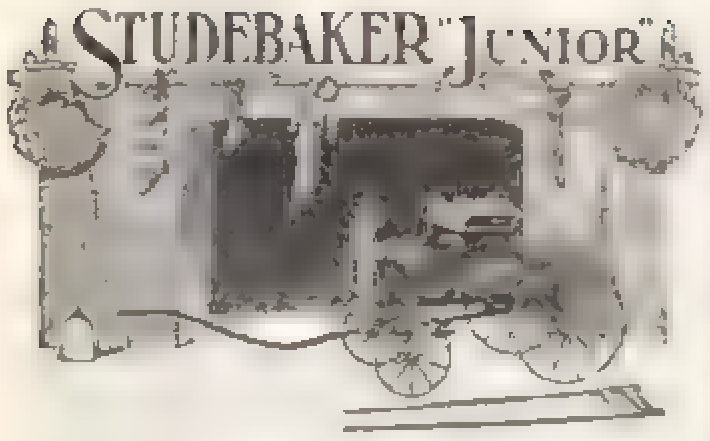

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the gravity with which he listened to what I had to say, and unhesitatingly chose '*pistols at twenty paces*.' Up to that time I'd felt merely that Dick had made an ass of himself and had rather unnecessarily dragged me into it, but now the other aspect of the thing—that I might become the accessory to a homicide—caused me a feeling of revolt against having anything to do with the affair.

"I completed my arrangements with Watkins' second, a fellow named Scott, as quickly as possible, leaving to him most of the details. And then Dick and I took a long ride together in the country, supping at a farmhouse and not reaching home until after nine o'clock.

"Randolph roused me from fitful slumbers early next morning by holding the lamp to my face, and I saw that he was fully dressed.

"'You haven't been to bed at all!' I cried in reproach.

"'I had no time. I've been writing,' he replied, as he replaced the lamp in the study. A dim suggestion of the dawn came through the windows, and the complete silence was broken only by the snapping of the fire which Moses had kindled and over which he was boiling coffee. While I hurried into my clothes Dick reëntered my room with a packet in his hand and sat down upon the bed.

"'Jack,' said he cheerily enough, 'of course there's no use disguising things. The beggar may wing me, and if anything happens I want you to take this to my mother. I'd like you to have the horses and —and Jim. You'll see that Moses gets back, won't you?'

"'Oh, Dick!' I almost sobbed. 'Of course I'll do exactly as you say, but it's not too late and perhaps Watkins will apologize or agree to fight it out with fists. What's the use of shooting at each other?'

"'You can't understand!' he sighed. 'Well, here's the packet. Don't forget now.' He began to whistle Dixie and oil his pistols. Two years later I learned that his father had been killed in a duel at Paxton Court House.

"'Coffee's ready,' announced Moses. 'Look out, Marse Curtis, it's hot.' He laid two smoking cups upon the table, and Dick poured a finger of brandy into each.

"'To the cause!' said he with a gay laugh.

"'To the cause!' cried I.

"And we drained them—each to his own.

"From a distant steeple came three widely separated and mournful notes.

"'We must be off!' exclaimed Dick, throwing on his greatcoat. 'Have the horses at the bridge, Moses, in twenty minutes.'

"He thrust his pistol under one arm and linking the other into mine led me into the Yard. A cold mist hung over the lawn and the red buildings looked black in the vague light. A silence as of the grave was everywhere. At certain angles the windows looked out like blank, whitish, dead faces.

"'On a morning like this,' remarked Dick, 'my great-aunt Shirley should be about. Joyful, isn't it?'

"I was in no mood for joking. Already the effect of the brandy had vanished and a chill was creeping through my body. My arm trembled and Randolph felt it.

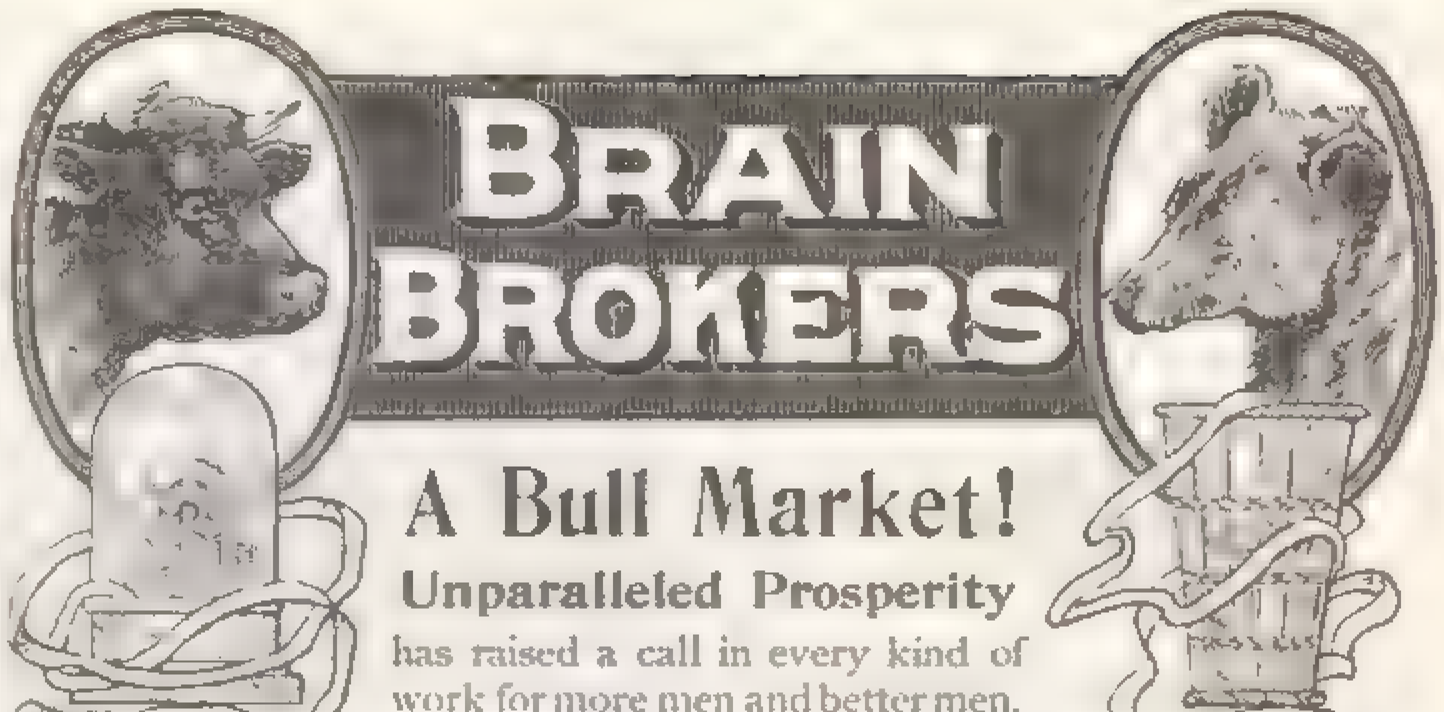
"'Dear me, Jack,' he cried as we passed out into the Square, 'this will never do. Cheer up, man! Ague is contagious at this hour of the morning.'

"I made a heroic effort to restrain the dance of my muscles. Our steps made a loud rattling on the cobblestones of the Square, but we met no one and were soon well on our way to the river. As we trudged along the sky grew lighter, and crossing the bridge I noticed that the roofs of old Cambridge showed black against the whiteness of the dawning. Everywhere the mist covered the downs with a thick mantle, and a light breeze had sprung up, which set it drifting and swirling fantastically. The creaking of the draw was the only sound in the heavy silence, save the lapping of the water against the sunken piles and behind us the faint clatter of hoofs which told us that Moses was on his way.

"We left the road and started across the downs, and the mist thinned as the day neared its breaking. A quarter of a mile away three figures moved slowly along the river.

"'Who's the third man?' asked Randolph.

"'Watkins wanted a doctor,' I replied. He gave no answer but strode rapidly over the harsh grass and dry reeds of the marshy



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fields. No note of bird added touch of life to the gray scene, and the three dim shapes before us seemed more like phantoms than fellow-creatures. Although warm from our half-mile walk, a cold perspiration broke out all over my body and I once more lost control of my muscles. Indeed, had not Dick pulled me somewhat roughly on I doubt if my legs could have held me up, so intense was my fear of what was coming.

"Scott, as we approached, came to meet us, and without further formality paced off the distance. Then, quite as if it were a common affair with him, he examined the priming of our pistols and offered them to me for selection. I took one, almost dropping it in my nervousness, and passed the weapon to Dick, who pressed my hand for a moment before relinquishing it. Hardly a word had been spoken, and before I knew it the two were in their places. The spot chosen was in a bend of the sluggish river, and at this point the mist had entirely blown away. Each raised his pistol and took aim, just as the first claret streaks of dawn shot up into the east. The water swept by oily and purple, with here and there a swirl of iridescent color. A heron rose with a roar of flapping wings and rustled away into the mist squawking harshly, and the strong, salt breath of the sea floated across the marshes and set me sneezing.

"'One!' called Scott sharply. 'Two—three—Fire!'

"The two reports seemed but as one, two tiny spurts of white smoke leaped from the pistols, there was a sharp groan, and Watkins reeled, staggered, and fell upon his back among the reeds, his left hand grasping convulsively at a tuft of grass beside him. Randolph stood motionless with the smoking pistol in his hand, his eyes riveted upon the body on the ground over which both the doctor and Scott were bending anxiously. Then the latter raised himself with a look of horror on his face, and said wildly:

"'Oh, God! You've killed him!'

"'How is he, Doctor?' asked Randolph unemotionally.

"The doctor placed his hand to the heart of the man on the ground. Then he announced:

"'He is dead. His heart has ceased to beat.'

"I don't know exactly what happened after that. I think I fainted, for I have a dim recollection of some one thrusting a handkerchief strong with ammonia into my face. But the first thing I rightly recollect is striding hand in hand with Randolph over the downs toward the bridge, where Moses was in waiting with the two horses.

"I was conscious of a hurried parting with Dick, of his saying that of course he could never come back, and that I must not think the less of him for what he had done, and that we must never forget one another. And then he leaped on Azam's back and galloped away in the direction of Boston with Moses riding hard behind him, just as the sun burst red above the roofs of Harvard College through the mist.

"I stood there for a moment and then I ran, ran anywhere, until I thought that I should drop; until the pain in my side seemed eating me up; and when I really came to my senses I found myself wandering on the high road hard by Lexington. I sneaked into the back door of a farmhouse and asked for some milk and bread, but the woman refused me and, I thought, looked at me with suspicion. Probably they were already arranging for my arrest and a warrant had been issued. Visions of a trial as an accessory for murder in the East Cambridge court house, and of a judge with a black cap—a *hanging* judge—nearly crazed me with apprehension. But I had only myself to blame. I could have prevented it. He could not have fought alone. And I remember feeling rather sorry for Watkins—that he hadn't been such a bad fellow, after all. I lay under a tree most of the afternoon, and I can't say which emotion was uppermost, fear or regret. It never entered my mind that I should escape with anything less than a long term in State's prison.

"It came back to me again and again throughout that interminable afternoon, how, as I was hurrying with Dick across the downs after the fatal shot, and the sun had jumped above the roofs before us, I had turned for an instant and seen the doctor and Scott still bending over Watkins' body. Then, somehow realizing that flight was impossible, and feeling so utterly wretched that I cared nothing for what became of me, I begged a lift from a passing teamster

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most of the way back to Cambridge, and shortly after nine o'clock stealthily entered the College Yard. The dismantled room opened bare and empty like a sepulchre before me, and in its gravelike silence my steps echoed harshly as I crossed the floor and threw myself upon the window-seat. With a rush the vanished happiness of our life together came over me. Never had any days been half so sweet as those we had passed in this very room. And now he had fled—a murderer—leaving me, his accomplice, to face the consequences alone.

"Presently a group of fellows came strolling up the walk and seated themselves upon the step by the window, where Dick and I had always sat. I resented their presence, for it only served to heighten my desolation. One of them was evidently telling a funny story. For a moment or two I purposely paid no attention; then like a douche of cold water I recognized the voice. The revulsion of feeling almost sickened me.

"'Yes,' the jubilant Watkins was saying, 'didn't I always say he was an ass? Why, the trick would've been impossible on any less of a fool. Curtis can't be much better. When the pistols were produced Scott merely turned his back and had no difficulty in reloading them with graphite bullets, for the mist was pretty thick, and he says Curtis was shivering like a wet dog. All I had to do was a little play-acting and, while I assure you it is easier to play dead than to play doctor, Hunt carried out his part to perfection. In fact, the whole thing went off like a full-dress rehearsal. Randolph must be half-way to Virginia by this time. I reckon they'll make him Colonel of a regiment when they hear he's killed a Yankee in a duel!'"

Mr. Curtis spoke with a shade of asperity in his voice, and from where I sat I could see disappointment in Ralph's face.

"Why go further?" continued Mr. Curtis. "I brazened it out as best I could and denounced the whole wretched performance as a piece of unmitigated cowardice which should brand Watkins forever as unworthy the society of self-respecting men. The College as a whole, however, did not take that position, although I never suffered very heavily for my part in the proceeding.

"And now, boys, you've had the whole story, and you know, in part at least, something of what Randolph was like."

"I bet I know that Watkins!" exclaimed Ralph. "Was his name *Samuel J.* Watkins? There's a fellow in our class named Samuel J. Watkins, Jr. He makes me tired. Sometimes his father comes out to see him—an old fellow with bedspring whiskers. He looks just mean enough to put up a trick like that."

"That was Watkins' name," admitted Mr. Curtis. "But he wasn't a bad fellow, after all, and later we became good friends." He took out his watch. "Heavens, it's half-past twelve! And to think I've been sitting here, the night before one of your examinations probably, dreaming away three hours and a half and boring you chaps to death. I had no idea it was so late."

"I am awfully glad you did," said Ralph. "I tell you we don't have men like that nowadays. At least I don't know of any. But what became of him—afterward?"

"Dick got it at Antietam!" he answered.

Both of us felt very much embarrassed. But then, as Mr. Curtis lit another cigar, picked up his hat and cane, and held out his hand, Ralph's insatiable curiosity got the better of him.

"And Moses—was that he with you today at the Memorial service? We saw you, you know."

"Yes," replied Mr. Curtis. "After Mrs. Randolph's death Moses came North to live with me."

I thought Ralph had gone far enough, but I was rather glad afterward that, as he took our guest's hand in parting, he said impulsively:

"I think Mr. Randolph was a splendid gentleman!"

"Uncle Remus" and the President

MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, "Uncle Remus," has come forth from the "Sign of the Wren's Nest" for the first time into the light of personal publicity, and he admits he rather likes it. It all came about in this way: Mrs. Roosevelt accompanied the President on his Southern tour as far as Roswell, Georgia, where he went to visit the home of his mother. It was Mrs. Roosevelt's intention then to return to Washington, but the ladies of Atlanta insisted that she should at least visit that city with her husband. She hesitated. Could she meet and chat with "Uncle Remus," whose quaint stories had so delighted herself and her children?

Though her time was short in Atlanta, Mrs. Roosevelt's desire for a chat with "Uncle Remus" was abundantly gratified. The guests were dispersing and Mrs. Roosevelt was preparing to depart to catch her train for Washington.

"But you are going to the luncheon and meet Mr. Roosevelt, are you not?" she asked, as Mr. Harris said good-by.

"No, I am sorry that I cannot," Mr. Harris replied. He had received an invitation to attend the President's luncheon, but, with his customary modesty, had declined.

"But you must," insisted Mrs. Roosevelt. "His visit to Atlanta will be a disappointment to him unless he meets 'Uncle Remus.'"

Under the force of this appeal Mr. Harris relented and said he would go and shake hands with the President. From the mansion he went to the Piedmont Driving Club where the luncheon was given, as quietly as he had gone to the reception. There he was introduced to President Roosevelt.

"My visit to Atlanta would have been incomplete without meeting you," said Mr. Roosevelt.

The President forgot the presence of others around him for a time and entered enthusiastically into a chat with Mr. Harris upon literary topics. His attention was at last attracted by the voice of Governor Terrell, saying:

"It is time to go to luncheon."

Mr. Harris quietly turned to go, but escape was not so easy.

"All right, but I cannot go without this man," the President replied, and, placing his arm around Mr. Harris, he pulled the author along almost by force to the table and made him take a seat opposite. There the President and Mr. Harris continued their discussion.

The luncheon over, it was time for the impromptu speaking of the occasion. No doubt fearing that some one, unaware of his retiring disposition, would insist upon his making a speech, Mr. Harris quietly arose to go just as the toastmaster was about to introduce the distinguished guest, and had almost reached the door when the President, rising in his seat, cried:

"Stop that man! Bring him back!"

Governor Terrell and Senator Clay were on their feet in an instant and had Mr. Harris, one by each arm. He submitted meekly, for there was no escape, and took the seat next to President Roosevelt.

It was then that President Roosevelt, having been introduced by Colonel John Temple Graves, almost in the beginning of his speech, said:

"Now, I am going to very ill repay the courtesy with which I have been greeted by causing for a minute or two acute discomfort to a man of whom I am very fond—'Uncle Remus.' Presidents may come and Presidents may go, but 'Uncle Remus' stays put. Georgia has done a great many things for the Union, but she has never done more than when she gave Mr. Joel Chandler Harris to American literature. Where Mr. Harris seems to me to have done one of his greatest services is that he has written what exalts the South in the mind of every man who reads it, and yet what has not even a flavor of bitterness toward any other part of the Union. There is not an American anywhere who can read Mr. Harris' stories—I am not speaking at the moment of his wonderful folk tales, but of his stories—who does not rise up a better citizen for having read them; who does not rise up with a more earnest desire to do his part in solving American problems aright."

Back at the "Sign of the Wren's Nest" that evening the incidents of the day were all reviewed, and Mr. Harris was made to tell his family all that had happened.

"And your first public appearance, did you enjoy it?" he was asked.

"I liked it very much," he replied with a twinkle in his eyes. "I liked it so much that I think I shall go again, but I believe I will wait until another President comes to Atlanta."

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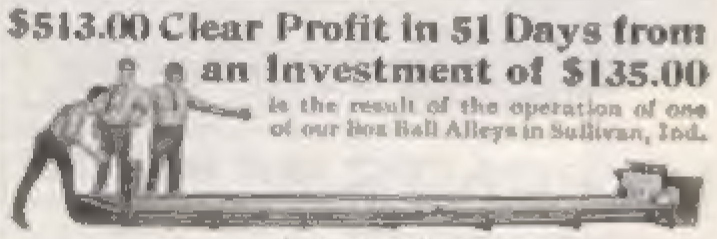

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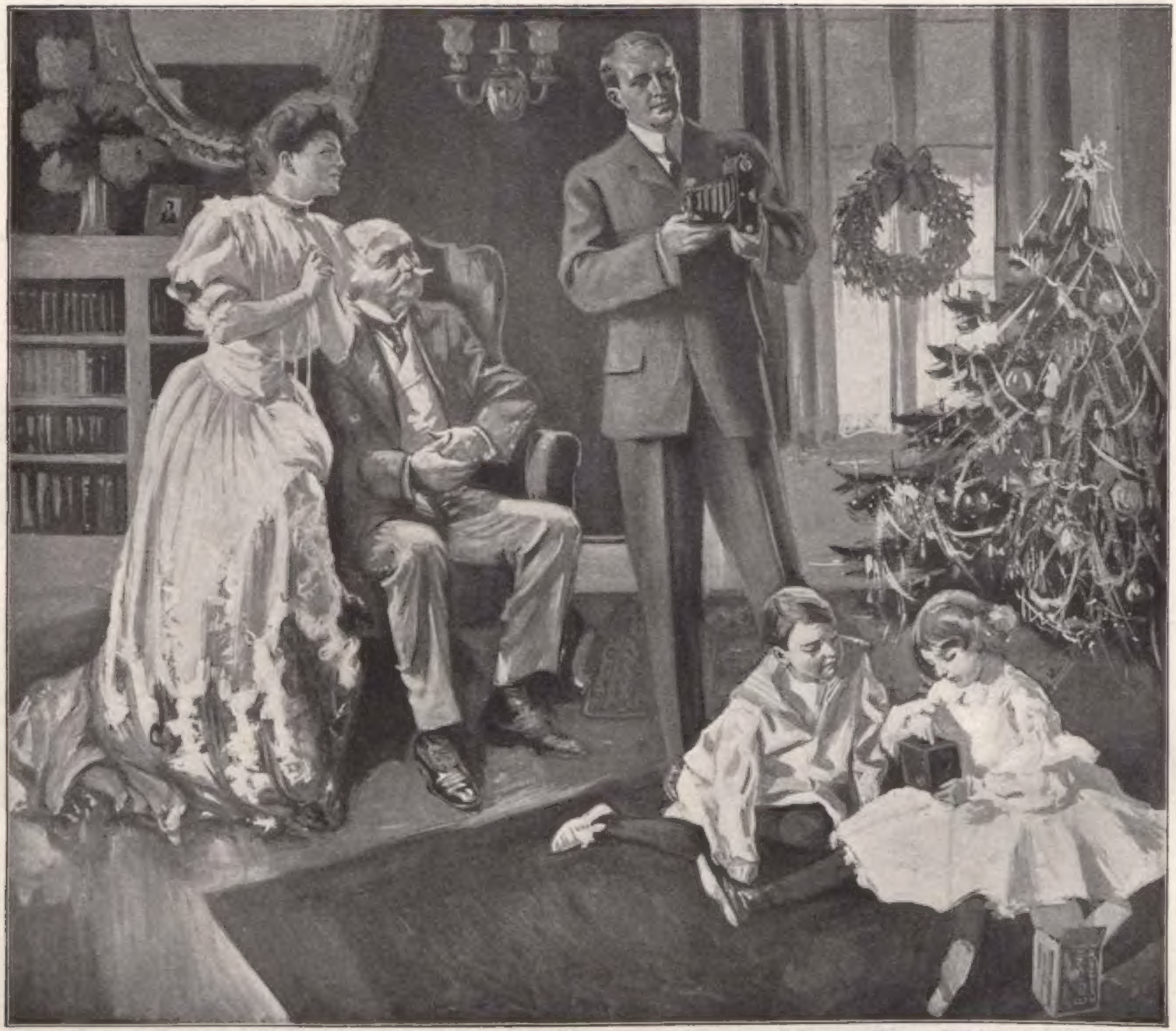

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